

THE LEATHERNECK

October, 1934

Single Copy, 25c



WHICH WE ARE PROUD TO SERVE
The Lost Battalion of Samar, Philippine Islands, 1901



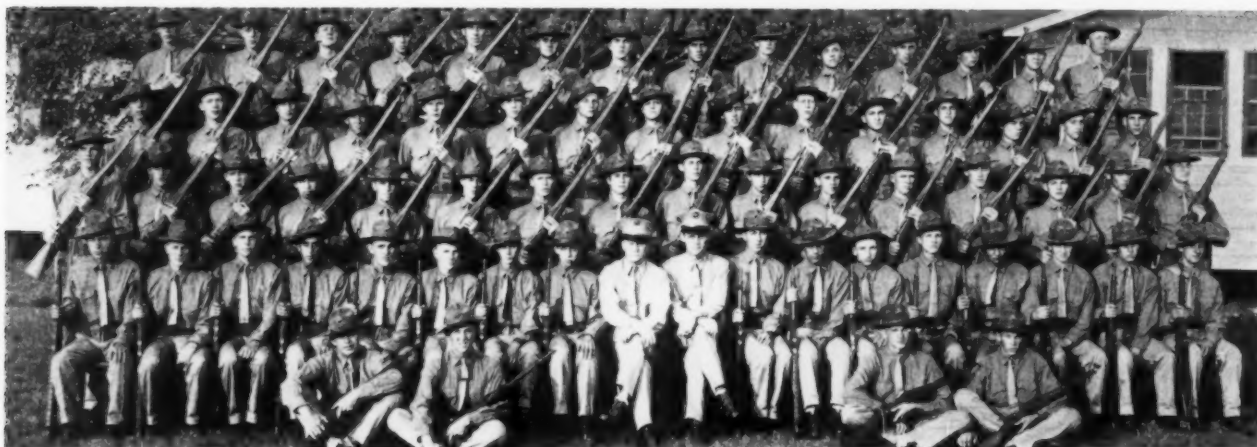
*"All they
clear
Satisfy"*

"To me a cigarette is the best smoke. It's a short smoke... and then again it's milder.

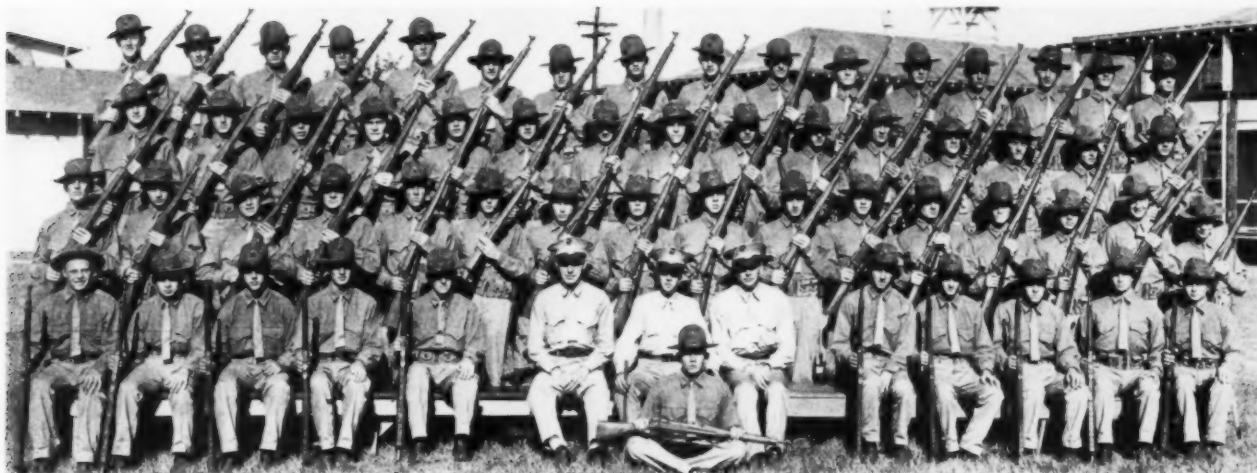
"I notice that you smoke Chesterfields also. I like them very much."

"I HAD A BERTH in the ninth sleeper. It was a heavy train and a cold night—snowing—and I thought about the man with his hand on the throttle. I admire and respect those men."

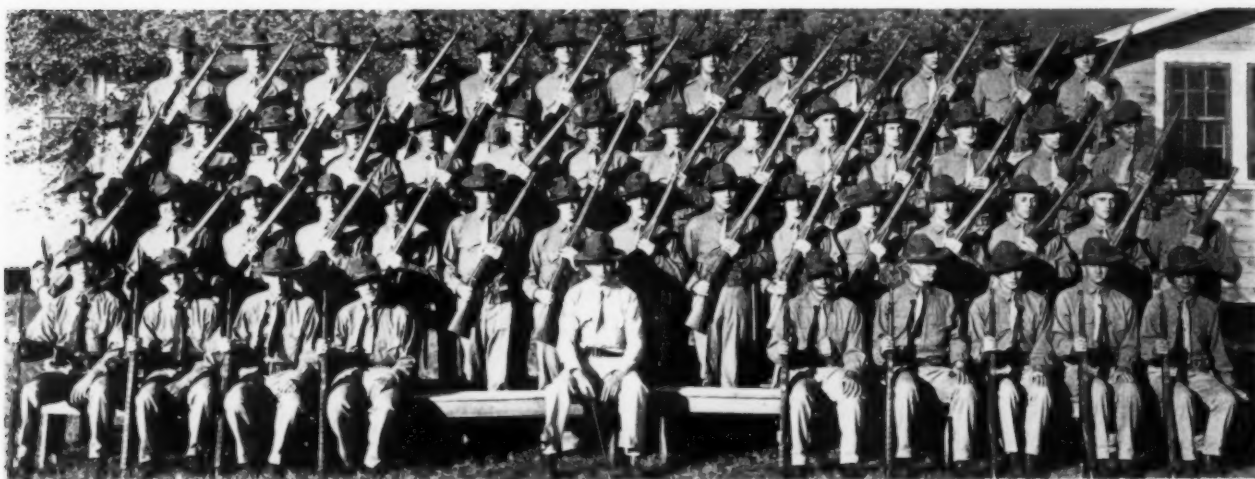
WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



Company 27X, Parris Island. Instructed by Private Hollingsworth and Private Evans



Company 28X, Parris Island. Instructed by Privates Courtney, Lowrey and Yoder



Company 30X, Parris Island. Instructed by Corporal Harney, Private Patterson and Private Gallagher

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Editor,
THE LEATHERNECK:

Enclosed is \$2.50, payment for one year's subscription to *THE LEATHERNECK*. Send it to the following address:

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Address

My name is

The LEATHERNECK

Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Arthur W. Ellis, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, Sergeant D. S. Catchim, Corporal Joseph Lobley, Private Lewis E. Berry. West Coast Representative, Private First Class James M. Fountain.

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

We Want Suggestions

DURING the past seventeen years THE LEATHERNECK has performed a definite task. Its mission has been, and is, to disseminate news and information to the personnel of the Marine Corps. We publish only what we believe to be of interest to our readers, professional articles, fiction, gossip and other features.

As we have frequently stated, THE LEATHERNECK belongs to you, and we consider ourselves only as your representatives. We want you to be satisfied, and we want to publish the kind of magazine you enjoy reading. Now and then, but not often enough, we receive suggestions from our readers. Consideration is given to every recommendation that we receive, and if it is at all practicable it is acted upon. Obviously it is impossible to please everyone, but if you have any suggestions that you believe would help us make a better magazine, send them in. We will do the best we can to please you.

We have been trying to produce a well balanced publication, with a variety of features. Many of these have been included upon the recommendation of our readers. For instance, the transfer orders of non-commissioned of-

ficers, published in the gazette section, is the result of a suggestion made by one of our subscribers. It has proved to be a popular adjunct.

As time goes on we hope to improve the appearance of the magazine, especially by including more pictures. But engraving is an expensive process, and our ambitions are limited by our purse.

The main feature of our publication is, no doubt, the "Broadcast." In this the gossip news of various posts, stations and ships is published. It gives the Marine an opportunity to learn about the activities of his friends in other countries; it is a sort of printed link connecting the earth-encircling chain of Marines.

To those who have contributed these "Broadcast" articles, we express our appreciation. But we should like even more of them. If your post hasn't been represented in these columns for some time, sit down and write the news. Remember, what you are doing may not seem like "news" to you, but the other fellow, the Marine in Cavite, Guam, China, is interested.

We don't expect you to be a talented writer. If you have a flair for such things, so much the better. The requirements are few, but please don't overlook them. All copy should be typewritten, on one side of the paper only, and DOUBLE SPACED. It must be received by us not later than the eighth of the month preceding date of issue. In other words, copy for the November LEATHERNECK must reach us before the eighth of October. If pictures are included, make it at least two days sooner, for it takes time to have cuts engraved. Another thing, if you are writing about anyone, don't forget the Golden Rule.

Can do? We thank you.

Navy Day

LOOKING at the calendar, we note that the birthday of a great American is soon to reach us—that of Theodore Roosevelt. On that day, also, we celebrate Navy Day. Perhaps men will think of Roosevelt. I wonder how many will think of the Navy, the organization of which he was such an ardent supporter? The two go well together.

Just what does Navy Day mean to the average citizen, and to the men who compose the Navy? To the former it must recall patriotic days when the sailors went marching down the street with bands playing, colors flying and everyone tingling with excitement. It must recall days when the United States Navy meant so much to the national pride and integrity; when everyone was so much concerned that this organization be one of the best.

Today, this service means to them exactly the same, and all those who witness the many naval demonstrations that will take place on Navy Day, ought surely to be reminded of the fact. Their pride should be no less sincere, their hearts no less filled with admiration in the knowledge that the Navy is still the same faithful servant and watchdog of the nation's security.

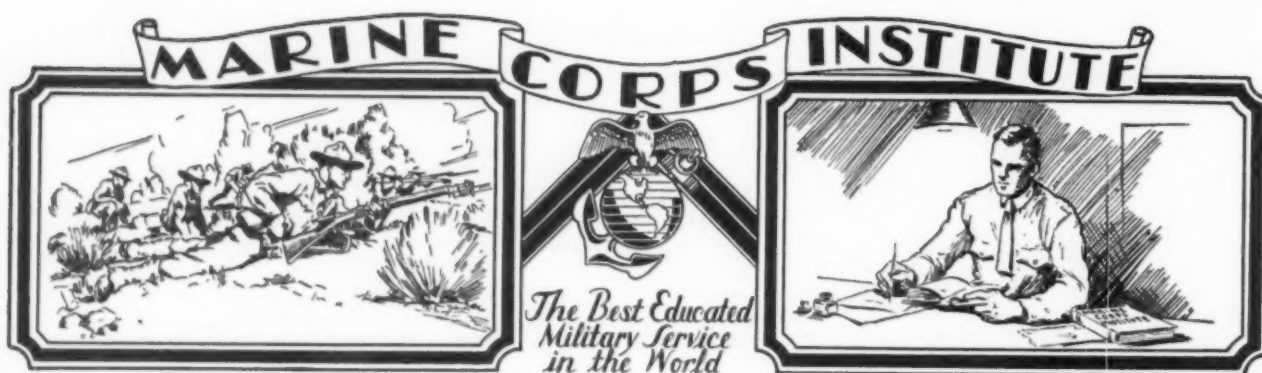
To the men in the service, Navy Day marks another annual review of the progress of a nation's power; a day to look back and see what accomplishments and what improvements have taken place in this organization which means so much to the country.

To these men an annual review means a time to look back and see how well their work has been done; a time to think of how much they have given, and how much they have received. To them comes the greatest satisfaction of having played a real and construe- (Continued on page 43)

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Washington, D. C. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the Business Manager.

October, 1934

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WHY YOU SHOULD STUDY A MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE COURSE

THERE is no doubt that you have decided upon the vocation to which you intend to devote the remainder of your life in an effort to attain distinction. If you have done this, you have only begun. After choice of life work comes preparation which employers and the present age demands. "Give us TRAINED men who can think, plan, and accomplish" is the great call of the world today.

The courses offered by the Marine Corps Institute furnish you the best opportunity you will ever have to secure this preparation which is so vital to success. The conditions are ideal. The courses may be obtained without cost to you, and you have or can obtain sufficient spare time for their study. The blank below is for your convenience in submitting your request for enrollment in one of the courses listed. You will be enrolled promptly and the first textbooks of the course will be forwarded to you soon thereafter so that you will lose no time in beginning your studies.

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*State subjects desired in applying for this course.

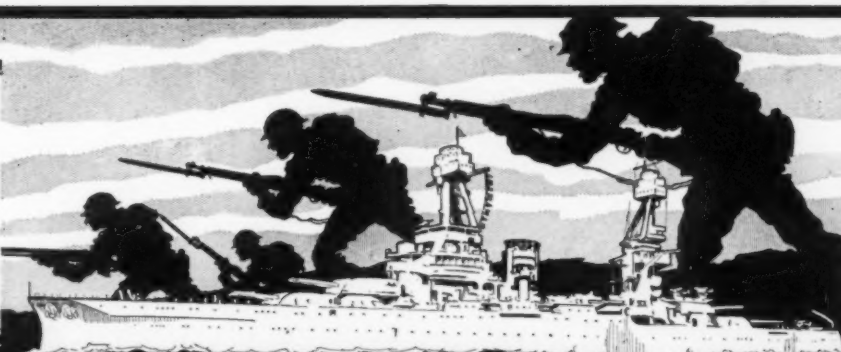
PUBLISHED
Once a month
by
The Marine Corps
Institute

Address:
8th and Eye Sts.
Southeast
Washington, D. C.

Honorary Editor
The Major General
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief
The Director,
The Marine Corps
Institute

Editor and Publisher
Lt. Arthur W. Ellis
U. S. M. C.



THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 17

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1934

NUMBER 10

EUROPEAN CRUISE OF THE U. S. S. ARKANSAS

WITH England far behind, the *Arkansas* sailed on, through the Strait of Gibraltar and past "The Rock" into the cold, blue waters of the Mediterranean to drop the hook in the most picturesque bay in all of Southern France, Villefranché. So deep are the waters of Villefranché Bay that the *Arkansas* anchored a scant four hundred yards from the beach, and on all sides rose the towering, green hills dotted with Villas, so close it seemed that you could almost step from the ship over to the "Welcome Bar" or the "Cafe de Palmiers."

A look at your map may or may not show you where Villefranché is, but though it itself is unimportant, it is the center of some of the finest country in France. In either direction lie towns which are world-famous for their special or peculiar attractions. Nine kilometers to Nice, famous among the famous for its bathing beaches, and the center of The Riviera, or *Côte d'Azur*, as the French say. Here the idle rich migrate from Paris and all over the Continent, to bask in the generous sunshine and at night to dance, perhaps, at the *Palais de la Méditerranée* or to stroll along the *Promenade des Anglais*. Like the Bund of Shanghai, only so much more nicer smelling, if you stay on the *Promenade des Anglais* long enough, sooner or later you will see everyone you ever knew.

Past Nice, the roads lead to Grasse, Cannes or Juan le Pins. And what roads! Winding in and out and barely clinging to the steep slopes that drop down to the Mediterranean beneath. There probably isn't as much as two hundred kilometers of road in Southern France that doesn't

By E. B. Ercanbrack

turn at least twice. If you are inclined to like beautiful scenery and happen to be on the Riviera don't miss the Gorges du Loup. The road leads past fields and orchards of flowers—this is the most famous locality in the world for perfumes—on through gorges, past waterfalls, and bare, pitiless rocky crests with ancient castles perched like eagles' nests on the very peaks, looking down on wild ravines on one side and the blue waters on the other, which, reflecting these ancient sights, add a pastel touch to a scene that could never be put on canvas.

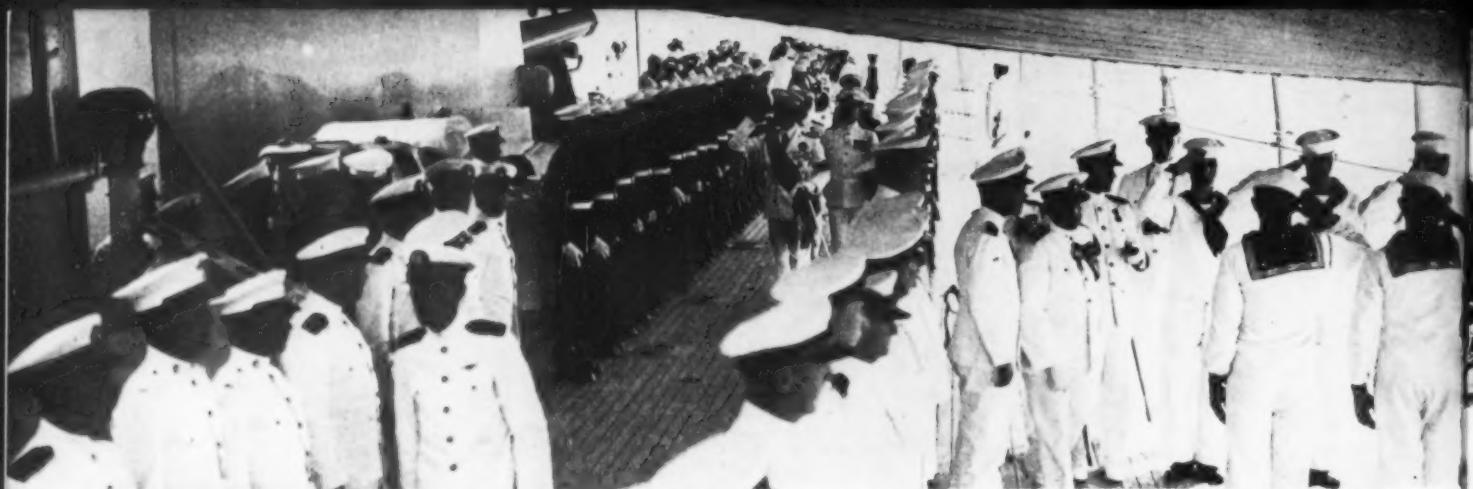
Grasse is the home of all fine perfumes and every phase of the interesting industry may be observed there, from the picking of the nearby flowers to the crushing to procure the valuable attar and then the final blending and bottling. It goes without saying that perfumes are procurable here at less than one-fourth the price they would cost in America and much cheaper than if bought in Nice, a few kilometers away.

Juan les Pins is the Greenwich Village of The Riviera. Gay and fashionable cabarets are the main attraction and that is quite enough. Fashionable folk come from all directions to partake of the joys of Juan les Pins, then go to some famous Spa—so they might be able to return some day to Juan les Pins. As for costumes, anything goes, and beach pajamas mingle freely and unconcerned with evening suits and silken gowns. Red trousers, a green polo shirt and a pair of beach clogs add the color of a Ball Masque to the changing scene and would shame the Mardi Gras.

Retracing our steps we head in the other direction. Back



U. S. S. *Arkansas* in the Bay of Naples, with Mt. Vesuvius in the background.



His Royal Highness, Crown Prince of Italy, Inspects the Marine Guard of the *Arkansas*. Capt. George Bower, U.S.M.C., Commanding.

through Nice, to Villefranch , then on to Monte Carlo via the Grand Cornishe, which is part of what remains of the great military road constructed by Napoleon I about 1806. Monte Carlo is a synonym the world over for gambling hall, and the famous (or infamous) casino proudly flaunts its vices in the center of the city, and, without a doubt, is one of the most elaborate structures in the Principality of Monaco. Men in uniform aren't allowed to gamble but are allowed to visit the interior in the mornings and so it happens that this was the first gambling hall that I came away from, wiser, but not sadder.

On past Monte Carlo and into France again (Monaco is not a part of France) we reach the city of Mentone which is right on the Italian border. Mentone runs Monte Carlo a close second, and if its Casinos are not quite so elaborate, they are more numerous. And they allow men in uniform to gamble so—save your bus fare or buy a round trip ticket before you enter.

The sightseeing trip (and it is presumed that this is all we are doing in spite of all the "petit femmes") can be made much more interesting by returning along the lower route, through the quaint towns of Beaulieu sur Mer and Cap Ferrat. The road, like the Grand Cornishe above, winds around like a tortured serpent, and is ornamented with many tunnels which were erected to prevent the possibility of a landslide, and you find yourself back again in Villefranch  but instead of being down by the seafloor, you are some thousand feet above the harbor looking down on the *Arkansas* lying in the harbor like a pearl set in sapphire. The Villas on the hills below nearly all have flowers planted on their roofs, and the green hills, dotted with the green and red and white of the stucco walls with here and there the occasional brilliant flash of the flower-decked rooftops, form a fitting frame for the picture below. No small wonder that people trek from all corners of the globe to rest

awhile in the splendors of such a country.

Along the waterfront in Villefranch  are numerous sidewalk cafes and here were spent many enjoyable hours by all hands. About two minutes in a motor launch and you were on the beach. Take about five steps and you could sink down in a comfortable chair, watch the crowds go by, with very attentive little bar-maids making things convenient. Wonder what the poor people are doing these days!

The short six days had passed and again it was time to get underway, but judging from the amount of letters still being received with French stamps on them, it will be quite some time, if ever, before that very enjoyable visit is forgotten.

ITALY

Your first and last impression of Italy is the vast bulk of Vesuvius rising to the clouds, with its eternal inner fires forever pouring forth wreaths of dark and somber smoke. Rising majestically to a height of over two thousand feet, it dwarfs everything nearby and lends a feeling of awe with occasional rumblings, far underneath, or a shower of sparks at night, and somehow seems to represent nature itself—omnipotent, powerful, standing aloof and mocking at the feeble and futile efforts of mankind to shackle it.

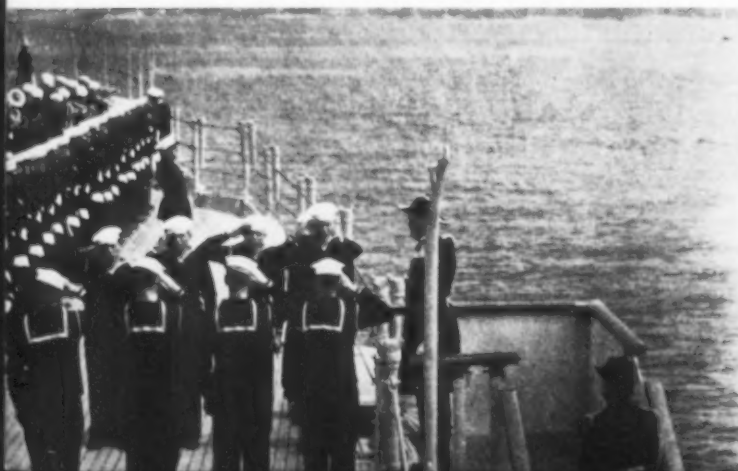
More than any other country today, Italy offers unlimited scope for the lover of ancient things and the research of ruins. Pompeii is nearby from Naples and practically every man on the ship had the opportunity of visiting it by reason of the fact that free tours were offered every day through the courtesy of the Italian Navy. Here in the ruins of this ancient city, old before the birth of Christ, is evidence on all sides of skill and a highly civilized people who lived so many thousands of years ago. The rarer and more beautiful works of art have been removed to the

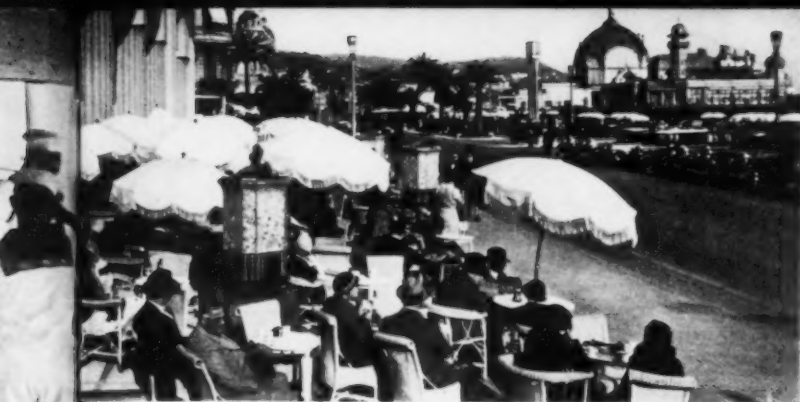
Museum of Naples, but the city lies unbarred, with streets, shops, and every phase of life in those historic times readily accessible through the arduous efforts of the Mussolini regime which is constantly working to restore this old metropolis. Built in the fifth or sixth century B. C., Pompeii prospered and grew until it was destroyed in August, 79 A. D. Thousands lost their lives and the city itself was so completely buried that even its former location was unknown until about 1600 when it was accidentally discovered during the construction of an aqueduct.

Two large parties made the trip to Rome and while there were granted an interview and reception by Il Duce himself, and later in the Vatican City were granted an audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. It is impossible to attempt to put on paper half of what there is to see in Rome, for hardly a spot in the city has not been made famous and not an amphitheatre or coliseum

THE LEATHERNECK

English Admiral Coming Aboard in Plymouth, England.





Above: Promenade Des Anglais, Nice, France. In Outer Column, Top to Bottom: Night View of the Casino, Monte Carlo, Monaco; Harbor of Monte Carlo; Barracks of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Gibraltar, B. P.; Palace of the Prince of Monaco, Monte Carlo, Monaco; Gibraltar, B. P.

that has not been pictured in every history book in the world. Suffice it to say that two short days in Rome were filled to overflowing and every free moment was spent in visiting the more famous spots, yet when you came away you realized that you had hardly scratched the surface. Like London, Rome requires months, not days, if you would know it.

While the ship was anchored in the Bay of Naples, distinction was lent by a visit from His Royal Highness, The Crown Prince of Italy. The Crown Prince inspected the entire ship and his last, as well as his first, words were words of praise for the Marine Guard paraded to render him honors. Two days later the American Ambassador came down from Rome and we manned the rail for him, and like His Royal Highness, he had nothing but praise for the ship and appearance of the crew.

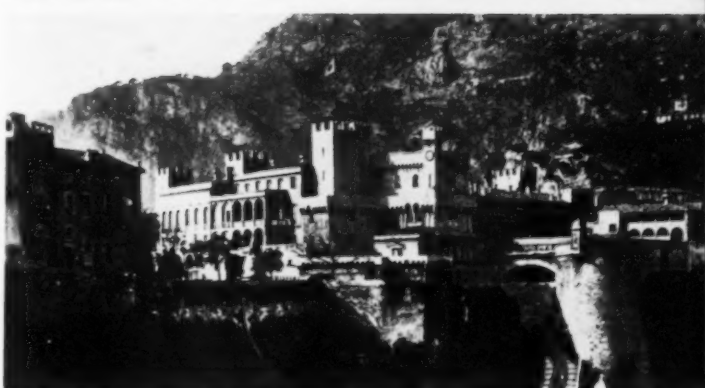
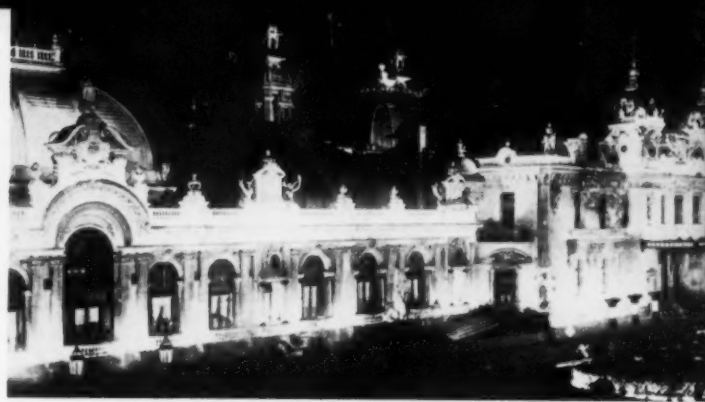
And so it was "all hands to quarters" and "up anchor" again and we sailed out of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius looking down and bidding us to remember "The power that was Greece, and the glory that was Rome."

GIBRALTAR

At the entrance to the Mediterranean, sentinel of the commerce of the world, stands the famous Rock of Gibraltar. Successively under control of the Phoenicians, Moors, Mohammedans, and Spaniards, the rock was finally captured in 1769 by the British who have held it ever since. The British have continually added to the fortification of the rock, and in addition have tunneled and dug until today the entire rock is honeycombed with galleries and underground storerooms and stands, not only as an unassailable fort, but as one of the engineering triumphs of the world.

Gibraltar, like Panama, is a duty-free port and the ideal spot to do the shopping for the folks at home. Waterfront street contains shops representing every nation on earth, and every conceivable item of merchandise is offered for sale. Silks from Japan, cloisenne from China, perfumes from France, embroideries from Portugal—all ranked side by side and amazingly cheap, though it would take an international financier to be sure of his change which is handed back in pesetas, lira, francs, centissima, dollars and even an occasional piece of Moorish or African money thrown in to make it interesting.

On the second day of our stay in Gibraltar, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers entertained the Marines in grand style. The Marines went ashore and were met by the Fife and Drums of the Regiment and marched to the Welsh Barracks. There they were welcomed by the Commanding Officer, Lt. Colonel C. C. Hewitt, DSO, MC, and were then shown to their respective messes for lunch. In the afternoon we were shown (Continued on page 56)



A TURN OF THE WHEEL

BY LIEUT. BURGO D. GILL

Illustrated by R. Davis

THE croupier of the Juarez gambling casino called "no mas" as the roulette wheel commenced to slow up.

Staff Sergeant Grant Connor, Air Corps, smiled grimly as he fumbled with his last five-dollar bill. Why not bet the thing and have it over with?

Luckily, the U. S. Customs did not know he was a soldier on furlough. There would have been hell to pay if he were reported to his C. O.

If he bet the five dollars on a whole number and won, by being careful his winnings meant another few days' food and freedom—freedom—blah! If the narrow confines of Juarez bounded on the north by the Rio, and south, east, and west by mountains and the sandy mesa spelled free-

dom, well and good!

This is what he got for not being cautious. But, what adventurer has an intact bridge behind him for a hasty retreat? That's what he had been before he became an Army pilot.

Bah! If he had exercised due care he would have been safe in the U. S. enjoying his furlough instead of hiding out.

Connor had accepted an offer to pilot a plane. Its cargo? Connor had not asked. He merely thought he was making delivery of the plane. A forced landing plus a curious Mounted Customs Inspector sent him fleeing across that shallow, muddy stream, the Rio Grande with a narcotic charge against him.

He had been in Juarez awaiting an opportunity to return and deal with the owner of that plane. He must clear himself before his leave terminated.

The day before, Connor had received a visitor at the Rio Bravo, that hotel so popular with loitering Americans who are forced to remain in Juarez overnight due to the nightly closing of the bridges by Border officials. Knowing that his visitor's offer of a quiet drink in a nearby café was only the prelude to further business, he accepted the invitation.

Connor studied the Mexican before him. Influential, of the better class, that was quite evident. Just what this Mexican's profession was Connor knew he would soon be informed.

It is curious that Connor held no great curiosity concerning this person's business. As an adventurer before entering the Army he was rather used to being sought out and made the recipient of various proposals.

Almost as light as Connor in complexion, this Mexican barely showed his trace of Indian an-



He fumbled with his last five-dollar bill. Why not bet the thing and have it over with?

cestry in his phlegmatic bearing and heightened cheek bones. He was slightly older than Connor. After studying him, the Mexican began:

"You are an aviator, señor?"

"Yeah!" said Connor disgustedly. Was he only to get out of one plane scrape and into another?

"Do you remain in Juarez?" the Mexican asked in his almost perfect English that so many Border Mexicans possess.

The Mexican smiled slightly and added, as Connor colored in anger:

"Excuse! You would wish to leave Juarez—that I know. Qué barbaridad! One has difficulties!"

Connor lapsed into sullenness as he toyed with his drink. The Mexican was content to sit in patience.

"Well, what is it you want me to do?" grunted Connor.

"Algunos pocos—just a few trips in a plane—for you are un aviador. For pay—" and the Mexican waved his hands airily as if to express that that was a minor detail over which his generous nature did not stoop to bargain.

"No!" flared Connor. "I've got in trouble over a plane already. Do your own dirty work! I won't transport dope, chinks, booze, or arms, or whatever it is you want."

Alluring as an offer was at this state of his finances, Connor did not want to mix up in another off-colored deal. All he could think of was to wangle his way back across the Rio and find the owner of that plane. Connor suspected that he was living in El Paso. If he ever could lay his hands on him, Connor knew he could wring out the necessary confession to clear himself.

The Mexican had only chuckled at Connor's impolite tirade.

"Mi dirección!" said the Mexican as he pressed his card upon Connor as that one flung himself out of the quiet of the well-kept saloon into the squalor of the beggar- and native vendor-infested street.

"Corre!" droned the croupier as he spun the wheel and announced that bets could now be laid.

Connor stopped day-dreaming! It was about time he came to a decision. Bet the five! That's what he would do. If he lost? Sneak over the river tonight. One could be broke in the States and live on his wits. Being flat in Mexico was another thing. Besides, he had to clear up this narcotic charge before his three months' furlough was up.

And if he won? He would have money enough for another month. Time enough then to make careful plans.

Connor gripped his last bill with sudden resolve. He studied the layout of the numbers painted in bright colors on the table before him. He paused with uplifted arm, nerves tingling. It was more than money he was betting. Upon which number should he cast the bill? Most of the numbers were covered by either straight bets or cornered. The Mexican flag, the equivalent of the zero in these parts, was clear of all wagers. Its partner, the double zero, the American Flag, bore a measly white chip bet.

Connor grinned as he slapped the bill on the Mexican flag.

"Look's like I'm betting against the old U. S." he chuckled.

The ivory ball swished around the wheel's periphery. Connor barely noticed the five silver dollars a dealer swiftly

placed in lieu of the bill which he poked through a slit in the table to a strongbox beneath.

Bills are poor counters. Chips and silver are supreme. Paper money is quickly removed from sight by all the house's employees.

The ball bounced into a slot, out again, and finally came to rest. He could hardly believe his eyes. Why didn't the dealer stop the wheel so all could see what happened?

"Bandera Mexicana!" called the croupier as the Mexican Flag won. The table was quickly cleared of all lost bets. Connor's five remained. The croupier commenced to stack yellow chips against it.

Thirty-six to one! One hundred and eighty bucks! He could eat for another month without worry. Connor grinned. A beer or two, then back to the hotel. He would not crowd his luck tonight.

The payment was completed. Connor started to reach forward. A slim white hand darted in ahead of his with culture-like swiftness and grabbed at the winnings. Connor caught the wrist.

"Lady! That's my bet!"

"No, it ain't!" shrilled a harpy of the type so common that preys among the Border resorts.

"Hey! Didn't I lay a bill there?" appealed Connor of the croupier.

"Bill! There ain't no bill there, Pedro!" the woman squalled, "I made that bet. He had the white chip on the American Flag!"

"Woman! That's my bet and I'm going to collect," grimly added Connor.

He had heard of such cases. Shyster habitués of these gambling concessions in need of a stake would lay claim to the winnings—good ones—of others. This was no Monte Carlo where, it is said, the house would pay two claimants of a win in order to avoid a scene. Border gambling halls just don't put out in such a fashion.

The dealer and his assistants were becoming angry. The game must go on! Players from other tables and games were attracted to this commotion.

"Pedro, you remember me? You know me! Ain't it my bet?" appealed the hard-voiced female.

The dealer, whom the woman called Pedro, recognized an old friend.

"Her's!" he laconically stated.

"You damn Spie! That's mine!"

"You meestake, señor!"

"Do I get my money?"

The croupier did not deign to answer as he motioned the woman to collect.

"Pay me, or I'll bust things wide open!"

Pedro commenced to wave at someone across the room. A cop, thought Connor.

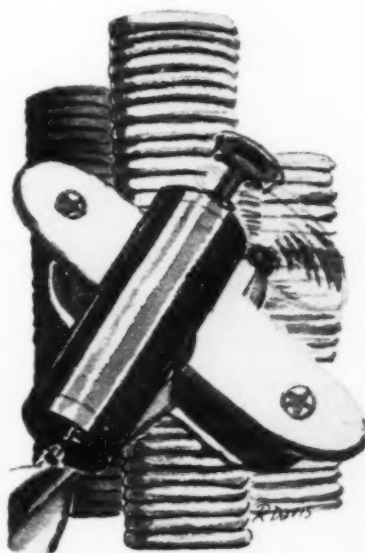
They could not do him like that! Growls of sympathy and vile comments sounded about him as the crowd immediately took sides.

The woman struggled to free her wrist from Connor's grasp. She shrilled again at Pedro. The Mexican attempted to knock Connor's grip loose.

Fatal error that!

Connor's fist landed with a sharp crack on Pedro's jaw. He crashed against the wall.

Gone were all thoughts of his (Continued on page 50)





Famous Regiments Revived

Washington, D. C., September 1.—Marine Corps Headquarters announced this week that Brig. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, commanding officer of the Fleet Marine Force, had been authorized to re-create the old Fifth and Sixth Regiments as active units of the Corps. The two regiments will constitute the basic organizations about which the activities of the new Fleet Marine Force will revolve. The Fleet Marine Force was recently organized as the Marine Corps unit to work in close harmony with the United States Fleet.

The First Regiment will, for the present, be under the command of Col. Charles F. B. Price, USMC, with headquarters at the Marine Base, Quantico, Va. The Sixth Regiment will be commanded by Col. Andrew B. Drum, USMC, with headquarters at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

Enlisted personnel for the new regiments will be taken from present battalions of the Fleet Marine Force and from among Marines who returned recently from Haiti.

Both regiments had long and distinguished service during the World War, participating in engagements at Belleau Woods, Chateau Thierry, Soissons, Champagne and Blanc Mont Ridge.

Some years ago, because of economies in the Corps, and reduction of enlisted strength, the regiments began to be whittled away, until finally the designations of the Fifth and Sixth were withdrawn and the units were disbanded. Much regret over the disbanding was expressed at the time by officers and men—many of whom are still in the Corps—who had participated in the various engagements and who took pride in having been members of the famous organizations.

On September 26, 1934, the Naval Transport *Chaumont* will leave Norfolk, Va., for San Diego with one battalion detachment aboard. This unit, together with the battalion of the Fleet Marine Force and a small administrative detachment now at San Diego will form the Sixth Regiment.

The Fifth Regiment at Quantico will have an organization identical with the Sixth.

Replacements for those in the two regiments will be taken from the 1,000 new recruits authorized by Congress at the last session. These men are now undergoing training at the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., and the Marine Base at San Diego.

Marine Corps Consolidation

The Marine Corps will lose one staff brigadier general under the terms of bill which has been drafted to carry into effect

the recommendation of the Roosevelt Reorganization Board that the Quartermaster's Department and the Paymaster's Department of the Corps be merged.

After studying the matter for some time, Marine Corps Headquarters has at last drafted a proposed bill and sent it to the Judge Advocate General's Office for review. While it was not made public, it is understood that it simply provides for the merger of the two departments into one quartermaster department, to be headed by a brigadier general. There would be three subdivisions, pay, finance, and supply.

The measure provides that Brig. Gen.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Born October 27, 1858

George Richards, the Paymaster, be continued in his present rank, but that upon his retirement, the number of staff brigadier generals drop to two, they being the Quartermaster and the Adjutant and Inspector. General Richards, it is planned, would be assigned duty directly under the Major General Commandant. Some consideration had been given to making the Quartermaster a major general with an assistant as brigadier general. This proposal, however, has been dropped, at least for the time being.

Guardsmen Kill Sandino General

Managua, Nicaragua, August 26.—Another of the late General Sandino's gen-

erals, Thomas Blandon, who had evaded United States Marines for several years and had persistently refused to turn in his arms, was killed with several of his followers yesterday near El Chipotillo in an encounter with national guards.

Maj. Gen. Harry Lee Heads Marine Base

Quantico, Va., September 9.—The Quantico Marine Base, having been augmented in personnel by the recently returned units from Haiti, as also the heretofore detached battalions of the Fleet Marines, is entering into the fall schedule of training under direction of Maj. Gen. Harry Lee, commander.

The recently reorganized 5th Regiment, which is a unit of the Fleet Marine Brigade, is to be speedily filled to authorized strength and based permanently at Quantico.

Marines Get Haiti Medals

Washington, D. C., September 2.—Assistant Secretary of the Navy Henry L. Roosevelt, with a number of other officers who saw service in the Marine Corps in Haiti, have been awarded decorations for such service. Mr. Roosevelt, who was a colonel of Marines there, received the Haiti Medal of Honor and Merit as grand officer; Brig. Gen. Douglas Cassel McDougal, general officer; Col. James Meade, grand commander, and Maj. Alfred H. Noble, 1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., 1st Lt. Nels H. Nelson, and Chief Quartermaster Clerk Elmer E. Barde, officers.

The following have been decorated with the same medal in the grade of chevalier: Capt. Louis R. Woods, Capt. Jesse A. Nelson, and Capt. Henry A. Carr; 1st Lts. Ivan W. Miller, Ira L. Kimes, Frank M. June; 2nd Lts. Zebulon C. Hopkins, William A. Willis; Chief Marine Gunner Harold Ogden and Master Technical Sgt. William Stanard.

From France, via Haiti, medals will have been awarded the following also: Capt. E. J. Farrell, Sgt.-Major C. Svenson, 1st Sgt. C. O. Whitney and Gy-Sgt. B. J. Durr.

Colonel Thorpe to Receive Medal

Washington, D. C., September 11.—Col. George C. Thorpe, retired, will shortly have presented to him a medal for services rendered more than 30 years ago in East Africa, when, as a captain of Marines aboard the historic cruiser *Baltimore*, he was ordered to go ashore in command of a detachment of his Marines, and mounted on elephants, to proceed over the African desert sands of Abyssinia to King Menelik, to whom he delivered a special personal mes-

sage of state from Theodore Roosevelt, then President.

King Menelik, who was King and Emperor of all Ethiopia from 1889 to 1913, was so impressed by the young captain of American Marines that he had a special medal struck off and it was later delivered to the American State Department, but prevailing law made it unconstitutional for any native American to receive a decoration from a foreign ruler.

President Approves Selection of Three Marine Major Generals

The President of the United States has approved the recommendations of the Selection Board that Maj. Gen. John Henry Russell, USMC, Maj. Gen. Harry Lee, USMC, and Brig. Gen. James Carson Breckinridge, USMC, be promoted to the permanent rank of Major General of that Corps.

Both Major General Russell, Commandant of the Marines, who was commissioned as Major General temporary on September 1, 1933, and Major General Lee, who was commissioned Major General temporary on March 2, 1934, are eligible for promotion to their permanent rank immediately. Brigadier General Breckinridge will be eligible for promotion to the higher rank on the retirement of Maj. Gen. John T. Myers, USMC, on February 1, 1935.

Col. Turner Claims Another Speed Mark

Los Angeles, September 11.—Col. Roscoe Turner, holder of transcontinental flight records, claimed a new plane speed mark yesterday after he and Clyde Pangborn, holder of the non-stop Pacific Ocean flight record in 1931, flew here from Seattle, Wash., a distance of 1,120 miles, averaging 204.6 miles an hour. Colonel Turner said the flight was the longest distance ever flown by a transport plane at such a speed. They made the trip in 5 hours and 20 minutes.

Cork Helmets for Shanghai

Following a terrific heat wave the Marines of Shanghai have adopted the cork helmet, termed "Elephant Hunters'" head-gear. The helmet is sturdy, of light weight, with good ventilation, and has a spring band around the inside to relieve pressure on the forehead. The innovation has proved a popular one.



CHESTER A. ARTHUR
Born October 5, 1830

Former Marines Win Awards

Washington, D. C., August 21.—Three members of the Metropolitan Police Force received warrants today from the District Commissioners for meritorious service and acts of extraordinary bravery during the past year. Of the three, two were former Marines. Detective Sergeant Frank O. Brass was awarded a gold medal for his single-handed capture of three armed thugs; Watson Salkeld, Jr., was commended for his gun-fight with four bandits who were robbing a gas station. The police officer shot and killed one of the robbers.

Medal Awarded Life Saver

Shanghai, China, August 7.—Pvt. Ralph Spencer was today awarded the Silver Life Saving Medal of Honor issued by the Treasury Department, in recognition of his bravery in rescuing a drowning man on January 8, 1933.

General Fuller Receives Medals

Washington, D. C., September 5.—Maj. Gen. Commandant Ben H. Fuller, retired, now a resident of Hamilton, Va., has been awarded by the Dominican government the



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES
Born October 4, 1822

Medal of Merit, and by the Republic of Nicaragua the special award of the Presidential Medal of Merit.

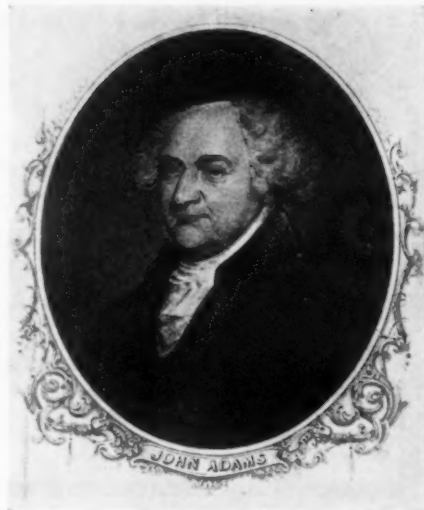
Marines Arrive in U. S., Headed for San Diego

Norfolk, Va., August 19.—The U.S.S. *Argonne* and *Bridge* steamed through the Virginia capes today carrying 499 men glad to get back to the United States—men who for years have been training the native soldiery of Haiti—the last units of the first brigade of the United States Marine Corps to leave Haiti.

Their arrival wrote the final chapter to the long occupation of Haiti by the American troops. Some of the Marines who arrived today were putting behind them 10 years' service in the island.

The *Argonne* and *Bridge* went to the naval operating base, and during the afternoon a large detachment, consisting of a little more than half the men, started off for the Marine Barracks at Quantico. Many of these were short timers who will finish out their service at Quantico.

About 200 enlisted men and eight officers, who have been ordered attached to the U. S.



JOHN ADAMS
Born October 30, 1735

Fleet Marine Force, were transferred to the Marine Barracks at the Norfolk Navy Yard. These men will undergo a training course and in September will be joined by enough Marines from Quantico to form a brigade. Then they will board the transport *Chaumont* and leave September 26 for duty with the fleet at San Diego.

Envoy May's Body Reaches Antwerp

Antwerp, August 27.—The body of Paul May, late Ambassador of Belgium to Washington, arrived here this evening aboard the United States cruiser *Pensacola*. The widow, who had arrived ahead of the body of her husband, fainted from the long delay incident to removing the casket to shore. American Ambassador Morris and other notable persons were present to pay their respects.

Naval Air in National Tourney

Chicago, September 8.—Forty teams, winners of State or sectional titles, will open the national soft ball championship tournament today on five diamonds at Lincoln Park.

The list includes Naval Air Station of Washington, D. C., and teams from 25 States and Canada. Seventeen first-round games will be played today, with the second round and quarter-finals tomorrow. The championship games in both men's and women's competition will be played off Monday.

Marine Corps School Open

With the largest enrollment in its history, the Marine Corps School at Quantico, Va., opened this week.

The courses were begun by brief lectures by Brig. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, Commander of the Fleet Marine Force, and by Brig. Gen. James C. Breckinridge, commandant of the schools. Three classes are being conducted, the Second Year or Senior Course, composed of majors and captains, the First Year Course, composed of captains and lieutenants, and a special course in Advanced Base Weapons.

Following is the staff of the School:

MAJORS

L. B. Stephenson	R. Blake
R. W. Peard	C. J. Miller
S. A. Woods	H. L. Larsen
G. B. Erskine	P. C. Marmion
E. H. Jenkins	A. W. Jacobsen
DeWitt Peck	

(Continued on page 42)



ONE IN A THOUSAND

Some years ago Captain Harry George, U.S.N.—remember the gang called him “Bull dog Harry,” was Commandant at Mare Island. Rear Admiral Jos. Lee Jayne, U.S.N., (since gone to the port of everlasting rest) was Commandant of the Twelfth Naval District. Admiral Jayne was inspecting Mare Island. Captain George said, “Admiral there’s a REAL old timer in the hospital, plenty old and on his last legs. He will not be here long. Served with you on your midshipman cruise. While you were midshipman he was Chief Boatswain’s Mate of the forecastle. It would do him good if you’d call on him.” The Admiral made it a point to look the old fellow up. By his bedside he had one of those handmade tables the old timers used to set up, all white line and Turks’ heads. On it he had his curved seagoing pipe, also well Turkshheaded. “I remember you,” said the Admiral, “You used to be Chief Boatswain’s Mate of the forecastle.” “Well,” growled the old timer, “I don’t remember you, sir.” “You WOULD remember me. The ship was lousy with midshipmen falling all over one another. BUT I WAS THE ONLY CHIEF BOATSWAIN’S MATE ON BOARD. You WOULD remember me.”

—Heine Miller, U. S. N. Review

Boss: “My wife found out that I took you to dinner the other evening.”

Secretary: “Well, what does that make me?”

Boss: “My ex-secretary.”

—Tennessee Tar

Little Peggy—Mother, was that p’lice-man ever a little baby?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Peggy—That’s funny; I don’t believe I ever saw a baby p’liceman.—Pathfinder

Mr. Grouch—“Woman is nothing but a rag, a bone and a hank of hair.”

Mrs. Grouch—“Man is nothing but a brag, a groan and a tank of air.”

—Legation Guard News

“I’m sorry I ever became your wife,” she said bitterly.

“Oh,” he flung back, “you were no young bird when I married you.”

“No,” she retorted, “but considering what I got I was an early bird.”

—Pensacola News

PROMOTION DEFERRED

The skipper was examining an ambitious sailor who wanted to be a gunner’s mate.

“How much does a six-pound shell weigh?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” the sailor confessed.

“Well, when the ship’s bell is given eight strokes, what time is it?”

“Eight bells.”

“All right then, how much does a six-pound shell weigh?”

“Ah,” said the youthful mariner, a great light dawning on him. “Eight pounds.”

—Our Navy.



He: “I can’t understand why you always yell ‘Stop!’ when I try to kiss you.”

She: “And I can’t understand why you always stop!”

An Arkansas clergyman who rides to the church in an auto received an anonymous letter calling his attention to the fact that the Lord never rode to church in a car. The clergyman read it from the pulpit and added:

“If the writer of this letter will come next Sunday properly saddled and bridled, I will be glad to follow the Lord’s example and come to church as He entered Jerusalem.”—Texas Star

“IF I HAD THE WINGS”

The officer of the day entered a guard-room and found it empty except for a private, who, stripped to his shirt and trousers, was lounging on a chair, smoking a clay pipe.

“Where’s the sergeant of the guard?”

“Gone across to the non-com’s mess to have a drink, sir,” replied the private.

“And the sentries?”

“In the canteen, sir.”

“Then, confound it, what are you doing here?”

“Me, sir?” was the reply. “I’m the prisoner.”—Walla Walla

One of the Marine Corps Institute instructors thought that eight years in the outfit was enough. So he took his discharge and half a dozen diplomas and started searching for work. After a discouraging month he found a foreman who offered him a job sweeping up and keeping a factory clean.

“But look here,” said the ex-instructor, “I’ve just finished eight years in the Marine Corps.”

“In that case,” the foreman answered, “I’d better start you on something simpler.”

They had been boots together, and subsequently assigned to the same outfit. Then they were transferred to different stations. After a couple years they met. One sported the chevrons of a staff sergeant, the other’s sleeve was bare.

“Well,” said the non-com, “it doesn’t look as if you’ll ever make a rating, does it?”

“Perhaps not,” was the reply, “but I’d rather have people asking why I was never promoted than wondering why I was.”

One of the boys picked up a goat somewhere and dragged it into the barracks. “Where do you expect to keep that thing?” questioned one of his bunks.

“Right here in the squadroom,” answered the Marine.

“Yes, but what about the smell?”

“Oh,” answered the goat herder, “he’ll have to get used to that.”

Airman: “Did you ever hear the saying ‘See Naples and die’?”

Passenger: “Yes.”

Airman: “Well, we’re over Naples now, and something’s wrong with the engine!”

—The Keystone

TOUGH TIMES

Doctor (at Naval Hospital): "Your husband will be all right now."

Navy Wife: "What do you mean?"

Doctor: "Well, I'm going to cure him. Surely you are glad."

Wife: "That puts me in the hole. I just sold his extra uniforms to buy flowers for the funeral."



"I expect my wife to be just what she is now twenty years from today."

"Why, that's unreasonable."

"Yes, that's what she is now."

Lady: "Where is my seat, young man?"
Usher (in auditorium): "Your seat is on the end of U, madam."

Lady: "Sir!"

—Pa. Guardsman.

When a replacement company landed in France and was thrown on its own resources, a hurried examination of the organization files revealed that no cooks had been listed. The Irish First Sergeant was instructed to see that the vacancy was filled. At the next formation came the Sergeant's command: "Company, Attention! All cooks in formation, fall out."

No one moved.

"Well," said the Top, "Sheet-metal workers, fall out."

Six men complied.

"Report to the kitchen; if you can't cook yez can open cans."

—Our Army.

"I reckon," said one farmer, "I get up earlier than any one in the neighborhood. I am always up before 3 o'clock in the morning."

The second farmer said that he was always up by that time and had half of his chores done.

The first farmer thought he was a liar, and decided to find out, so one morning he went to the neighbor's house about 2 o'clock, and knocked on the door, the wife answered.

"Where's your husband?" asked the farmer, expecting to find the neighbor in bed.

"Why he was around early this morning, but I don't know where he has gone now," answered the wife.

—Walla Walla.

SIMILARITY

Yesterday everything had been happy. Tonight they sat at extreme ends of the settee, in unbroken silence.

Harold could not fathom the cause. Had he not written a poem in her honor?

"Mister Holt," said the girl at length, "do you know that the feet of the Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, measure sixteen feet five inches?"

"So I have heard."

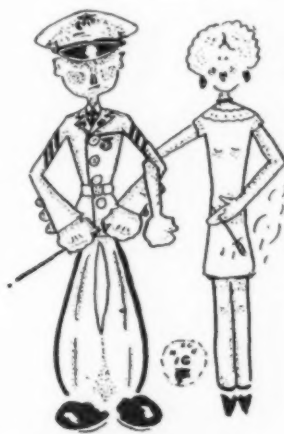
"The waist is thirty-five feet round," she continued. "The nose is four feet six inches long; the mouth is a yard across; the diameter of the head is ten feet. Did you know these facts?"

"Y-yes."

"Then will you explain why you state in your poem that I remind you of the Statue of Liberty?"—Kablegram

Political Candidate (picking up a cabbage thrown at him during a restive meeting): "I perceive that one member of my audience has lost his head!"

—Walla Walla



Him: "Where did you get that nifty little magazine?"

Her: "That's my compact. Why do you call it a magazine?"

Him: "It's loaded with powder."

"Didn't you hear me yelling at you to stop?" growled the cop when he at last got the motorist pulled over to the curb.

"Was that you?" asked the motorist in a tone of relief. "I heard the yelling but I thought it was the guy I ran over."

Male Straphanger: "Madam, you are standing on my foot."

Female Ditto: "I beg your pardon. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."

—Exchange.

Skipper: "Brown, you claimed you found one of your handkerchiefs marked 'B' in a shipmate's locker."

Brown: "Yes, sir."

Skipper: "That's not unusual; I have a handkerchief marked 'B' myself."

Brown: "But I lost two of them."

—Navy Review.

Fore: I just lent Mae five dollars. Do you think he's straight?

Aft: Straight! Say, if that bird swallowed a two-penny nail he'd cough up a corkscrew.

—Our Navy.

FAMILY QUARRELS

He entered the solicitor's office with a face full of trouble. His wife had left home the previous day, and he wanted to know how to get her back.

"What happened to cause her to go? Come think!" prompted the solicitor as the husband hesitated.

"There was nothing unusual," he answered, slowly. "But as I was wiping the porridge from my hair—"

"The porridge from your hair? How on earth—"

"She threw it. I'll admit I'd thrown a cup of tea over her; but, then, she had hit me over the head with a wet dish-rag."

"What for?"

"Well, I'd pitched her hat into the sink; but she'd locked up my trousers first!"

"Locked up your trousers?"

"Ah, I see now why she cleared out!" and the husband's face suddenly beamed with the light of discovery. "It was me throwing that photo-frame. It wasn't sporting of me to throw that after throwing the dish. It was her turn."—Kablegram

Recently a staff non-com, whose wife was noted for her total lack of beauty, arrived at a gathering accompanied by his homely spouse.

"Hey!" said the host, "what did you want to bring your wife along for? You know this was supposed to be a stag party."

The offender hesitated, then said resignedly: "I'm sorry; but I'd rather bring her along than kiss her good-bye!"

The obliging pianist had rendered several selections, when one of the admiring group of listeners suggested that he play "The Twelfth Mass." Several people echoed the request and one lady in particular cried out enthusiastically, "Oh, do play it. My husband belonged to that regiment."

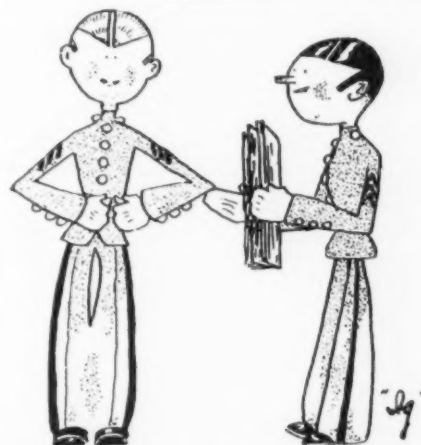
—Lampoon

The new Navy oarsman thought he was the best man in the whaleboat crew, and after a few days' practice he decided to ask the coxwain his opinion.

"Hey, cox'n," he asked, confidentially, "what kind of a stroke do you think I've developed?"

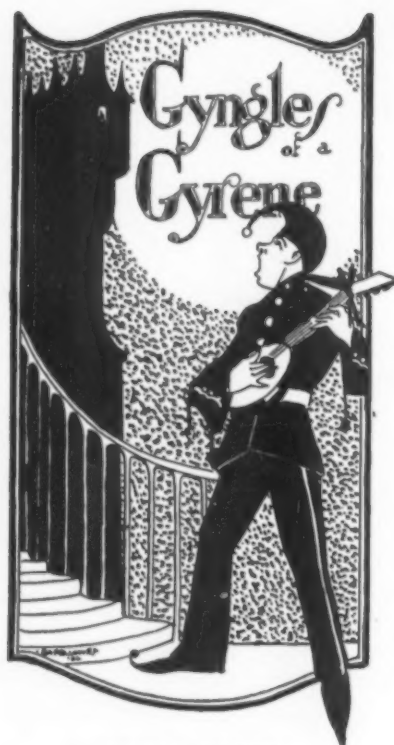
"Paralytic," was the quick reply.

—Coast Guard



"How did you come out in the pie-eating contest?"

"Oh, Joe came in first and I came in sickened."



EAGLE BREED

By William B. Edmondson

The thundering roar of a motor's song,
The cold of star-filled space,
Are both a part of the eagle's pace
And to which his soul belongs.

Gray skies, and fog, and blinding rain—
The lightning flashed across the skies—
He defies them all with flashing eyes
And laughs to the music of the storm's
refrain.

What sweeps of earth his eyes embrace!
What glorious vistas toward him roll!
The flooded river's earthy toll,
The smiling, prosperous country's face.

"Look out below. I'm coming down.
Turn on the lights that light the way.
The eagle's home—a tiring day!
Ho, hum! Some coffee, boys, to slack the
thirst!"

BEACHED

By "Tug" in the Walla Walla

Grant, when this ancient and crumbling keel
Lies past the tide that rusted its steel,
On the glistening beach of Time's parched
strand

With bloodless captain in quiet command:
There be no regrets; no mourning of fate
That carried it afar and sailed it late
On venturesome seas and circling streams—
This restless ship of a dreamer of dreams.

When the spirit lies hidden in aging dust
From the hull bilged-in and eaten by rust,
May the mass that rests so shrunken and old,
So bearded by moss and green sea mold:
Thank the fortune and the ill-pointed fate
That carried it afar and sailed it late
Over beckoning seas and strange life
streams—

This vessel that housed a dreamer of dreams.

SOUVENIRS

By Al. H. Molter

There's a picture of a man-o-war upon a sea
of glass,
With the snow clad hills of Washington
behind.
There's a bulging Navy ledger, and each
leaf is a mass
Of clippings that bring mem'ries to my
mind.

There's a little piece of granite from a sun-
ny south sea isle.
And a cane made from the backbone of a
shark.
There's a little piece of granite from a
Grecian ruin pile.
And a knife from Spain that almost
reached its mark.

There's some war clubs from Samoa. And
a hulahula skirt
That I got while down in Honolulu town.
There's an ancient Turkish flintlock, and
a Nicaraguan quirt.
There's a Bible that I've packed the
world around.

There's a bamboo water bucket from a
tropic island shack
That came darn near a costing me my
life.
And I had to do some running, (it was filled
up with arack)
When the owner started for me with a
knife.

There are albums filled with snapshots that
I've taken here and there.
There are others filled with cards from all
the earth.
There are portraits of my shipmates, and of
girls, from everywhere.
No man alive could pay me what they're
worth.

There are boomerangs, and pistols, and sav-
age spears and bows.
There's a French sailor's hat I got down
Tahiti way.
There are books, and pipes, and cartridges,
and medals and a rose
That Mother sent to me one Mother's
Day.

When my twenty years are over, and I
transfer to Reserve,
And settle down, no more again to roam.
I can bring the old days back again. In
memory I'll serve.
When I gaze upon those souvenirs at
home.

WAR MEMORIES

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

So swiftly pass the hurried years,
Time's current is so fleet,
Now only fall on Mem'ry's ears
The distant tread of feet,
A snatch of martial music played,
Some greetings and good-byes,
The sweeping of a big parade
Past young and wistful eyes.

Over the distance, now grown long,
Come back to us today
The broken fragments of a song,
Wraith-like and far away.
A band plays all the war-songs through,
Then comes a silent lapse
From "Hinky Dinky, Parlez Vous,"
Then bugles sounding "Taps."

NEVER QUIT

By Thomas Wallace O'Shea

When the game's most lost and you feel
you're licked,
That's the time to battle hard.
When Morale has gone and you feel
you're licked,
Just you grin and play your card,
Never Quit.

Life is real and true, fight it like a man,
When you're down ne'er say you're out.
Never let them say you have turned and
ran,
When there's fighting round about,
Never Quit.

When you feel you're down and your
spirit's dim,
Join the battle with a song.
Death is "just a myth," Life is not so
grim,
Just you try to get along,
Never Quit.

When the trail is hard and you feel you're
done,
Trouble comes so thick and fast.
Just you smile and say "Now boy, here
is one,
That will fight on to the last,
Never Quit.

After all has passed and the battle's o'er,
And you're resting 'neath the sod.
You'll be glad to know that you tied the
score,
You'll not fear to meet your God,
Never Quit.

Never let yourself get down in the dumps,
Get from Life the joys you can.
So that when you're gone, and Death's
played his trumps,
You have played and lost, A MAN!
Never Quit.

SONNET

By A. R. Bosworth

When Life has fled this earthly clay of mine
And I shall be as one for long asleep,
Let those who mourn my passing, those who
weep,
Take care to lay me, not in close confine
Of tomb, or sepulchre of vast design;
But where the wind and wave their virgil
keep
On the unmeasured reaches of the deep,
Make there my grave, a fitting sailor's
shrine.

The sea is kind to those who love her well,
And deep within her ever moving breast,
Or borne atop some lifting, surging swell
My empty hulk shall find its last long
rest
Till that dim day when all mariners true
Shall sign to voyage with the Master's crew.

WE SAIL AT SUNRISE

By Maurice James Ronayne

Darkness lifts like a cargo-boom,
Mast-heads grow in the melting gloom,
And a schooner wakes to the morning swell
With a lone gull poised on the starb'd rail.
Daylight spreads on the lifting deck,
Gray smoke climbs from the galley-stack,
Then a breaker flares like a flustered bride
And a sunbeam breaks on the vessel's side.
Canvas leaps to a waiting wind
Like a loyal heart to a soul that's sinned,
Now it's "Anchors Up" with a roundelay
And the ship's-bell tolls—we're under way.

THE LEATHERNECK

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

THE MODERN GUNSMITH. By James Virgil Howe (Funk & Wagnalls). A two-volume, beautifully bound work on hand and shoulder weapons. Doubtless the most authentic and authoritative information printed on the subject of fire arms. A thorough study of the U. S. Army rifle will make the weapon more understandable to you. If the price is prohibitive for your own purchase, suggest that the librarian of your post obtain this work. Two Volumes. \$15.00

WATERFRONT. By John Brophy (Macmillan). The father of Nora and Fanny McCabe had deserted his family for the sea. Fifteen years later he returns unexpectedly, commits murder, and very nearly wrecks the girls' chances in life. \$2.00

REBEL DESTINY. By Melville and Frances Herskovits (McGraw-Hill). The authors record their explorations of voodoo-worshipping Dutch Guiana. \$3.00

HIGH COMMAND IN THE WORLD WAR. By William D. Puleston (Scribner's). A study of important operations in the World War. \$3.00

SHARK! SHARK! By Capt. William E. Young, as told to Lt. H. S. Mazet, F.R.G.S. (Gotham House). Start it and lay it down, if you can. A thrilling and educational classic on sharks and shark hunting. It conclusively answers the age-old question "Will a shark attack a man?" This work comes in three editions, but we recommend the cheapest unless you are a book collector. \$2.75

THE DEAD MAN AT THE WINDOW. By Jean Toussaint-Samat (Lippincott). An unusually thrilling mystery story by the author of "Shoes That Had Walked Twice." Translated from the French by Elisabeth Abbott. \$2.00

SALT WINDS AND GOBI DUST. By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's). A collection of stories of Marines and their activities. \$2.50

OLD GIMLET EYE. By Smedley D. Butler, as told to Lowell Thomas (Farrar & Rinehart). The adventures of General Butler in the Marine Corps. \$2.75

BLACK BAGDAD. By John H. Craigie (Minton, Balch). A first-hand account of the Marine occupation of Haiti. \$3.00

MEN AGAINST THE SEA. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown). A sequel to "Mutiny on the Bounty," by the same authors. \$2.00

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS. By Joseph J. Williams, S. J. (Dial Press). A study of Voodooism, especially in the West Indies. \$3.00

YELLOW JACK. By Sidney Howard with Paul De Kruif (Harcourt, Brace). A play based on the dramatic story of Walter Reed and his fight against the deadly Yellow fever. \$2.00

THE FIRST WORLD WAR. Edited by Laurence Stallings (Simon and Schuster). Remarkable collection of World War photographs. \$3.50

WE SAIL TOMORROW. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan (Longmans, Green). A romance wherein the eternal triangle, involving a pair of naval officers, develops an additional side. \$2.00

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

INDIAN FRONTIER

KING COBRA. By Mark Channing (Lippincott). \$2.00.

"Far beyond the northwest frontiers of India lies the mountain-locked land of Yanistan." It is a wild, desolate place, peopled by tribesmen no less wild than their country.

Alam Khan, known as "King Cobra," was the most feared bandit in Yanistan. For fifteen years he had raided and pillaged where he chose. Now he was caught and waiting for his execution.

Hidden away in the mountains, in "The Palace of Mirrors," is The Veiled Man, King Cobra's master. No white man had ever lived to tell of it, although eight British Secret Service agents had gone forth to discover it, to learn of the fairy-like palace and the wealth of the world stored in it. Not one had ever returned.

Brevet-Major Colin Gray, V. C., was greatly interested in the secret of the "Palace of Mirrors," and he visited the British Residency to talk with Sir John Lindsay, although the presence of Diana Lindsay, Sir John's daughter, may have been no less important.

The Cobra escapes, kills Sir John and abducts Diana. Gray follows with a punitive expedition, but he is betrayed by his guide and carried to the "Palace of Mirrors." Thirty-foot walls protect the building. Cut into the stone was the inscription testifying that the palace had been built by Prester John in the year 1212.

Then Gray is dragged through the courtyard and thrown into a reeking dungeon, the ninth agent who had ventured in quest of the Veiled Man.

Diana, in the meantime, has been quartered in the harem with Shireen, another of King Cobra's seraglio. The girls become friendly and Shireen plans to aid Diana's escape. The plot is discovered and the Cobra decides to wait no longer, but to marry Diana at once. A soporific and feigned illness gains respite.

There is intrigue, plots against the Cobra and the Veiled One, and Gray is instrumental in furthering the discord.

In the Place of Fights Gray and the Cobra meet in combat; the intervention of an earthquake and an exciting escape ensues. And chill producing adventures follow fast until final safety.

CHINESE PIRATES

PIRATE JUNK. By Clifford Johnson (Scribners'). \$2.50.

Not many months ago newspapers carried the story of four officers of the steamer *Nanchang*. They were British subjects, captured by Chinese pirates. The ship had been lying at anchor at the mouth of the Liao Ho River, nineteen miles from Newchang. "Suddenly, the Chinese quartermaster, hat in hand, puffing heavily, rushed into the saloon, shouted 'Pirates come! Pirates come!' and made off again."

In the conventional manner the sea raiders swept in in junks, boarded the steamer, and before any of the crew could grab up weapons, the four British officers were prisoners. No attempt was made to molest the cargo, although the staterooms were ransacked.

Johnson, Blue, Hargrave and Pears were prodded aboard one of the junks and flung down into the after-compartment. That was the beginning of five and a half months' captivity, with the exception of Pears, who was dispatched by the pirates to Yinkow (Newchwang) with the ransom demands.

But the captors were never to benefit. A horde of bandits swooped down from inland and after a stiff battle, captured the three Englishmen from the pirates. They demanded as ransom two million dollars and eighty gold rings.

The trio was not entirely out of touch with the world, for packages of supplies (usually confiscated) came to them with more or less regularity; and Japanese planes located them once. In the meantime the ransom demand was doubled.

The days drag on. Half starved, clothing in tatters, the prisoners are actually suffering. Further, the bandits are becoming impatient and treat the Englishmen with even less consideration than before. They pull their hair and noses, and threaten them with dire torture if negotiations fail.

Two attempts to escape are frustrated. Other bandits endeavor to wrest the prize from the captors, but they are beaten off.

To the British seamen it began to appear that they were doomed to eternal imprisonment.

The kidnapping took place late in March, 1933. In September the men were released; but what happened in between those dates makes remarkably interesting reading.

ORDER BLANK

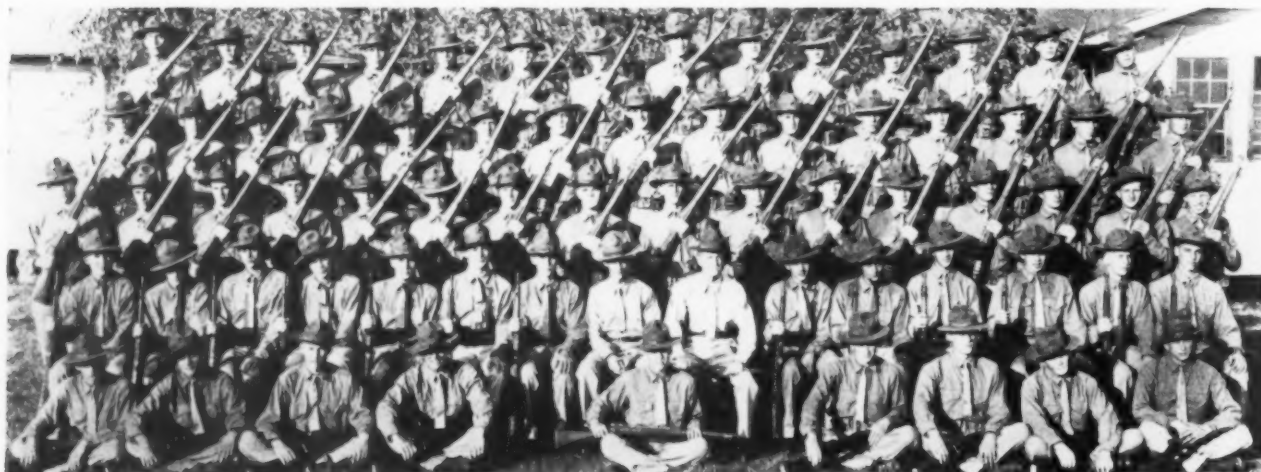
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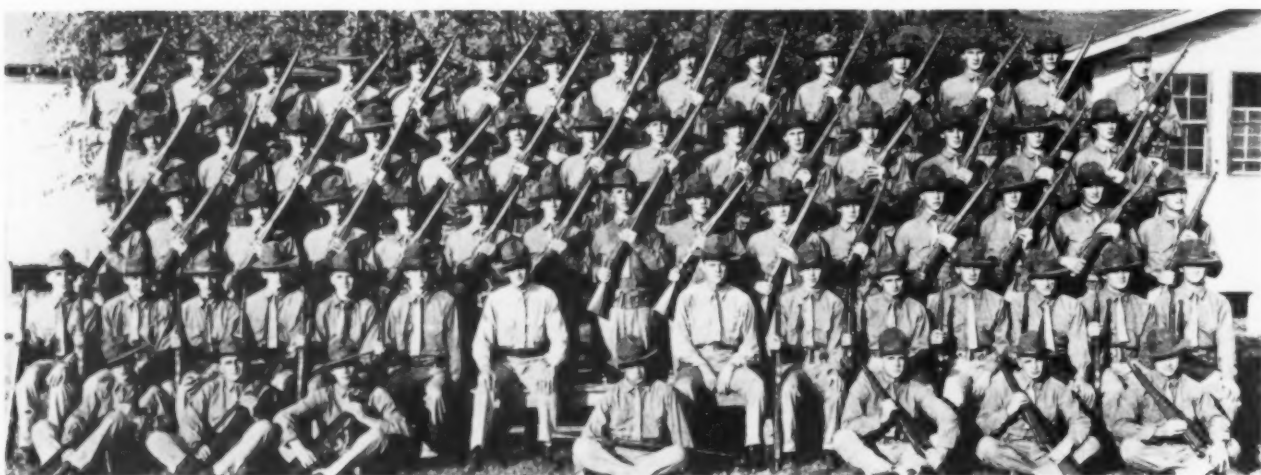
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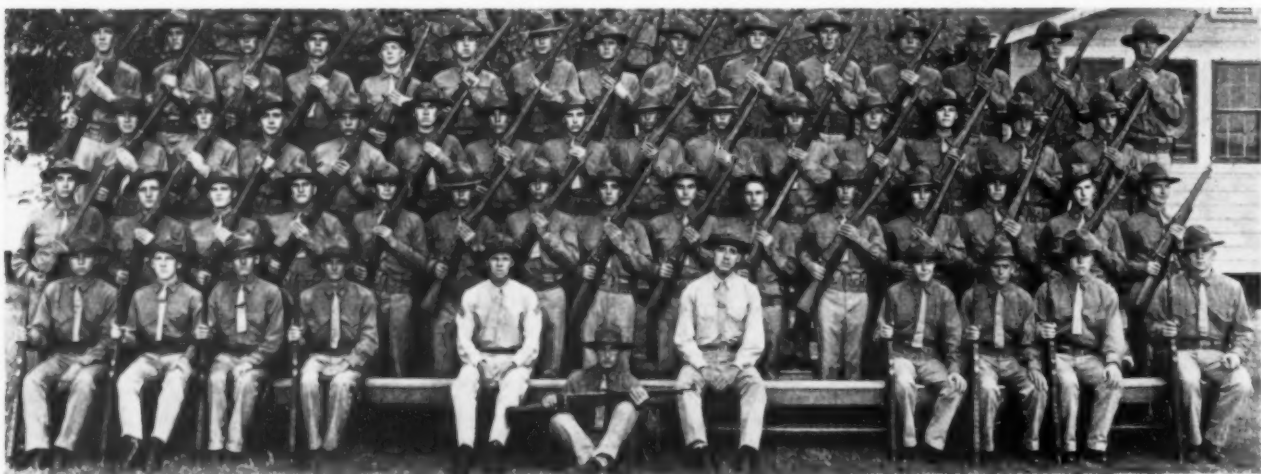
WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



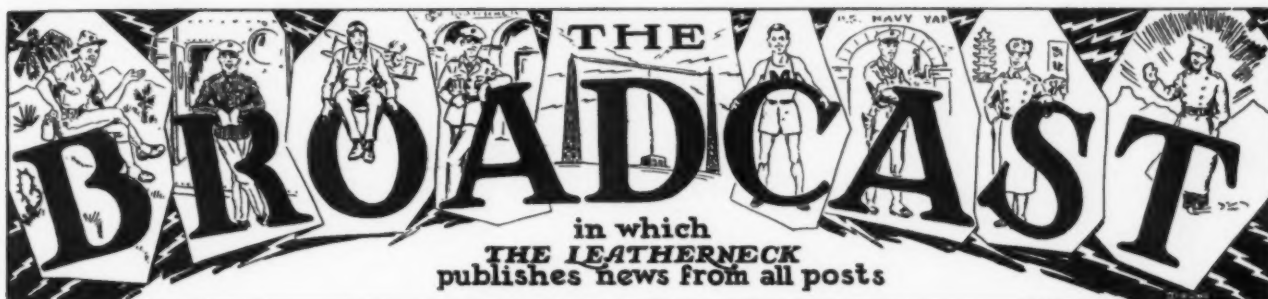
Company 31, Parris Island. Instructed by Corporal Cain and Private Peyton



Company 32, Parris Island. Instructed by Corporal Walker and Private Reid



Company 34, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Lee and Private Yoder



Parris Island News

OLD MAN STORK has just returned from his summer vacation and boy, oh, boy, has he been busy! In fact, four boys. One on August 26th to Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Hall V. Cartwell, named Carvel Cartwell. One on August 30th to Sgt. and Mrs. Jack Nelson, named Gerald Irwin Nelson. One on August 31st to Paymaster Sgt. and Mrs. Adial P. Greer, named Donald Greer. And one on September 1st (at Vidalia, Georgia) to Pfc. and Mrs. Max Jarrett. Congratulations. Sincerest sympathy is extended to Pharmacist Mate First Class and Mrs. George L. Harts, Sgt. and Mrs. Natole G. Brais, and Pfc. and Mrs. Stanley Lawson, bereaved parents through the loss of their infant children, and to QM-Sgt. and Mrs. Charles W. Byers on the loss of their small son.

On August 31st Staff Sergeant Joseph Gadreau, with over thirty years of honorable and faithful service to his credit, was transferred to the Retired List. On August 28th, he and the Commanding General received a review held in his honor. The entire command wishes him every happiness in his well-earned retirement.

By the time this appears in print, Parris Island will have a complete change in Pay Office personnel. The Deputy, Chief Pay Clerk W. J. Sherry, is under orders to duty in the Office of the Post Paymaster at Quantico, Virginia, and Paymaster Sergeant H. A. Geiger has received advance notice of transfer to the same office. Chief Pay Clerk E. J. Donnelly from the Pay Office in Philadelphia will be Mr. Sherry's relief. Capt. C. S. Schmidt, who was Brigade Paymaster

of the First Brigade in Haiti, is also coming here as a Deputy for the time being. The other new men in the Post Pay Office are P. M. Sergeant A. P. Greer who relieved P. M. Sergeant E. A. Loben, last month, and Pvt. Sidney D. Dowell.

If anyone read this column last month he may have noticed that a line was omitted from our paragraph about the elections at the Non-coms' Club. QM-Sgt. Ernesto R. Beavers was reelected President with M.T. Sgt. Abie O'Brien a close second. Abie, who ran on a wet ticket, says he is now Assistant President. Ph.M.2c. John D. Thomas was elected Vice-President; Staff

**NEWS FOR THE NOVEMBER
LEATHERNECK
SHOULD REACH THE EDITORS
BEFORE OCTOBER 8**

Sergeant Lawrence A. Theodore, Secretary and Treasurer, and 1st Sgt. Carl G. Schuler, Steward.

We see a lot of new chevrons flashing around camp since last month. Over in Field Music School Jack I. Nelson has made Sergeant; Albert V. Cox, William H. Greene and Albert A. Ward have made Corporal, and Roy Robinson has made Private First Class.

In the Service Company, three men made Corporal: Thomas C. Clemens, William C. Kepple and George W. Phillips, Jr. In the Rifle Range Detachment, Cecil H. Clarke has made Sergeant, and Carl Propst has made

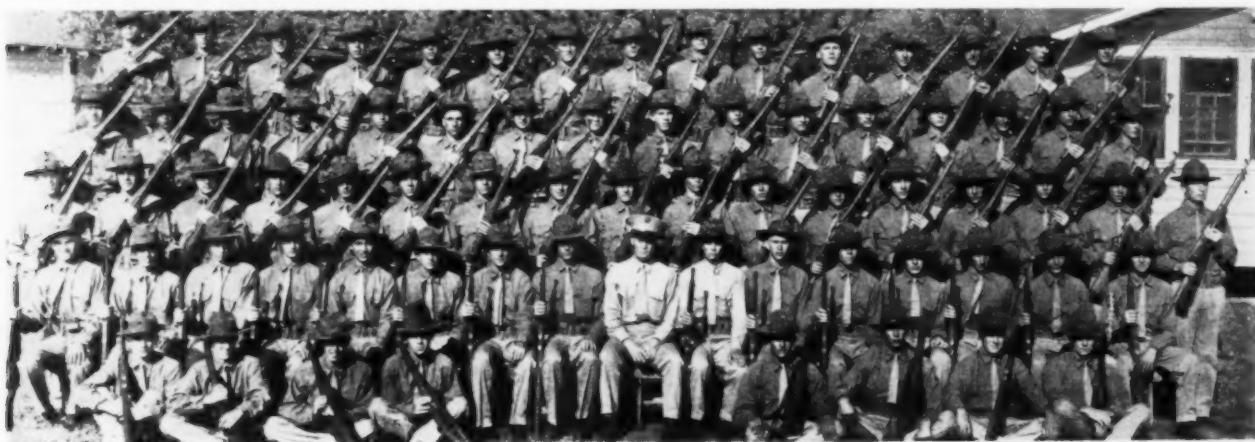
Private First Class. But Headquarters and Headquarters Company tops the list in the matter of promotions this month. There we have 1st Sgt. Joseph L. Stoops, Sgt. Elmer P. Goree, Cpls. R. B. Harper, J. N. Henderson, Kenneth W. Littleton and Jack C. Simpson, and Pfc. L. F. Baker, C. H. Bohler, J. F. Carr, T. C. Greer, B. F. Krohn, R. B. Lilley, I. L. McMichael, A. H. Moss and S. C. Thigpen.

Speaking of promotions, we don't want to forget to mention the following men in the Field Music School who have lately been examined, found qualified, and rated as indicated: Drummers: Sigurd Bo and Roy E. Cutchin; Trumpeters: Richard L. Berry, Robert B. Ceruti, William H. George, John B. Gilbert, Kenneth R. Gray, Jack T. LaMotte, Julian W. Nelson, William L. Nolte and Norman W. Kesner.

First Sgt. Frederick Belton and Staff Sergeant John J. Rogers, late of the Garde d'Haiti, have joined us recently and are now on duty in Recruit Depot Headquarters. Among others who joined us recently are Sgt. John J. Bukowy and Cpls. Joseph G. Cafarella, John A. Buddin, William E. Devine and Denver C. Perkins.

The following officers have been appointed a Board for the examination of all enlisted men of the Marine Corps at this Post, who are recommended by their respective commanding officers for promotion to the rank of Private First Class, Corporal and Sergeant: Major George H. Osterhout, Capt. Willard P. Lentze, Capt. William H. Hollingsworth, Capt. John D. O'Leary, 1st Lt. Earl S. Piper and 2nd Lt. John B. Hill.

Post troops and Recruit Depot have new Commanding Officers. Lt-Col. J. A. Rossel, who joined us from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is now in command of Post troops and is Post Executive Officer. Lt-Col. W. C. Powers, Jr., late of Mare Island, California, is the new Commanding Officer of Recruit Depot.



Company 33, Parris Island. Instructed by Private Hollingsworth



Company 29X, Parris Island. Instructed by Corporal Williams, Private Johnson and Private Wear

Detachments

CREEKS FROM THE CREEK

By High Hat

Here's news from that land of aromas—St. Julien's Creek! Perhaps you don't remember this Ammunition Dump, and perhaps you do. Nevertheless, we are sure that we form one of the most important and brilliant detachments in the Corps!

The Naval Reserve has contributed to our ranks and has provided us with "Wimpy's Nightmare," who is more hastily summoned by the misnomer, "Goon." Officially he is Private Sieber, formerly of New York. . . . "Shepherd" Woolsley has an idea that all good shepherders are dead ones. "The Fertilizer Plant Gigolo," who tends our bar and canteen in his spare moments, intends to enter law practice some time in the spring. The best of luck to you, Goforth!

"Get-cha-mail" Loudon is still hanging around, and has annexed an animal of odd proportions and awkward gait, which, on close inspection, reveals a few canine characteristics. . . . "Duke" Lafever has adorned himself with many medals for his spectacular "arcade debating," but we are just wee bit inclined to disbelieve his latest. He claims he was at a rodeo several weeks ago, and, in order to demonstrate his remarkable skill at roping, pro-

cured a mouse and a spool of number 60 sewing cotton. After allowing the mouse fifty yards start, our doughty corporal, with one well-placed cast of a lariat made of a single strand of cotton, flattened the runaway rodent. Truly an excellent throw, "Duke." But we are a bit afraid that you threw more than the lasso, trying to put that yarn over. . . . "Seven Reel" Pollon is still reeling, especially along about payday. . . . "Baldy" Balsam became a Federal Agent one night—and regretted it no end the following morning. . . . "Chaw-terbacey" Falla has been seen wandering in the unhallowed precincts of the city in company with "Lazybones" Peterman. He's probably leading the poor lad astray, for we can see no hope for Peterman as a music—sounds like a miniature Battle of the Marne when he cuts loose with that thrice-acursed overture to a day's labor, reveille. . . . You know, when W. E. Channing said "Some People have perfect genius for doing nothing and doing it assiduously," he must have had a mental picture of our junior music. . . . From the sulphurous emanations from the Top Soldier's lair, we judge that that worthy has stepped into considerable "paper" trouble.

"Swede" Tolson, Strand (who has just

been elevated to the enviable position of police sergeant), and Clark are all banging 'em. . . . May the best man win. . . . Our ex-tent-cook, Joe Bach, is preparing to plunge into the cold and pitiless wilds of the civilian wilderness; but the bets are all against his staying out. . . . See you when you get hungry, Joe! . . . "Squaw" Miller, a sergeant in his more serious moments, had the sergeant of the guard and the mess sergeant duty at the same time—all of which induced much harsh language when any of our "Radigator Killers" from Parris Island made some small error. . . . "Pocket Biliard" Cain is bucking for Private First. . . . "Top" Rasmussen has been our reigning non-com for the last few weeks, but we hear that he is to relieve the top on the *Missy*. . . . "Whoop-an'-holleh" Wohlmacher can be heard from dawn until dark, fervently cursing the inventor of reveille. He thought Marines slept all day. . . . Wages has been elected "Joe King" by a unanimous popular vote, because of his unprecedented success in keeping the guard room jamoke pot filled with emptiness. . . . "Poodle Dog" Galloway is still moon gazing, and is by now in a serious condition. . . . And "Tanglefoot" Joswicki has been eagerly awaiting the close of his "hitch," but now finds it approaching all too rapidly. . . .

Comdr. R. C. Parker, USN., has relieved Captain Woods, USN., as our commandant. The departure of the captain causes sincere regrets among those of us in his command, and it is our heartfelt wish that his future duties are the most pleasant; we all join in wishing him *bon voyage* as skipper of the *Omaha*.

Our smiling captain is a busy man, but he still finds time to wallop the lads at pool or to shoot the breeze after a drill period. So, any foot-loose Marines who are seeking a happy home should think of us.

"Texas" Walker is going the rounds with a brand-new story about a dying Chinaman out near Fort Worth. It seems that the Chinese requested that "Texas" act as executor of his will. "Tex" found it to read thus: "First: I leave and bequeath to my son, John Ling, the sum of one dollar. With said sum it is my fervent wish that he purchase a rope strong enough and long enough to support his Irish Wife!" And "Texas" swears that it's true.

HINGHAM SALVOS

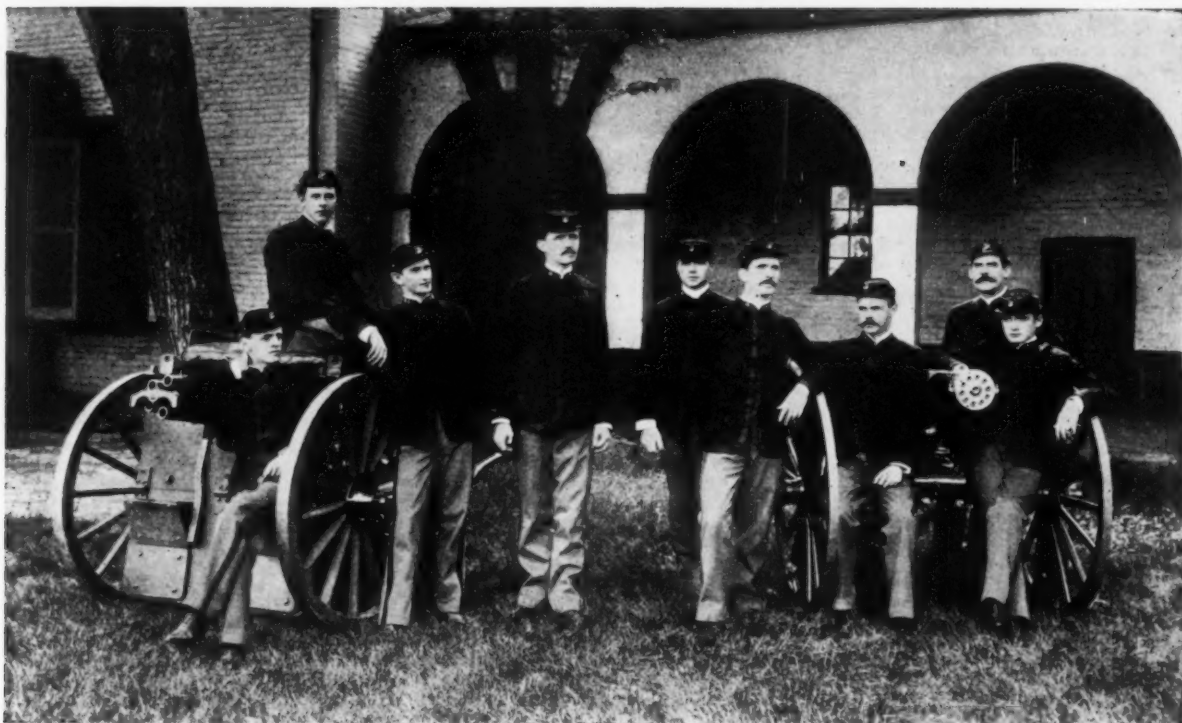
By John R. Gosselin

I'm just going to give you some of the dope on what's what around the barracks.

THE LEATHERNECK



Marine Barracks, St. Julien's Creek



CLASS OF 1894, SCHOOL OF APPLICATION, MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Left to right: 2nd Lt. Dion Williams, 2nd Lt. George Richards, 1st Lt. Wendell C. Neville (instructor), 2nd Lt. Rufus H. Lane, 1st Lt. Harry K. White (instructor), 2nd Lt. William M. McKelvy, 2nd Lt. Albert S. McLemore, Capt. Paul St. Clair Murphy (Commanding Officer), 2nd Lt. Elisha Theall.

Here's item one: Our Corporal Lendo was dashing around the barracks a few weeks ago trying to figure out what to get as a present for a baby (now don't get me wrong). A week or so later he came in and told us he was now an honest to goodness godfather. Fan my brow!

Item two: Private First Class Wallace has entered the beauty contest being held at the Hull town hall in the near future. Good luck, Wally. You are a good looking boy. I also heard that Private First Class Burnham was also entered, but the cameras broke so he was disqualified for???

Item three: Privates First Class Lersch and Papelegis were promoted to their present rank on August 17. They are to be congratulated.

Item four: Corporal Phinney and Private Jones of these barracks have been knocking the bullseyes out of the targets out at Wakefield during the past month. Corporal Phinney has now been transferred to the Boston Navy Yard Barracks, while Private Jones is back in our midst again.

Item five: Who would have thought it? The one and only "Happy" Whynaught, heretofore from China, and other points west, has stepped out of the bachelor class and is now to be counted amongst the married men of the post. Happy days, "Happy."

Item six: No sooner did footballs begin flying around did the "Goose" break out his togs and dash out for the first practice of the year. He was closely followed by the ever-present "Sheik" Lendo. Great doings are to be expected from these two on the gridiron this fall.

I haven't heard any reports on who that Marine was in Filene's basement last month buying a suit of P. J.'s.

See you all next month.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Lewis E. Berry

The trumpet blows and seven men rally to the call (quite obvious that it's not chow bumps) and dash in a body up the plank to Headquarters of the Marine Corps. Yep! Headquarters' Guard asked for them and we donate to the cause the buxom personalities of four Corporals and three Privates First Class. Specifically speaking, Corporals Ernst, Merman, Konopa and Werner; Privates First Class Wilson, Fields and Friedman don't live here any more. Good luck, boys! Hope you like it and appreciate the possibilities—and vice versa.

The home stretch in the Range activities confronts us and we're not without our quota of "Spurt" Shooters and Shopshupers . . . Shupshoppers . . . Shorpsippers . . . (name it and you can have it). Give you the details with greater exactitude next month.

Your new "pencil-pusher" is just snapping in on the low down of this column and—to put it in the words of Corporal Pearcey—"Seein' as how your old correspondent, Corporal Werner, has traipsed off the post to Headquarters, I allows as how you'll hev ter put up with me for quite a spell." Consequently, we'll be a bit short on news this issue but next month we'll reimburse you accordingly. We are possessed with the anticipation of making this an interesting column for every one of you, striving to avoid any distinction between the Barracks Detachment and the Schools. So let's have the cooperation of the entire post. When Sergeant Brown, the new agent for THE LEATHERNECK, comes dashing around show your interest by purchasing a copy of the magazine. And, by the way, I'm open for suggestions as to a good title for this col-

umn. The person submitting the most suitable monicker will receive one dozen wet envelopes—to eradicate the necessity of licking the stamps. In case of a tie, I'll think up one for myself.

Let's see, now. I just glanced down the roster and I call to mind a few of the number of "new" men in our ranks. There's Pvts. "Chesty" Blakeley, "Burr Head" Hefner and "King Kong" Taylor, who, incidentally, makes Pfc. J. R. P. Wilson look like he's standing in a hole. Taylor is reputed to be a fighter of no mean abilities and if size has anything to do with it, well . . . I'm not arguing the matter. And, oh, yes, there's Corporal Smith and Private First Class Livingston, not to forget Private Watterson. The latter two have joined the School Detachment. There are others, too, but due to the curtailed period of time in which these statistics were gathered I'll have to neglect them until next time.

It seems that Gunnery-Sergeant Anderson blossomed forth with a car of ancient vintage not long ago. And as he drove it into the compound the sergeant-of-the-guard's face paled. "What a smash-up!" he exclaimed, "was anybody killed?"

And speaking of conservatism, which we are about to, Staff Sergeant McElroy roared into the office of THE LEATHERNECK the other day. "Look here," he growled. "If you don't stop printing those bum jokes about stingy Scotsmen I'm not going to borrow any more copies of your old magazine."

There's been quite a bit of controversy, comment and wise-cracking around the Barracks subsequent to the publishing of the "Toenail Descriptions" in last month's issue of our mag. Apparently everyone enjoyed the gesture—even the victims. I might mention that Gracie Allen wrote in

and asked if Private True was her younger brother that died when he was a young lad. Now what could I answer to that? I ask you? No, I'm not the conjurer of that column. Your guess is as good as mine.

Superfluities: As silent as Wygant and yours truly on a pit detail. As melodious as Bailey in his rendition of "Home on the Range." As fond of something or other as Shisler is of corn on the cob.

Out of the G. I. can: Kniley attempting to explain to Landry the origin of that master Chinese criminal we hear so much about: "Well, you see, some guy figured out that many men smoke but Fumanchu."

And in reference to the Orientals—if you don't like this column I call to your attention the old Chinese abili that so aptly puts it: "I wasn't there and if I was I didn't do it."

See you next month—I hope.

STATION WCSC

In Beautiful Charleston, S. C.

HELLO EVERYBODY, this is Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., coming on the air for another of our monthly programs. Our last one got through the censor without any red lines through it, so here we are again.

Col. F. A. Gardener, our commanding officer, recently returned from a well earned thirty-day vacation which he spent among his friends in the vicinity of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

We have just learned with very much regret that our congenial Executive Officer, Capt. John C. Wood, has received his advance orders detaching him to Parris Island for duty as A. & I. at that post. We lose again—however, when we lose someone has to win and it might as well be our next door neighbor as anyone else.

We have also learned recently that Major George W. Van Hoose is to join us in the very near future. We bid Major Van Hoose a hearty welcome and know, without reservations, that he will like our post and his new duties here.

During the past month several of our men were the recipients of those most welcome pieces of paper which grant a man the privilege of wearing additional stripes, and, just incidentally, to draw a few more dollars when the man comes around on the first of the month. John P. Hickey was promoted to Sergeant. John, being just a recruit with only some 28-odd years in, will be remembered by his many friends throughout the Corps, both active and Reserve. Pfs. James Kirkland and Alton W. Waller were sent up to the grade of Corporal. Pfts. Joseph O. Coveney, Fred D. Glover, John W. Sharp and William E. Ulmer were handed the coveted one stripe, as a reward for their honest and faithful service. All the above were well deserving of their promotion and have our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for further success in the future.

In the fistieuff game is our "Blond Tiger," LeRoy Brown, who is rapidly attaining his mark in the fistie realm and who is at present one of the most feared men in the light heavyweight class. Brown recently trimmed the ears of "Ambitious

Joe" Lipps at Jacksonville, Fla. We don't mean to detract from Joe, for he is good, but Joe just stepped out of his class. After all you can't blame a man for being ambitious. Brown is at present enjoying a ninety-day furlough on the West Coast and his manager has many good fights lined up to keep him plenty busy during his leave.

Now for a bit of news concerning some of our well-known "Plank-Owners" and events that will no doubt be of interest to our many listeners—Pfts. James E. Tarte, of the Monck Coners, S. C., Tartes, and Conoy "C" Moran were investigating the denizens of the shady world at one of the better known local play places recently. Both came out second best and believe it or not, they didn't get those "shiners" from bumping into the head door in the dark. Careful, boys, some of these local artists are known to be as bad as the last lamented John Dillinger. Their only trouble is that they're not internationally known.

Pfe. Freddie Glover was found recently wandering around with a broken index finger. According to Freddie, said digit was broken in a ball game, but we were given to understand the weight of his lately acquired "One Stripe" was too much for his arm and the recoil broke his finger. How about it, Freddie?

Pfe. Arthur D. Cashwell, Jr., joined us on September 5th from the 1st Battalion, F. M. F., MB, Quantico, Va. And this writer can relate in all sincerity that Cashwell is all man. About 6 feet 4 inches, barefoot, within the neighborhood of 200 pounds evenly distributed over his frame. He actually had to stoop to get in the office door.

Pfe. Martin L. Henson left us for the cruel outside on September 8th. "Pop" has been our "Keeper of the Mules" for some time and has done a good job of it, too. "Pop" says he knows a good "Compass" when he sees one and that being nurse-maid to a pair of spavined old mules isn't what it's cracked up to be. After many arguments pro and con, and all manner of persuasion, "Pop" still said "No" to our efforts to get him to re-up for another 4 years' ration. Our best wishes go with you, "Pop," and may all your troubles be little ones.

How this little story got around, the writer doesn't know, but it seems that someone found a letter written by Pfe. Valley Smith, our Detachment Clerk. According to the relator of the story, Smith had signed the letter "Death Valley" Smith. He also said that Smith certainly wrote a hot letter. All of which jibes with his nom de plume.

It is rumored that Cpls. Charles A. Culpepper and Harold P. Dickinson are the latest to join the ranks of the "Benedicts." There just had to be a good reason for seeing them standing around in civilian clothes waiting for Liberty Call to be sounded. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to you both on the well known rose-strewn path. As for any little troubles that may happen along—well, we won't say any more about that.

This about covers the news at this post for the time being so until next month, this is station WCSC signing off.

NEWPORT (R. I.) NEWS

By "Kid Scoop"

Fleet's in! Or should we say has been. The Battle Force only stayed about a month and we (particularly the boys who do duty at the Government Landing where the liberty parties land) were sorry to see them go—not. However, we still have the Scouting Force with us and what with one thing and another they manage to keep us busy. By the time this is published they will have left and we, of Newport, will have heaved a vast sigh of relief. It's like the two gunmen of the old West in a barroom, when one told the other, "this place ain't big enough for both of us." Aside from the fact that it kinda cramped our elbow room we (speaking of the liberty hounds now) would never have known they were here. They were so quiet and orderly. It was a revelation to this writer to see the effect of discipline on such a large body of men. And so we say to the boys from the Fleet, "you've done yourselves proud."

In spite of the fact that we have been kept busy by the Fleet, we have found time for a novel recreation for this post in the form of athletic competitions between the non-coms and the privates. Right now we are going in for baseball in a big way. Playing off a series with several cases of beer (donated by the Post Exchange) at stake. Everybody is putting in his spare time developing new curves and spins with the little white pill. Some of the boys, on both sides, have learned that they have a natural talent for twirling and batting, much to their surprise. Who knows? Next year we might take a swing at Quantico. To go on:

There have been several changes in officers of late. Capt. Alfred Dickerson reported and relieved Captain Pendleton as Company Commander. We hope Captain Dickerson will enjoy his stay with us and wish Captain Pendleton Godspeed to his new post in the Far East. 2nd Lt. James G. Smith has left us for a life on the briny blue aboard the USS *Northampton*. To both Captain Pendleton and Lieutenant Smith we wish to say that we have all enjoyed doing duty with you and hope, in the years to come, that our lots will be cast together again. The many friends of Captain Hatfield, our Post Quartermaster and Post Exchange Officer, will be glad to learn that he has been selected for major. The post takes this means of unanimously tendering their respects and congratulations to the captain.

Gould Island, our outpost, has recently completed a new concrete tennis court and optimistically extended a challenge to the Torpedo Station to "come up and see us." Almost any Sunday you can see two or three Torpedo Station Marines boarding a boat with tennis rackets in both hands and a do-or-die look in their eyes. We hear that the NCOIC at the Island, Corporal Kelley, is pretty good and for some reason our representatives return with strangely little to say about the game. Speaking of tennis, we have installed a regulation Ping Pong table and are developing several whiz bangs at that fast little game. Kerns and O'Connor have the floor at the moment but there are lots of runners up and no doubt they will meet their match.

Pvt. "Clark" (Parson) Gable who, rumor has it, will marry the boys jawbone, is still with us and doing a landoffice business. Red Gardner, "Speed-Demon" we call him, is coming along right smart in the garage and what with instructions from Corporal McAlcavey, in charge of the garage and

(Continued on page 55)



Tropical Topics



THE JUNIOR "TOP" AND HIS COMPANY CLERK

The children of First Sergeant and Mrs. Crowell ready for inspection during the mock parade.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING FROM OLONGAPO, P. I.

By Hic

Now that the rainy season has set in, our range work completed and M. C. O. No. 41 pretty well polished off, we have time to remind our public that the Marine Barracks, Olongapo, P. I., is still on the map (very nearly blew away in a typhoon last week, and has just about been washed away with the RAIN since then). Our range results were, we think, excellent, 59 fired and 59 qualified with classification as follows: 28 Experts, 15 Sharpshooters and 16 Marksmen, with a final figure of merit of 4.203. Perhaps the Wharton Cup belongs at Olongapo where it now graces the big glass case in the Recreation Room. Much credit for the range results go to Sergeant (Shorty) Stafford, our range sergeant, who has lots of patience and gave us the benefit of his years of experience, congrats, Shorty.

Since our last writing our baseball team has been coming along by leaps and bounds, and the addition of Corporal Chenoweth, old time Marine baseballer, as team coach and short stop, has rounded out the team. During the season we met and defeated such teams as the Army from Clark Field, Fort Stotsenburg, the mighty Flagship USS *Augusta*, numerous destroyers

and have defeated the Olongapo Red Caps, much to their chagrin. We also have a long outstanding challenge issued to the Cavite Marines, and as yet unaccepted.

Fourth of July was a great day here—the weather cleared up as if in answer to our prayers and we had a full day, with a "Mock Parade" that will be remembered by us all for years to come. Following the "Mock Parade" came a Shoe Race; Sack Race; Baseball Throwing Contest and then the cream of the crop, a relay race between the alleged four fastest Filipinos and four Marines. We will admit that the Filipinos are fast, but Padgett, Knight, Clark and Rankin showed them clean heels. Can that man Rankin run! He's what you would call a galloping mess-cook. No wonder the N. C. O.'s have him for their messman. After the relay race we had a game between the N. C. O.'s and Pfc.'s vs. the Privates and Musics. The Bucks won the game, and incidentally the keg of beer which was the prize; but the N. C. O.'s have protested the umpiring, both Quartermaster Sergeant Bankler and Cpl. Charley Stearmer claimed that they were robbed; and Corporal O'Shea, our perpetual and incurable prevaricator persists that he was called out on two strikes. The Umps were Captain Prichard and Lieutenants Osmondson and Sult.

After the ball game "Chow," and what a chow! Old "Pop" Carroll did himself proud and with barbecued pig as the *Piece-de-Resistance*, we all left the table ready for that old customary Filipino "Siesta."

On July 15th we journeyed to Del Carmen, Pampanga, where we took a 1 to 0 shellacking from the Pampanga Sugar Estate Ball Team. Some game, they scored in the first inning and after that it was three up and three down. Early, who did our twirling, held them to three hits and deserved to win that ball game.

Recent changes in personnel have been the departure of Lieutenant Narum and Sergeant Taylor for Shanghai (Good luck to you both) and the joining of Lieutenant Osmondson and Sergeant Russo; we hope you'll like it here.

Among our recent mysteries undergoing investigation by our detective staff Dan Huntley and Jerry McKeivitt are the following: Who sent the cake decorated "Mr. and Mrs. Holton" to the Filipino wedding? Why does our music, Swinson, want to change his rank to that of Private, and did he tear his shirt getting under the fence (SSW of the barracks) during the movies as alleged by Crocker? Where did our Chronic Criminal Polefko learn to drive a team of mules? Who was Jake Karper going after with the truck the other night, and why? When Charley Ross returned from his last hunting trip numerous red stains were discovered on his trousers and shoes. Was it the blood of the hog he claimed to have shot, or was it from being careless with his beetle-nut chewing?

When you find out, "Detectives," send us word and there are three ways to do that in Olongapo,—telegraph, telephone or tell O'Shea.

Cpl. Johnnie Johnson will now render that pathetic little ballad,—"Singin' in the Rain."

There comes the rain on the old tin roof, so I'll knock off and dash for the mess-hall.

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

By "Red" and "Red"

Business is picking up around the post library as "Chic" McKelvy has been delegated as the new librarian. "Chic" is on the job and is always ready to help a guy out in the selection of a book.

Elaborate preparations are being made
(Continued on page 54)




"Formed for Inspection!" Olongapo Marines Hold a Mock Parade, July 4



THE NATIONAL AIR RACES

By William B. Edmondson

 HE record-breaking crowds that attended the National Air Races in Cleveland, Ohio, from August 31 to September 3, this year, expected spills and thrills galore and to say that they



were not disappointed would be putting it mildly.

It was a splendid show and served to familiarize the American public with the latest developments in both civil and military aviation. Besides the numerous racing, aerobatic, and other events of similar nature, the Marines put on a thoroughly entertaining and instructive demonstration. Led by Ross E. Rowell, the fifty-year-old flying Colonel, the Leathernecks combined squadron aerobatics with practical maneuvers in such a way that the crowds had the thrill of a lifetime and were at the same time admitted to some of the inner secrets of formation flying as practiced in the Marine Corps.

When the Marines first began attending the National Air Races, only a few planes took part, performing aerobatics in formation. But for the past three years they have abandoned the aerobatic idea. Instead, they have worked out a strictly military exhibition, which includes the use of miniature bombs and smoke screens.

Formation flying is conducted for the same reason that the Infantry has close-order drill—teamwork and coordination in battle. And just as the Marines have always been famous for their drill, so have Marine aviators become known for their close formation work. This year Fighting Squadron 9M, eighteen planes strong, and Observation Squadron 7M, nine planes strong, aided and abetted by a couple of SU's from VO-9M, worked together in a thrilling "air battle."

The demonstration opened with the crack Fighting Squadron 9M, commanded by Capt. Ford O. "Tex" Rogers, in a spectacular attack on the equally crack Observation Squadron 7M, commanded by 1st Lt. William L. McKittrick. When this maneuver was completed, the two squadrons, flying in unison, performed some very pretty formations. The formation work was concluded with a series of spectacular dives and a short snake dance within easy view of the stands.

All this, however, was merely the preliminary to the real exhibition. Both squadrons joined in a combined bombing attack on theoretical "hostile" shores. The two-seater planes, flying low, roared over the "enemy" as they released their

bombs in salvos. Immediately after, from high overhead, came the whining roar of a powerful motor as the first of the Fighters dived at the target and let loose another vicious attack. Another and another followed until all eighteen planes had released their missiles. Next came two planes flying fast and low (the SU's from VO-9M) and at the right moment they released a beautiful smoke screen that entirely hid the target from view.

The two squadrons then reformed for a final review. The two-seaters passed in a close huddle. Then the Fighters from high in the heavens suddenly nosed over into a terrific power dive, with the air speed indicators touching 250 miles an hour, swept across in front of the stands with a soul-shattering roar, and—the show was over!



A PAIR OF ACES HARD TO BEAT
Capt. Ford Rogers and 1st Lt. William McKittrick.

Lt-Col. Ross E. Rowell

THE LEATHERNECK

News from Quantico

FIRST BATTALION RETURNS TO QUANTICO

By Phil Haensler

Some five hundred-odd sun-tanned Marines, bronzed after spending six months in tropical waters, most of which period was passed at Port Everglades, Florida, at the training base there, thronged into Quantico on the afternoon of August 23. While the U.S.S. *Antares* was still no more than a mere wisp of smoke down the Potomac, wives, sweethearts, and the entire population of Quantico crowded the wharf for a first glimpse of the returning heroes.

The post band was on hand to pay homage to the battalion, and led the parade of weary Marines who marched in orderly fashion up the main boulevard of the town and thence to the barracks. This last consignment has virtually crowded the post, and the local merchants are expecting an immediate wave of prosperity similar to the one which burned out bearings in practically every cash register in town in the last boom. Even the Greek Quarter turned out *en masse* to greet old and new customers, and one old son of Pericles tearfully sobbed, "Looka dat wan wat hees gotta moostache. Itcha tam heesa coom for cuppa cuftee weetha coseonats pie heesa pay cash. Ima wan hap' man wat heesa coom agan!"

It is anticipated that Charlie Gann will find football material of no mean ability in this bunch of newcomers. If only they might have been here during baseball season!

Quantico awaits with genuine pleasure the part the First Battalion will play in time to come. Certainly the post is not lacking in rich tradition.

Last Minute Quantico Grid Flashes

Believe it or not, and it still comes under the heading whether you doubt it, the Fort Humphreys Doughboys can be definitely



Fighting Squadron 9M, U. S. Marine Corps

considered challengers for supremacy of the Quantico Marines inasmuch as the odds are ten to one they will pry off the '34 gridiron lid this season . . . how the mighty have fallen, a couple of seasons ago the Army gridders would have hardly been competition enough to warm up the second team, let alone do battle with the "varsity."

The old adage "Youth will be served," is again on the carpet. About the only thing youth will be served, evidently is the familiar Bronx razzberry call . . . and yonder (to quote a time-honored Virginian expression) we hear it faintly calling . . . what with Gene Harrington, Charlie Gann and a few of the old guard raring to leap into the fray, the new comers, those tall, awkward, gangling youths will have to double their energies if they hope to supplant these old bulwarks. Like "Old Man River," however, the old boys "just keep rumbling along," and our guess is that they'll still be "rumbling" going into mid-season when some of

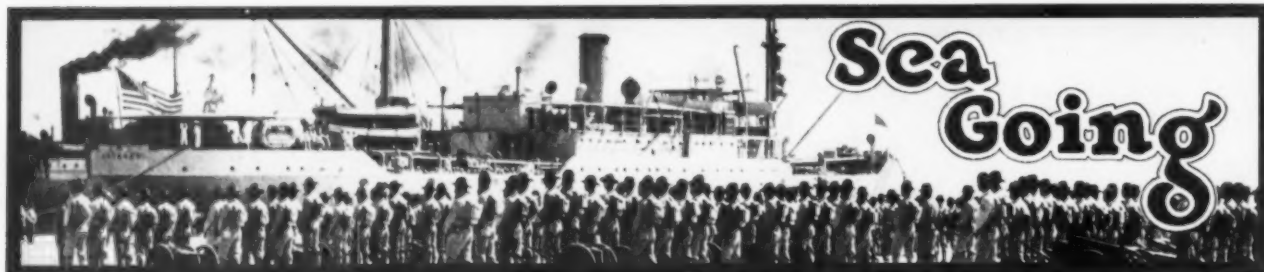
the younger proteges are warming their pants on the bench.

You old boys of the Corps (and it isn't necessary to blush when we call this to your attention) would see an astonishing revelation here in Quantico this season. Nine-tenths of the boys, distinctly creating a precedent we are informed, are reporting for pre-season workouts in condition . . . Many years of experience have just about convinced this aging scribe that the old grog bottle and athletes hardly make bosom companions, and some of the lads are just about ready to subscribe to the notion . . . some of this new-fangled development may be attributed to the learnings of Head Coach Presley. Lieutenant Presley carved an enviable title for himself while performing at tiny Clemson College, where he had the distinction of being chosen for All-Southern center. When one considers how football has risen to the fore in larger Southern schools this is a gigantic feat.



SIXTY-SIX ACES IN ONE DECK—PILOTS AND MECHANICS OF BROWN FIELD

Sitting, left to right: St-Sgt. Edwin O. Billings, St-Sgt. Irvin V. Masters, 2nd Lt. John Wehle, 1st Lt. Frank G. Dailey, 2nd Lt. Fred D. Toogood, USMCR; 1st Lt. Frank H. Wirsig, 2nd Lt. Hugh H. Gordon, USMCR; Gy-Sgt. John S. Carter, 2nd Lt. Thomas G. Ennis, 1st Lt. Caleb T. Bailey, 1st Lt. Thomas J. McQuade, 2nd Lt. Harry H. Bullock, USMCR; Capt. Wyman F. Marshall, USMCR; 2nd Lt. Charles H. Luers, USMCR; 2nd Lt. William B. Barber, USMCR; 1st Lt. Edward L. Pugh, St-Sgt. Lee E. Roberts. Second row: 2nd Lt. Frank H. Schwable, 2nd Lt. William B. Steiner, 2nd Lt. Glen G. Herndon, 1st Lt. William D. Saunders, 1st Lt. Edward A. Montgomery, 1st Lt. Horace D. Palmer, Capt. Ford O. Rogers, Lt-Col. Ross E. Rowell, 1st Lt. William L. McKittrick, 1st Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, 1st Lt. Raymond E. Hopper, 2nd Lt. Ray Boyer, USMCR; 1st Lt. Thomas B. White, 1st Lt. Lawrence Norman, 2nd Lt. William H. Grevemeyer, USMCR. Back row: Sgt. Clarence E. Scanlon, Gy-Sgt. Hugh A. Blanks, Sgt. Charles W. Chambers, Jr., Gy-Sgt. Russell D. May, Gy-Sgt. Cleve Sessions, Cpl. Eugene J. Bracci, Cpl. Walter Pushis, Cpl. John E. Curtis, Cpl. Milton O. Hogue, Cpl. Alexander A. Case, Cpl. John H. Viar, Gy-Sgt. Herman A. Papen, Gy-Sgt. Jesse C. Towles, Gy-Sgt. Andrew J. Paszkiewicz, MT-Sgt. Morris K. Kurtz, Sgt. Raymond H. Carpenter, MT-Sgt. Patrick H. Tobin, Sgt. Lewis M. Schaller, St-Sgt. Emil S. Peters, St-Sgt. Ellis J. Johnson, Cpl. John Donato, Cpl. Ivy L. Crownover, Cpl. Harold R. Hacker, Gy-Sgt. Hilmar A. Jensen, Gy-Sgt. Eugene J. Fitzsimmons, Gy-Sgt. George H. Smith, Cpl. Zachariah J. Brown, Sgt. Curtis P. King, Gy-Sgt. Ike S. Smith, Gy-Sgt. Cecil Mahon, Gy-Sgt. Frederick O'Connor, Sgt. Tom J. Griffith, Cpl. Alford L. Hollis, Cpl. Clarence J. Legault.



INDIANAPOLIS INDIANS

By G. W. Torbert

This is station NABD broadcasting from the pride of the Navy, the USS *Indianapolis*, flagship of Commander Scouting Force, Vice Admiral Edward H. Campbell. Capt. J. M. Smeallie is in command of this ship. There are at present fifty-two Marine enlisted men and two Marine officers doing duty aboard. Our commanding officer is Capt. J. H. Fellows, who is ably assisted by 2nd Lt. W. J. McNenny, and 1st Sgt. George O. Smith and Gy-Sgt. John Francis Smith, better known as Trade and Mark, the Smith Brothers.

Now for some dope on the ship and the Marines. As you know, we had the honor of being selected for flagship by President Roosevelt when he reviewed the fleet in New York Harbor on May 31. Since then we have made the following ports: Portsmouth and Norfolk, Virginia; Provincetown, Massachusetts; Bar Harbor, Maine; and Newport, Rhode Island, where we are now anchored. From here we will go to Norfolk for SRBP, then on to New Orleans. From the Louisiana city we are to touch the West Indies on the return trip to California.

During our stay in Bar Harbor the following ships were with us: the USS *Louisville*, HMS *Dragon*, HMS *Scarborough*, and HMS *Seahorse*.

We held quite a number of athletic events including a whaleboat race with a Navy crew from this ship and a Marine crew from the *Louisville*, which the latter won by five lengths. The smoker, in which the personnel of our own fleet as well as that of the British and Canadian ships participated, was won by us. The only Marine entry from this ship, Private First Class "Ybor City" Hicks, won his bout handily by defeating his opponent in the third round of the welter-weight match. The Indianapolis took a three-game series of baseball from the Marines of the *Lady Lou*, and a picked team from both ships defeated the Bar Harbor All-Stars in a similar series. Trophies and medals were presented to the winning teams by the Bar Harbor Chamber of Commerce. The tennis tournament, after several hard-fought games, was won from the American officers by the British officers.

Several of the plank owners, Corporals Gahr and Hinerichs, Private First Class Palukis, and Private Greene, left last week for shore duty, and are to be followed next month by First Sergeant Smith, Gunnery Sergeant Smith, Sergeants Knott and Himes, Privates First Class Hicks, Richards and Walsh, and Privates McCarroll and Covington. Our latest arrivals are Sergeants Wilson and Ross, Corporals Sobey, Blundell and Acheson, and Privates

Hanton, Mitchell, Lingenfelter, Arrn, and Quillin. Trumpeter "Manassa Mauler" Ryan is our new music!

What Corporal waited so eagerly for his time to run out so he could extend two years? 'S'matter, Wilson? Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? Who was the Marine who yelled so loud in Provincetown that he shook the Plymouth monument? And why was it "Silent" Hall?

We wonder why "Oskey Nosky" Ridenour jumped off a deck at Bar Harbor. Must be the weather, no doubt. Tsk! Tsk! I am told that Al Matchett and "Bing" Crosby like the "Maine-i-nes" just fine! What well-known "Sparks" gave his ring to a little girl in Provincetown? Hope it isn't serious. Sims is the lad who rents a bike to ride back to the ship. Bell and Ryan hold smokers all by themselves, after taps. "Red" Brown came back from a leave in New York with news to the effect that he had fallen in love with a girl whom he had regarded all these years as just a pal. Heh, heh, heh. They all do it, one time or another! Since "Romeo" Greene got himself transferred we wonder who Davis will use as a running mate. "Legs" Jackson is looking forward eagerly to the return to California. "Rubinoff" Battle and his Hill-Williams made a bit on the stage of the popular Criterion Theater in Bar Harbor.

And so, with a fervent wish that the gang will be merciful, this goes to press.

WYOMING'S ROAMINGS

By Cliff

Well, fellows, the last that was published about the *Wyoming* did not give an account of the completion of our European cruise. At Gibraltar, our last European stop, we were royally entertained by the Royal Welch Fusiliers. I think it would be interesting for most any of you to check up on their history and association with our Marine Corps. On our third day there we fell out in dress blues and paraded through the city in the hottest weather I wish to experience. Several of the fellows were able to take advantage of an excursion to Tangiers, Morocco, and subsequently can truthfully (?) tell about their trip to Africa.

We left Gibraltar before midnight on the twenty-fifth of July, taking with us an enlarged supply of souvenirs. On our return trip we went through a lot of S. R. B. P. runs and field days. On August eighth, late at night, we sighted the lights off Hampton Roads and the next day we docked at pier seven. Boy! Were we glad to see the good old U. S. A.

We stayed at Hampton Roads four days, taking on stores and—well, you know what liberty in Norfolk is like. We shoved-off for the southern drill-grounds early Monday morning (August 13), followed by half of the battle fleet, who partly remained in sight during our practice maneuvers. On



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS ORDERLIES ABOARD THE U.S.S. *HOUSTON* DURING HIS RECENT VACATION TOUR

Orderlies, left to right: 1st Sgt. Albert T. Luck; Gy-Sgt. H. S. Walshe; Sgt. O. W. Ostmeyer; Sgt. William D. Bethea; Cpl. H. W. Webster and Cpl. N. A. Teupster

the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth the midshipmen held S. R. B. P. runs while we turned-to. The sixteenth the middies fired the three-inch A. A. guns, and the five-inch secondary guns. The eighteenth they completed their course by firing the turrets, so we continued to Lynnhaven Roads and thence to anchorage off Chesapeake Beach. During the ten days of the trip just mentioned the middies started practicing their football yells as the Guard-of-the-Day marched down the quarterdeck to Colors. On their last evening aboard they all fell in behind the Guard armed with brooms, swabs or what-have-you and marched, under the command of their cheer-leader, to the fantail. One of them was armed with an ancient Arab rifle and did a recognizable parade-rest in line with the Guard.

The morning of the twenty-third saw the departure of the Middies and we commenced cleaning up for the inspection of the ship and gear by Admiral Ellis on the twenty-fifth. He commended Captain Coman on the general condition of things. After that we were able to enjoy liberty more. Several of the men were given short leaves, so there were a number of glad reunions in Baltimore, New York and a few other places.

The thirty-first of August all but five of the detachment went to the rifle range and started trying to get the dope on the old bow 'n' arrier. They finished firing on September 6th with our top-kick topping the list with 324. Sergeant Wulk tied with Jack Johnson for second with 321, and First Lieutenant Gulick came in third with 319. Altogether there were seven experts, eleven sharpshooters, eleven marksmen, and ten men unqualified.

On the fourth our Second Lieutenant arrived and reported for duty. He is 2nd Lt. E. C. Best, formerly of the U.S.S. *California*. Also we have with us Sergeant Payton of the *Arkie*, who is being transferred to duty on the U.S.S. *Indianapolis*.

Well, after one thing comes it again another. On the twenty-first of September we arrive at New Orleans to make a Naval Reserve cruise—but that's getting the jump on the next line, so I'll be writin' ya.

TUSCALOOSA TALES

By Clarsmith

No, the *Tuscaloosa* didn't sink! Our former scribe went to the Marine Cross-Roads and the rest of the Detachment had too much brass to shine, so we missed out on last month's write-up. At last we are a Commissioned crew and ready for the "shake-down." After a month of being a unit of Uncle Sam's Navy we leave the Philly Navy Yard for a spin along the East Coast, finally docking in Norfolk, Va., where we will take aboard supplies. The *Tuscaloosa* will leave N. O. B. October 15 for the South American cruise, which will take in all principal ports on the East Coast of South America and the West Indies. Christmas leaves will be made from Brooklyn when we dock there about December 22.

'Tweren't told to me, I only heard: Mackay transferred to *Quantico* . . . Funk and Arndt are new Corporals . . . "Augusta" Sharit, "P. I." Burton, "Red" Hester, "Swede" Johnson, Collins, Wilderson, were made Privates First Class in the first round up . . . Clark, Sharit, Goriecki, Elliott, Brant, and Meekins, Communication Orderlies . . . Hester, Burton, Arnold, Collins, Wilderson, Scott, LaBellman, Smith and Pittenger are Bell-hopping for the Captain . . . Hallahan and Misiorek, gun strikers . . . Pitts will go "slum-ing" in the galley . . . the Barron will washee clothes . . . Crabtree

wants no war if that ammunition is as hard to get out as it is to put in . . . Clark with a dozen messages, "This ain't no laughing matter" . . . Wroblewski thinks all bright work should be painted to save wear and tear on it . . . Arch Street, and the Little Ritz will bid this outfit a tearful farewell. So-long, and if we return with garlie on our breath and B. O. (Barcadi Odor) don't blame us, you know when in Spic-land do as the Spics do. Scott is standing regular watches on the mound for the Black Warriors, ship's baseball team.

"Gunny" Gustafson is hunting for a good spot for an "E" on each of our two 5-inch "A-A" guns. That's a prediction. The Scotch and Irish are going fine now that McLane (Rosy Cheeks) is seeing his Miss O'Reilly every night at the "Park."

U.S.S. CHESTER DETACHMENT

With two weeks at the Cape May, N. J., rifle range completed the *Chester* Marine Detachment returned to the U.S.S. *Chester* at Brooklyn Navy Yard and resumed seagoing duties on Saturday, September 1.

Fond memories of the "chow," playing ball every evening, swimming parties and successful work on the range remain with members of the Detachment.

Under direction of 1st Lt. W. A. Wachtler and 2nd Lt. Beadle, the Detachment arrived at Cape May on Saturday, August 18.

Complete preliminary training on the .22

caliber and much "snapping in" enabled the Detachment to commence shooting on Tuesday, August 22. First Lieutenant Blanchard, in charge of the range, directed careful preparation of the "shooters" and superintended the excellent coaching.

The coaches at Cape May were excellent shots, forming a team that defeated some of the best shots in the East at the Sea Girt, N. J., matches, September 1 to 4.

Combination of coaching, instruction and preliminary training of the detachment enabled the *Chester* Marines to produce eight expert riflemen, twelve sharpshooters and sixteen marksmen out of thirty-nine men firing for record. The expert riflemen are Corporal Small, 321; Corporal McAdory, 318; Corporal Hughes, 317; Private First Class Swanson, 317; Private Bates, 317; Corporal Robinson, 316; Sergeant Meeker, 315, and Private First Class Grout, 315.

Private First Class Grout broke the rifle range record for the Browning Automatic Rifle over the full course with a score of 648. He was closely followed by Sergeant Schmitt firing the same rifle for a score of 630.

The high score of 191 was registered by Sergeant Schmitt with the BAR at 300 yards rapid fire. Private First Class Grout took the same rifle to fire 194 out of the possible 200 on the next relay.

Experts on the automatic rifle were First Lieutenant Wachtler, Sergeant Santmyre,



Gun Crew of the U.S.S. *Chester* Simulates Practice with 5-inch Gun



Marine Detachment, U.S.S. Chester, 1st Lt. Wachtler, Commanding, and 2nd Lt. R. W. Beadle are shown, left to right, in center of group

Sergeant Meeker, Sergeant Schmitt, Corporal McAdory, Corporal Small, Pfs. Ben Davis, Grout, Swanson, Thrower, Pfts. G. B. Branch and Seoggin.

The sub-Thompson machine gun was fired over the course by First Lieutenant Wachtler and Second Lieutenant Beadle with a group of non-coms of the Chester Detachment.

On returning to the Chester the Marines found that the eight 50-calibre machine guns, of which they will man four, had been installed. Much interest in these new weapons has been evidenced by the men. A number of changes in the two 5-inch gun crews are probable, several men having been transferred.

Three old shipmates will leave us on this coast. Privates First Class Edwards, Ernul and Haynes. They have all "put in" for Charleston, S. C., Navy Yard. Another former shipmate, Pfc. Blake McIntyre, is at Charleston.

Corporal stripes were won by R. L. Robinson on August 1, Private First Class stripes going to Thrower, Flurry and Brooks on that date. Dola Hughes was advanced to Corporal on July 1, rank of Private First Class going to Grout, Watts, Williams, Swanson, P. R. Smith and R. D. Smith.

LEXINGTON MINUTEMEN

By D. J. Green

This last week, although it was a busy one, was not lacking in interest. On the afternoon of the fourth of September, the Lexington slid out of her anchorage at Hampton Roads for a full-power run. As the day waned and darkness came on, the Lex gained more and more speed as she plowed her way through the sea. At approximately midnight the peak was reached, and thereafter she settled down to a smokeless and steady run.

The speed-run was not the only highlight this week. The Fleet Air Review, in which the Lexington played a prominent part, also claims its part of the spotlight. We were honored by the presence of members of the Federal Aviation Commission, who came on board to watch the proceedings. Among those present were Mr. Clarence Chamber-

lain, and Mr. M. G. Bellanca, whose names are famous in the aviation world; one for his transatlantic flight, and the other as a designer and builder of airplanes. The planes, after taking off, fell into formation above the ship and proceeded to go through a series of daring and intricate maneuvers, which was culminated by a coordinated diving bomb attack on the Texas, which, had it not been practice, would have done con-

siderable damage. The planes then landed on the deck, graceful and precise. When the ships were checked over and found in good condition, they hopped off again, circled over the Texas a few times, and returned to the Naval Air Station.

Furlough transfers seem to be the order of the day. Chauncey Cosgrove took his to the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and "Stinky" Davis is awaiting action on one to Bremerton, Washington.

With Packard's transfer to Washington the Detachment won't seem the same. However, there are many strong contenders for his place, of whom Sergeant Boerke seems to be the strongest.

Rumor has it that Corporal Julius will ship over in the navy as first class electrician. Walshski put in for an extension of furlough recently and after it had been granted he didn't use it. Some system!

"Wig-wag" Johnson and "Foxtail" Foreman are to be congratulated on their recent promotions to Private First Class. Navy members of the Detachment have visions of increase in pay, as they are firing the range at Quantico during the ship's stay at Hampton Roads.

MINNIE'S MINNOWS

By Joseph York

Le Havre, see grand promenade, the Mesdemoiselles are running off with the Marine Corps. Ah-h-h, zat great beeg Americans mans, he iss zo nize, yes. And when they say that—try and hold them. The entire detachment was given an opportunity to go on three days' leave to Paris. Many of the boys took advantage of this, and came back with tales that would make an old timer hunt for cover. Sergeant Cheuvront, Corporal Bynum, Privates First Class Finke, Barth, Spellman, Smelgen, and Privates Yates, Doss and many others know more about Paris than the Frenchman himself. Sergeant Sweeney and yours truly stayed at home, Sweeney because he is a good home loving lad and I because I have been there before. Of course some of the boys don't know that it is known that instead of going to Paris



Corporal Weiss of the Minneapolis Selects a Fair Guide for the City of Le Havre

they stayed out their three days in Le Havre—yep, even knew the name of the Hotel and room number. Boy! is my face rouge.

We have had plenty of work on the Minnie, but after all is said and done and the songs are sung, we have had plenty of liberty and recreation too. We leave here for Oslo, Norway, the Land of Tall Blondes. Those who have not spent all their money here will have opportunities to learn some Norwegian—you see it takes money to learn these languages. Take for example Private Smulley and Morehead, they can both say *tee*, and it took most of a pay to learn that. Just think what could be done if a feller had money enough!

Deauville is not far from here and 'tis heard that Marines landed on that beach, and the situation was well in—(same-place). A Leatherneck (Sarade), met a young lady, by chance, and immediately started to spread his French all over the place, when suddenly came from the lady, "Are you speaking French?" We haven't seen Sarade since. You cannot change the French. The same places are still prominent on each corner, the girl waits, of course. Now the money question: Our good old dollar is worth about sixty cents and you get fifteen franks per, where at the old value you would get about twenty-seven. That sure put the skids under the boys for a spell. But the money question soon wore off and the boys had a good time on old acquaintances thereafter. The American Consul and the Mayor of Le Havre visited the ship today and the usual full guard was on hand to do the honors. The boys are shipshape and are blooming into as fine an outfit as ever sailed the seas.

We wish to state here that we all regret the sudden departure of our Detachment Commander, First Lieutenant Larson, in mid-ocean, for the U. S., and we all hope that things at home are much brighter than they were when he left us. Best of luck, Sir.

THE DERBY GUARD, U.S.S. LOUISVILLE

By Bill Wells

After chipping the paint from my physiognomy and picking the barnacles from my hair and between my teeth, I find that I still have time to sum up a bit of news and scatter a bit of dirt anent the Derby Guard.

The last four days have been hectic ones for all hands on the *Lady Lou*. With early working hours and late liberty hours, ours is not what could be called a life of leisure. J. A. Smith inspired us to finish our daily labor by parading past us each afternoon in his liberty blues, on his daily trip up Riverside Drive (just to see the beautiful Hudson) (Editor's note: Beware of artists with cameras!).

On August 11th the Chamber of Commerce of Bar Harbor presented to the USS *Louisville* a silver plaque won by the Marine whaleboat crew in competition with a selected crew from the USS *Indianapolis*. Again, in Newport, Tommy Hope pushed his crew home for a close second place, with the *Northampton* taking the lead at the very start. Maybe next time our stroke oarsman (One Beer Winslow) will save his bender until after the race. A few more work-outs and we will be right at the top of the list.

Sgt. Chico Smith and Cpl. Pinky Green, captains of our sky-guns, have been work-

ing their crews overtime, spurred on by visions of white "E's." The most recent reports indicate that they are practically in the bag.

Who is it on Long Island who keeps Adolfie Stevens in front of our only mirror, with a comb in one hand and a tube of moustache wax in the other?

It seems that when the time came for him to leave us, Corporal Green just couldn't take it. Pinky's act of patriotism was followed by Cpl. J. A. Smith's pledging his next two years to Uncle Sam.

Congratulations are due Cpl. Ole Nielson on his recent rating. And Cpl. Jerry Randle deserves more than just a pat on the back. Peeffeeees C. W. Thomas and W. L. Miller have made the well-known first stripe. Keep up the good work, boys. Rumor hath it that there are more ahead.

With San Pedro getting closer, it seems that the liberty parties are getting smaller. With so much unusual weather here, California will not be so hard to take.

WEE-VEE SNIPERS

Just a few lines to let you know that we have with us aboard the *West Virginia* a bunch of rootin'-tootin'-shootin' Leathernecks who took Captain Stark's advice and went into action with their head cool, their feet warm, their chests out, and their eyes on the bull's eye. Final returns of the Broadside Firing gave these same Leathernecks the privilege of smearing the old Navy "E" on five of the six guns manned by them!

Under the personal supervision of Captain Biebush, Second Lieutenant Shuey, one of the hottest fire control officers in the fleet, and Second Lieutenant Hughes, a newcomer who is catching on very rapidly, the *Wee-Wee* Marines feel that they have chalked up a record of some sort.

Last but not least, Top Soldier Siegenthaler and Gunnery Sergeant Flynn (of THE Flynns) come in for their share of the credit. Through their knowledge of broadside batteries, garnered through a combined period of twenty-six sea-going years, they were able to whip the crews in-

to units that worked with the precision of fine machines. Siegenthaler and Flynn also had the distinction of being on two "E" guns in the same morning Nice work in any man's Marine Corps!

It might be of interest to note that it was this same bunch of Leathernecks who not so long ago chalked up a perfect record in Night Battle Practice, and later came through in Long Range Battle Practice to fire their quota of shells in the specified time.

NEW MEXICO NEWS

By F E W

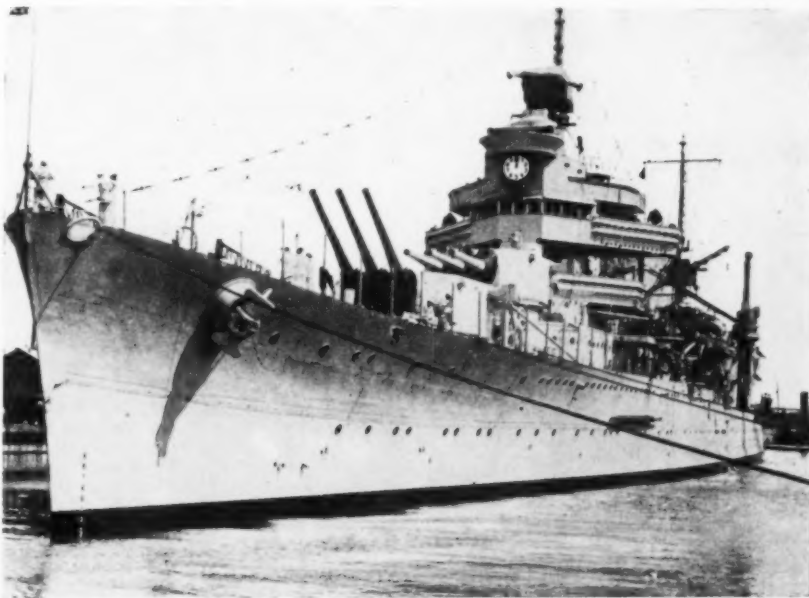
After several months absence from the columns of our LEATHERNECK, the *New Mexico* "tribe" feels the time has come to take an inventory around our ol' "pueblo" to let our friends, elsewhere, know where and how we are; where we've been; what we're doing; and what not.

At present, 90 men comprise the *New Mexico* detachment, under the able leadership of Capt. R. O. Sanderson, commanding officer; 2nd Lts. F. S. Bronson and J. M. Masters, Jr.; 1st Sgt. Mike Welsz, and Gy-Sgt. Henry M. Bailey.

We want to congratulate here the members of the detachment who, through consistent and commendable performance of their duties, were found qualified for the recent advancements in rating which they received. O. L. Elkins and M. N. Ivins were advanced to the rating of sergeant. Advancements from private first class to corporal: Frank Hannon, James Herndon, Jack McDade and William Doolen. New privates first class are: P. J. Hart, Paul Kilpatrick and William Gardiner.

The *New Mexico* spent July in Newport, R. I. Part of the detachment fired for re-qualification at the Naval War College rifle range. During our visit, Newport sponsored several interesting events for the entertainment of the men of the fleet: a big smoker at Freebody Park, boat races, ball games, the Marine Drill Competition for the Vanderbilt Trophy, and dances for the enlisted men, and personnel of the fleet.

Detachments from the ships present on



U.S.S. Minneapolis

Rochambeau Day participated in a parade in honor of the occasion.

On August 5th, we rode our "trustworthy" into dry-dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard for a little grooming before shoving off for the Southern Drill Grounds—busy days for all hands—now, August 10th, the old hull is sporting a new coat of paint (Four—to be exact).

For the next few weeks, our time will be occupied in making preparations for firing Short Range Battle Practice—gunnery drills every day, snapping in for the loading crew, etc.

A few days ago Sergeant Elkins and Sergeant Eck went to see a ball game over at the Polo Grounds. They returned to the ship muttering strange tales about seeing a pigmy playing with the Brooklyn Club (Must have been that second quart of sherry they carried along—er somethin').

"Pop" Ivins, now that he's wearing sergeant's stripes, is going to have to get a special "cheese knife" made so—when he falls out with the guard—he can draw it from the seaboard without having to take two hitches at it. If they make one about the size of a bayonet, that'll fit "Pop."

The question now is—when Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante leaves the "mike," what celebrity will "Jew Boy" Renee pick to imitate?—He's got a million of 'em.

Corporal "Pete" Peterman has read so many Western Story Magazines lately he's getting bowlegged.

Our visit on the East Coast is about at an end. We've enjoyed renewing old acquaintances, swapping yarns, taking in the sights and entertainment. Soon now, we'll be starting our "trek" back to the West Coast, but we'll probably be seein' ya again, sometime—quien sabe—Adios, Amigos.

IDAHO SPUDS

By G. C. H.

We're back in the news again to let you in on the affairs of our detachment and also to do a little private snooping, the latter being our more experienced of the two.

The good ship *Idaho* went in drydock on a "scrape down" cruise on August 24, and all hands turned to in an effort to rid her of the many barnacles she accumulated in the past. Red Waggoner proved his prowess as a leader by successfully "taking charge" of a float and a squad of men. His flawless navigation is still a much discussed topic. At the conclusion of the work, coffee and doughnuts were served as usual.

2nd Lt. M. A. Fawcett and Privates Joyner, Milazzo, Simpson and Grossman have returned from Quantico where they were engaged in firing practice. Although they did not "burn up the range" they were successful in that the majority qualified.



H.M.S. Victory, Lord Nelson's Ship of Trafalgar. Taken from machine gun platform, U.S.S. *New Orleans*, Portsmouth, England.

A new detachment commander is expected to arrive from the West Coast next month.

The latest arrivals in the detachment were Private Wilcox from the Fleet Marine Force, and Private Clegg from Annapolis. Incidentally, Private Clegg has won much acclaim as a "crooner" and if he lives up to his reputation there'll be music in the air.

And now for a little dope on what these *Idaho* gyrenes have been doing in the past month and a little of what they should be doing:

Yingling has been losing a lot of sleep here of late and we believe that Queen Street atmosphere has just about got him down. However, Joe Lay, the boy who brings 'em back alive, holds a warm spot in Yingling's heart.

Sloan, Laekey, Williams, and Reeder have taken to hill-billy singing lately and can be seen in a huddle most any time "going to town."

Joe Lay reported from leave five days ahead of time and rumor has it that he did so to keep up with his washing and ironing. We all know that Joe wouldn't do such a thing, not Joe Lay. "Jo-Jo" Cook, erstwhile pugilist (box-fighter to you), seems to be quite an artist in the profession of teaching, but nevertheless, he can't seem to do a thing with Thornton, and now we say adios until next month.

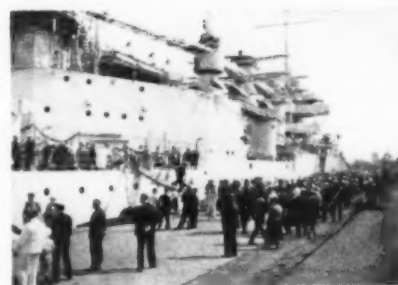
THE NOLA SPEAKS

By W. M. Coggins

Since the fourth of May, this year, the by-now-the-well-proven and trustworthy ship, U.S.S. *New Orleans*—affectionately called by the members of the crew and the Marine Detachment "The NO! NO! ship"—has carried us many places and given us the benefit of the "education by travel" that many pay thousands of dollars for. It might be well to explain that the pet name has evolved during the hundreds of occasions when we've all seen those words plainly lettered on the bows of the ship's boats. There is *NO* on one side and *NO* on the other. This ship, it must be understood from the start, is not a yes man's ship. Only *NO* men man her, and *NO* men love her.

Twenty-four thousand seven hundred and forty-six miles of traveling is a bit hard to cover at such a late date in the manner of the true historian. The highlights of the trip alone can be commented upon at this time. The personnel of the detachment was given the limelight shortly after the commissioning exercises, in the April issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*. We have managed to live down the fact, that upon reaching Brooklyn Navy Yard, the whole detachment, with the exception of 1st Lt. M. S. Crawford, our Detachment Commander, and 2nd Lt. Howard J. Turton, second in command, was confined under lock and key at the receiving ship brig. We were kept thus (not incommunicado) until the ship was ready for occupancy. You can foster your own ideas about why we were so treated. We have our own convictions of our innocence, and nothing you say can hurt us.

Stockholm, Sweden, our first stop, incidentally the longest of any that was made in about four months, gave us ten days in which to get the curves out of our legs, and thoroughly enjoy the unusual hospitality of the citizens of one of the cleanest cities in Europe. Individuals will have to furnish information concerning their own particular pleasures during the stay there, and if any lonesome Marine would care to correspond with some of the most beautiful girls of the country, addresses may be had by writ-



Crowd Waiting to Visit the *New Orleans*, Copenhagen, Denmark.

ing to most any member of the detachment. Swedish love letters are really not difficult to decode if sincere effort is applied. Several Swedish-English dictionaries seen about the ship might be included with the addresses (for a consideration).

Copenhagen, Denmark, the next stop, was no less enjoyable. Many claim that had we remained there as long as we were in Stockholm, all parties might have conceded Copenhagen as many honors as were given the home of the lazy girl of the movies who always wants to go home (spoken in the manner. You must have heard it, or would have, had you been with us).

The visit of the kings of each of these two countries to the ship will provide us with an effectual stop to these conversational hogs who have been everywhere and seen everything. Each visit was made an occasion for all hands to wear medals, and plenty of practice was had by the Marine Detachment in the "position of a soldier," and "presenting arms."

Our stay of six days at Amsterdam, Holland, is still green and alive in the memories of those who were interested in historical spots of Europe. This particular city is rich in this respect, and one could spend months there and not exhaust the store of famous buildings, art collections of different sorts, and scenes connected with the histories of half the countries of the continent. Most everyone acquired from one to several dozens of cheese, and pairs of wooden shoes, all for the tummies and tootsies of sweethearts back in the old home town.

Enroute from Amsterdam to Portsmouth, England, the lives of several of the Marines, notably, two of our corporals who thought their lady friends from Stockholm were going to follow them to Portsmouth, were saved by the quick and restraining hands of their shipmates who fortunately were standing beside them at the life lines, when we passed a ship bound back to Stockholm. No medals have as yet been awarded, due to the modesty of the rescuers and the desire of the rescued to avert publicity of this sort.

Without further accident we arrived off Portsmouth at about eight the morning after leaving Amsterdam, and was berthed in the dock yard near the most famous of England's naval relics, viz: H.M.S. *Victory*.

The Detachment was given a right royal welcome by our comrades in arms and tradition, the Royal Marines. They certainly are second to none in the role of host, and each of us left them feeling that he had known them a long, long time. Rules and regulations were waived in several instances in order to make the party they gave us the great success it was unanimously claimed to be. Special thanks are heartily given Sergeant Major Skinner of the Eastney Barracks, where we were made to feel so at

home. He arranged many things for the entertainment of everyone, and was unsparing of his time and effort to make our visit a memorable one. We, of the U. S. Marines aboard the *New Orleans*, are happy to have had the privilege of meeting as fine a bunch of men as those at the Eastney Barracks.

Miss Liberty, stationed at Bedloe Island, greeted us next, and kept watch over us during the five days we were in New York. Everyone knows the rest of the story, for the newspapers were not sparing in the space and publicity they gave the vacation and inspection cruise of the President. Something of a fast hop was made from New York to Panama, though, and it was there we joined the cruiser *Houston*, as escort.

We are back again in New York now, a bit tired of the waters of the earth; having been underway approximately seventy-six out of one hundred and eighteen days, with three week-ends in port during that period. There may possibly be too much of a "shore-side" stay in store for us until another long cruise comes our way, but we can at least keep in closer touch with the rest of the Corps through this magazine until then.



The *New Orleans* at Anchor, Stockholm, Sweden



FOURTH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

The latest news in the Fourth Marines and the most accurate is that it got hot in Shanghai without warning, fear nor favor. Coasting through June with never a care in the world, the Fourth Marines were suddenly introduced to the heat and have so far been unable to shake it off. The glorious Fourth (of July) dawned a trifle cooler than the average run of days for the time, but the weather turned hot and stayed hot from then on. Shirts stuck to backs, brows dripped perspiration, and kindly souls became irritable and unapproachable. The problem is not a new one to the Corps, as we spend a great deal of our time in torrid climes, but this one called for immediate relief, or else!!!

Our answer was received in the form of cork helmets, and what a relief! Scoffers were slow to adopt the idea at first, and then clamored to be let in on the graft. A neat and military appearing article that knocks all thoughts of heat stroke in the eye, caught on the regiment, and the town has now got a cool and collected outfit, instead of the sweating and swearing mob that heretofore graced our streets and alleys. Colonel Beaumont took the lead in the crusade for the new headgear, and his views on the subject have been borne out by the happy results that have eventuated.

Baseball has been putting up a good fight against the thermometer, and there has been a larger attendance at the games than would be believed, considering the lure of electric fans, shady spots, and cooling drinks. The Marines not only carry on teams in the big league style but practice up in their spare time with playground or baseball.

There is a series of playground games in each battalion, the winner of the final lot to play off for the regimental championship. This is a mighty good game and seems to provide all the thrills of the sturdier sport. It gives those of us who never could hit the apple a chance to come through in a big way, as even the poorest of sluggers can take a piece out of the "Old Apple" when said apple is as big as your head. The officers of the Fourth Marines are carrying out the motif by staying in the lead in the Columbia Country Club series of the same game.

There is another game popular in Shanghai that the Marines have picked up in a big way, this is Hai Alai. Played by professionals at the Auditorium we have stolen the game insofar as we now have regimental championships in this sport that a few years ago was practically unknown to good Americans. The game as played by the pros is a little strenuous for beginners so the Marine aspirants play a soft-ball game, which produces the thrills but eliminates the danger, as the horseshoe ball used for the regular game is capable of quite some damage if turned loose. For some reason the band seems to be ace-high in this sport, though third battalion players have come into prominence lately.

The close order drill competitions for Rifle and Machine Gun Companies being over the order of the day is to take it easy in preparation for the extended order and signal drills that come off in the fall. This annual event in the Fourth Marines is one way of keeping fit and ready. It provides good clean competition and hurts no outfit to brush up. Hard feelings and broken hearts soon pass by the wayside when there

is always a chance of being the "number one" outfit next time. Among other things it brings out the sportsmanship we like to keep up our sleeve. You should hear the losers cheering the winners after decisions are handed out in these little skirmishes.

Summer weather is dull weather for Shanghai, but when the thermometer drops look out. There are so many athletic events going on at one time that it is hard to work in a chance at the various social events for which Shanghai is so famous. Promising more illuminating dope in the future, we stop.

FOURTH OF JULY

The Fourth Marines celebrated the glorious Fourth to quite some extent in Shanghai this year. The day started early for the Shanghai Marines with a flag-raising ceremony at the Shanghai Race Track at 8:00 a.m. the morning of the Fourth. This was followed by a parade at which the salute was received by Col. John C. Beaumont, commanding the Fourth Marines, and the Honorable Paul R. Josselyn, United States Consul. In the reviewing stand with the above was Capt. W. F. Jacobs, USN, commanding officer of the USS *Chaumont*. Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox was commanding officer of troops and led them to the tune of "Dixie." Representatives of the various foreign powers, both diplomatic and military, turned out in force to pay homage to our National Independence Day.

The fact that the parade was held early in the morning and that a slight break of the record high temperature occurred helped to carry the review off with the proper swing and dash that should be a feature of such ceremonies. American civilians and

their friends in the city turned out *en masse* to see the Marines pass in review and take part in the first event of the day.

A reception was held for the American community at the United States Consulate-General at 11:30 a.m., and one for the members of the American Club and their friends at 12:30 p.m. Both of these receptions were lively affairs and were lent a pleasant tone by the large attendance of other foreign communities in Shanghai who appeared to drink health to the future of the U. S.

The big event of the day for the Fourth Marines once the parade was over was the ball game between them and the Shanghai Amateurs, a group of Americans in Shanghai interested in the grand game of baseball. Many friendly games have been held this summer between the Marines and the Shanghai Amateurs, but this game is the deciding one of the year, and naturally has a sentimental interest to both sides and their supporters. The stands were crowded with devotees of the game despite the heat, and the game was carried on to extensive cheers for both sides. A good game, well and hotly contested by both Marines and Amateurs, eventually had to go to the Marines, who played number one ball that day.

The evening was rounded off by a dinner and fireworks celebration at the Columbia Country Club which was attended by the wives and families of the Americans here. Because they were required to spend the morning of the Fourth in parading, the Fourth Marines were given the next day to relax, and according to all reports they appreciated this day of ease as much as they would have the big day itself. The Fourth of July had a happy ending for the Fourth Marines inasmuch as they rounded it off with a record of no casualties for a day that usually brings accidents along with the fun.

BASTILE DAY

The Fourth Marines reciprocated the friendly feeling displayed by the foreign powers in Shanghai by participating in the celebration of Bastille by the French community on the 14th of July. A great deal

of feeling is displayed on this day by the French and Shanghai came in for more than its share of festivities. Large arches were erected throughout the French concession and the night before the big day fireworks celebrations were in order. The morning of the fourteenth, French troops billeted in Shanghai were up and about early so as to enable them to arrive at the French recreation field in time to participate in the parade which was held there in honor of the day.

The review was received by the French Consul-General and Rear Admiral Richard, The Commander in Chief of French forces in the Orient. The commanders of the various military units in Shanghai and various foreign officials in Shanghai turned out to make this a gala affair. Col. John C. Beaumont, commanding the Fourth Marines and his Chief of Staff, Maj. Chester Gawne, represented the Fourth Marines at the review. The review was followed by a reception at the French Consulate and later one at the Cercle Sportif Frances, the local French town club so popular with officers of the Fourth Marines and their families. The day as a whole vied with the Americans' celebration of the Fourth of July in Shanghai, and all were agreed that both days were properly celebrated in this outpost.

COMPANY B

On 17 July, 1934, Capt. William P. Kelly was presented a token of remembrance by Company B for his fifteen months' term of duty as company commander. The captain has been transferred to Headquarters, Fourth, to take over the duties as Regimental Adjutant and 1st Lt. M. C. Horner has taken over the company. Gy-Sgt. Chester A. Davis, who has been transferred to the Intelligence Department, made the presentation.

The home going detail took Ekberg, the Rugby star, Holdron (one round), Zwalde, Frank and Taylor. Others that have been transferred or otherwise gotten rid of are Corporal Kenny, the one time Company Clerk now at Headquarters. "Red" Cook, another Rugby hound, is enjoying the

"salt" air on the Yangtze River aboard the *Tulsa*. In exchange for the above named men we got Sergeants Dyer, Noels and James, Privates First Class Rice and Pierce (clerk), Privates Ahrens, Bird, Roberts, Williams, Sadewski and Willard.

Among the athletes left in the company we have Boyd, who holds first base down on the fightin' Fourth's team; Armentrout, of the pitching staff; Skowran fills the position of left field on the 1st Battalion nine; Sutkaitus holds the Shanghai record for the javelin throw. He heaved the shaft 173 feet 6 inches against the Russian Athletic Association last spring. The boxers consist of Stuart and Temple; Stuart still holds the featherweight title.

Many sighs of relief were audible as the men filed in to sign for the long-awaited-for back pay. This was probably the greatest event of the season, next to elephant hats. You might call this a present from the government and it has been well received. The only thing now is to find something else to talk and argue about.

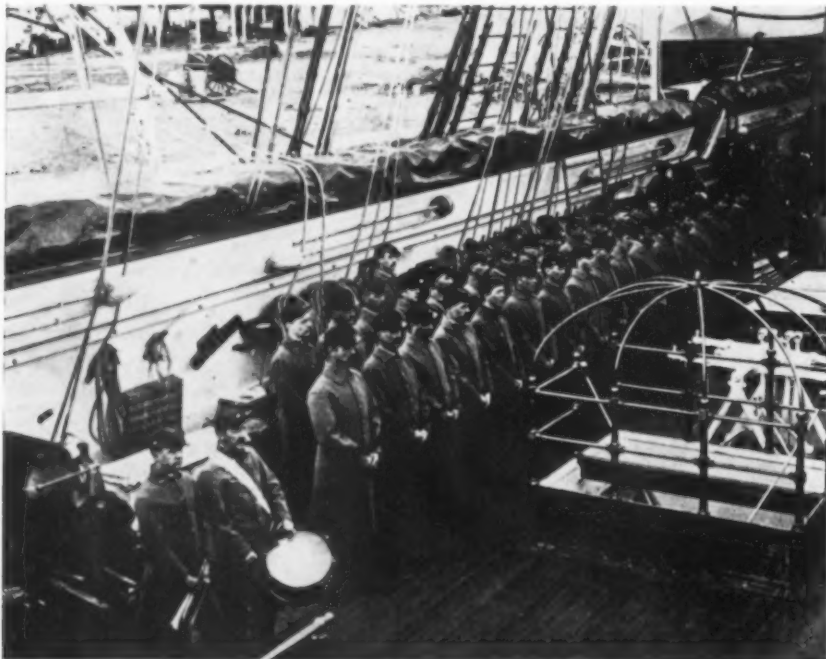
COMPANY "A" By "Two-Bits"

First Lt. James S. Monahan commands this famous "two-bit" outfit (to old timers the 25th). Company officers are 2nd Lt. Norman Hussa (Company Recreation and Billet Mess Officer) and 2nd Lt. Cornelius P. Van Ness (Company Athletic-Police and First Battalion Athletic Officer). We are the best fed gang in the entire Fourth Regiment. Have we not the Mess Pennant won six months in succession to prove it? The playground ball team emerged victor in the Inter-Company League thus bringing home the Battalion Championship; 1933 sport history repeated itself. This company won the Regimental title last year and we feel confident the gang will do so this year. The team, captained by Corporal Broadus, is composed of the following men: Coslet, Zirkle, Beall, Turck, Hanecek, Broadus, Padbury, Van Ness, Byxbe, Davis, Salter, and Churchill, R. B.

In rifle qualification we are at the head of the class in the Battalion. During this month (July) the following held and squeezed 'em out Hongkew Rifle Range, and perspired a little, too. They're all in the Mex, Corporal Barton, 318; Private First Class Carlsen, 316; Private Waters, 312; Private First Class House, 311; Private Blackburn, 310; Sergeant Frydrych, 306; Private Beall, 303, and Private Brown, R. A., 301. Special cash \$\$ prizes for high marks in each of the three grades were awarded by the Company Commander.

A new major Fourth Marines "sport" in which all men participate is "elephant hunting." Khaki Cork Sun Helmets are now part of the uniform. Shanghai experienced the greatest heat wave in forty years, health of the personnel demanded a sensible head gear, and we now have, most comfortable "gadget" to wear this side of H— Rumors would have it that the next change may be Shorts. When in Rome, etc.

Jack of all trades, Pfc. J. J. Andrews built on our front lawn a combination handball-Hai Alai-volleyball-basketball court, where the Battalion Inter-Company games will be played. A trophy to be awarded to the company winning team and competed for annually. Handball and hai alai is the most popular billet sport; floodlight makes night playing possible. For other recreation we have a building set aside in which is located our library (Privates Churchill, I. W., and Brown, R. A., in charge), games of all sorts, magazines and a brand new all-wave radio.



Marine Guard, U.S.S. *Galena*, 1885

Thomas F. Dowd is our Top Sergeant with Clerk Cpl. W. A. Allen his right hand man. Pvt. James B. Waters does the running, doing it in a ricksha; Hamilton, E. S., completes the office personnel. He's the spare part for the last two mentioned in case of sickness, wedding bells or just plain blues. The mess has Sgt. W. W. Wood, well known mess pennant winner, assisted by cooks ranking in the order named: Pfc. Paul O. Flucht, Frank C. Agnone, and Joseph O. Traverso. The Police-Property department is presided over by Cpl. Otto Lindemann, who directs the work of a number of natives. The Company Armorer is none other than our star playground pitcher, Cpl. Coslet. In the electrical-carpenter shop we have Pfc. J. J. Andrews. Corporal Broadus (1933 golf champ of Shanghai) rules over the Battalion and Company Athletic Store Rooms. "Sign on the dotted line, I don't take any chances"—his iron-bound rule. Official news hawk for the *Walla Walla*, 4th Marines' news weekly and this mag is "Two-Bits"—his identity a dark secret to you.

The first platoon is looked after by Gy-Sgt. Everett J. Drury, the second platoon by Gy-Sgt. Rudolph Kohs. Section leaders are Sgts. Steve Frydrych, George B. Case, Henry P. Van Dewaker, and Corporal Broadus. Squad leaders: Cpls. William Carroll, Hughie C. Coslet, Virgil C. Thomas, Michael J. Haney, Howard F. Barton, Bassel M. Alley, Mort Dunning and Pfc. Edward J. House, Jr.

The First Battalion baseball team done it again and won the Macgregor Trophy by beating the other three battalions; doing it for the third time in as many years is something to crow about. Three cheers to Turk, Hoffman, Broadus and Abernathy, A Company members of the team.

To Peiping as members of the Fourth Marines' Rifle-Pistol Team went Corporal Dorsey, Private First Class Bodner, Privates Bitter, Bennett and Zajac, participating in the Asiatic Division and Triangular Matches.

Boys will be girls. George R. Casey, William J. Devitt and John W. Hamilton put on (?) whatever chorus gals are in the habit of wearing and performed some outstanding "acts" during the big show presented by the Fourth Marines at the Lyceum Theatre. Were they good? The public demanded a return performance, and got it and "The Marines Carry On" again went over the top.

The *Chaumont* arrived with replacements. The following were assigned to company "A": Cpl. M. J. Haney, Tpr. W. W. Shannon, Private First Class Ezakovich, S., Jr., Pfts. J. C. Adams, G. P. Andrews, A. D. Austin, J. P. Bolesky, R. C. Dale, L. D. Howell, F. E. Hunter, J. E. Hutchens, H. Linker, G. E. Maddox, D. D. Metcalf, and W. N. Salter.

The N. C. O. Club held an old-fashioned

(Continued on page 54)



FOREIGN OFFICERS PRESENT DURING THE FLAG RAISING AND PARADE OF THE FOURTH MARINES, SHANGHAI, JULY FOURTH

Left to right: Colonel Labonne, French; Brigadier General Thackeray, British; Admiral Uno, Japanese; Colonel Beaumont, USMC; Colonel Graham, British, and General Suzuki, Japanese.

WEST COAST CHRONICLES

RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

"THE BOOTERIE"

By M. Berueffy, Jr.

As there seems to have been a lack of news from this "Booterie" in the past month or so, we have decided that in the future, this august seat of learning shall be represented, so help us.

In the month just past, there have been many of the members of the permanent detachment who have yearned for "Shanghai Side" until at last they could resist the call of the Orient no longer, and have deserted us for the Asiatic Station.

Yes, we have lost men o' parts, but our losses have been to a certain degree offset, however some of the men who have gone will be hard to replace. First Sgt. Paul Kerns was transferred to the Navy Yard at Bremerton; we surely miss him, and we all wish him a lot of luck and a pleasant stay in Bremerton.

Sergeant Palmgren, Corporal Deardeuff and Corporal Ashbrook (I almost said Asahi) were the ones that couldn't forget

Chinaside. Corporal Dodge has gone to Guam.

Gy-Sgt. Leo Peters has gone big for the sands of the desert; yes, Hawthorne, Nevada, no less.

Sergeant Palmer has gone to the East Coast and Sergeant Burnsworth has relieved him here in the "join up joint."

Among our gains, or I might say, our gain is only one, Sgt-Major Charles Davis, one of the best. We are very lucky to have him here, and we sincerely wish for him and Mrs. Davis a most pleasant tour of duty.

Other recent additions to the detachment are Gunnery-Sergeant Brown, who is now the Field Sergeant Major, Corporals Privett and Berueffy. Privett is in the Detachment office, ably assisted by First Sergeant Buckner (I know that Buck will appreciate this).

Some of the things that people are glad to hear about are promotions; well we got a couple. We went out and stalked them, you know, stalking on the Rio Coco, as it were. Anyway, Emil Riggs was promoted to Corporal, as was Wm. C. Hulburd. Congratulations.

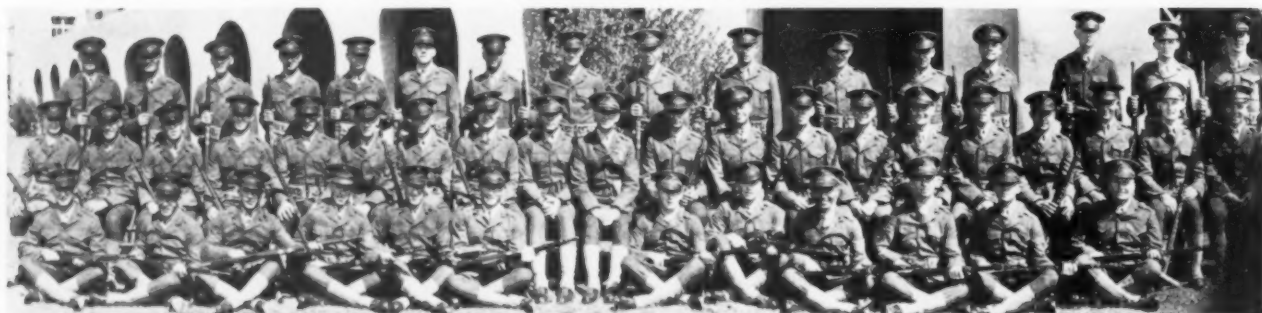
Cpl. L. P. Silkey was discharged and



17th Platoon, M.C.B., San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. B. L. Vinson and Cpl. K. E. Gunnoe



13th Platoon, M.C.B., San Diego. Instructed by Sergeant Kuhar and Cpl. E. D. Smith



16th Platoon, M.C.B., San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. L. L. Gorski and Cpl. G. E. Dietz

elected to try the old "Outside." We all wish him luck; he will be in New York. Pfc. L. E. Hollaway was "paid-off" but elected to draw another five per cent. He says that eventually he will have it all back, even if he has to ship over to get it.

There have been a few changes in the officer personnel. Maj. A. B. Miller has relieved Capt. J. P. Schwerin as Executive Officer; Captain Schwerin relieved First Lieutenant Ranek as Detachment Commander. Of course, Colonel Berry is still the Commanding Officer of the Recruit Depot.

Every one in San Diego is very much on the alert awaiting the arrival of the "Haitians" to form the Sixth. It will be great having some Marines in the Marine Base again. It surely is deserted now, and too, it is a fine thing that an organization as the Sixth is going to be revived. Right now is a good time to say, though, those men who put on the fourragere will have something to live up to. When they get here, then start the parades (You know, the pictures that say "Marines at drill").

Now there is one thing that we want to say, it is this: down here we are trying to train civilians to be Marines, all that we can do in the short time allotted to us is to teach them drill and a little general information, their real education as Marines rests with you Marines who will read this (register egotism). But in all seriousness, give the Recruit a chance and a hand. Sure they are recruits, we know, you know it and they know it. So help them out, if they become rattled; help them get over it, remember that you were not so hot once yourself, and you will find that you will have men that you will be glad to call "Marines." Adios amigos.

**BROADCAST FOR THE
NOVEMBER NUMBER SHOULD
REACH THE LEATHERNECK
BEFORE OCTOBER 8**

MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

By A. E. Day

When we advance upon the wall calendar on the last day of a month and strip from its binder the page which has served us so well, and we find the new page so innocent and yet mysterious—innocent of a past and mysterious as to the future—we well consider our privilege to predict. Will the new month bring many changes? Will they be satisfactory?

July's page on our office wall calendar met the identical fate of the preceding months' pages, and was cast, all balled up, in the general direction of the waste basket. August, Leo's own month, was to identify the next thirty-one days of this year. We did not exercise our privilege; we did not predict!

The first week was a busy one. Housecleaning and preparing the guest room, as it were. The U.S.S. *Chaumont* was returning from the Orient with hundreds of sea weary Marines. Marines from far off Peiping in China; from Shanghai, China; from our far flung island possession, Guam, in the mid-Pacific; from Manila in the Philippines; and from the pearl of the Pacific, beautiful Hawaii.

The *Chaumont* stopped off at San Francisco enroute to Mare Island, but arrived here bright and early on Tuesday morning, August seventh. As she drew in alongside the navy yard wharf, her delighted passengers crowded the rails to recognize from among us friends, and even mere acquaintances, somebody to greet with that enthusiasm so peculiar to returning travelers. Very shortly afterward they were all, bag and baggage, safely admitted to our fold. No more swaying decks; no more horizon high blue-green depths; Mother earth was so firm and inviting for comparison. Our attitude of camaraderie soon put everybody at his ease. Our guests had arrived.

While they are getting bedded down, we'll mention the good fortune of some of us. Corporals Whisner and Day were promoted to the rank of sergeant on the tenth of the month. They were both examined in February of this year to determine their fitness for the rank of sergeant, and it is very pleasing that they should both be promoted on the same date. Privates First Class Brown and Jelomono were promoted to the rank of corporal on the tenth also. Our congratulations are offered. There is nothing like a promotion to reveal the hidden dimples. Privates Anderson, Blum, Hayes, Morgan, Simmons, and Timmerman were promoted to Privates First Class. They will now be eligible for promotion to the non-commissioned grades. We wish them each one every satisfaction to be gained not only from their substantial increase in salary, but too from the opportunities now opened for them.

On the eleventh, our rolls were further increased by the arrival of about twenty Marines from Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. They made the sea journey aboard the U.S.S. *Nitro*. If our memory serves us correctly, the *Nitro* is a wonderful troop transport, although not constructed for that service. We believe the sea journey from Honolulu to our own San Pablo Bay was all to short.

On the sixteenth of August, Lt-Col. A. E. Randall assumed command of the Marine Barracks and Lt-Col. Arthur Racicot resumed his former duties of Executive Officer. Colonel Randall is an enthusiastic baseball fan and has been an interested spectator at all of our recently played home games. The spur of his presence in the grand stand has pepped up the team considerably and smart plays are the order of the day.

The seventeenth of the month was a red letter day for our local transportation agencies. Dozens of our Oriental guests departed on furloughs for other posts, intending to

(Continued on page 54)

Miscellany

WHERE MEN ARE MEN

As peaceful a Gyrene as we ever want to see paid a visit to the Century of Progress. He was lonesome so he went on the prowl for company. Being a stranger in town he wasn't exactly able to select the upper strata of sociability and his peregrinating feet carried him into one of the sink holes of iniquity, respectable only on the surface, where gangsters, gunmen and their ilk hung out.

As he stood up to the bar gazing thoughtfully into a glass of beer, he could hear loud laughter coming from the back room. The bartender was obviously worried, but the Gyrene tended to his own business. The laughter increased, and finally the Marine awakened to the fact that he was the butt of ridicule. He clenched his fist and his jaw stuck out.

"Don't pay no mind to them," cautioned the bartender in a burst of sympathy. "There's a dozen of Trigger Bill's mob in there an' they're just egg'in' you on."

The laughter increased and the Marine started removing his blouse. "Don't go in," warned the other. "I know every one of those guys: an' they're tough. I've knowed 'em all a long time, an' they'd just as soon bump you off as look at you. Don't go in!"

But the Marine had disappeared into the back room. Soon the laughter changed to curses and the sound of blows. The bartender paled as he heard the crashes and smashing of furniture. After a while the noise subsided. The Marine staggered out, his face puffed and bloody. He squinted through his blackened eyes. "You say you knew all those fellows?" he asked with difficulty through his battered lips. "You say you went to school with them?"

The barkeeper nodded. "I know 'em all like my own brother."

"Then," said the Gyrene, extending his hand, "whose ears are these?"

WHERE'S ELMER?

It was said of a certain coal passer on a ship of the past that he could last longer than a suit of dungarees and that his capacity for endurance would exceed Flag pole Kelly's. This two fisted man stood steaming watches in bare feet and the warmth of the floor plates meant nothing in his young life.

While exercising the duties of his office one watch, assisted by a slice bar, this mattress chested specimen happened to yank a lot of burning coals out on to the space before his door along with the usual clinkers. Intent on his work he was not aware that one of his feet was square on top of the blazing coals. Some of the other firemen began to smell an odor of burning leather and looking around to see the cause discovered to their horror that their shipmate had a foot on fire. Fireman Elmer, the hero, continued his slice bar skill and the foot remained stationary. The watch ran up to him and shouted out in one breath, "Hey, Elmer, your foot is on fire!" Receiving no answer from the absorbed coal heaver, they repeated the remark in louder shouts. Finally, they caught his attention. He heard it, he grasped the meaning. Without looking down, ceasing his toil or moving an inch, he shot back in a bass yodel. "Which foot?"—*Pennsylvania Keystone.*

HAITI SPEAKS

Much has been said and written about the accomplishments of the Marines in Haiti—but always from the standpoint of the American. We are pleased to be able to present herewith a letter from Mr. Paul C. Toussaint, of Port au Prince, a native of Haiti, stating the matter from the Haitian viewpoint. Nothing we can say could explain better than M. Toussaint's letter:

"Port au Prince, Haiti,
9 August, 1934.

"The Editor of THE LEATHERNECK,
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

"DEAR SIR:

"Within six days the last Marine will be leaving Haitian soil.

"August 15, 1934, should be recorded in golden letters within the Marine Corps annals as marking the termination of a glorious and humanitarian task which has been



Mr. P. C. Toussaint

achieved by your fellow countrymen. I wish it to be known throughout the Americas that from the Commanding Officers on down to the last man who served in Haiti for the past nineteen years, all have accomplished meritorious works, and are deserving of commendation and thanks for the services which they have lent to a young sister republic which has been striving against all manner of vicissitudes since the early times when she emerged from slavery and became independent.

"Now that these men will be back in the United States among their parents and friends, who will voice in their behalf their reason for being stationed over on this side of the Caribbeans? Now that many of them have given their lives, and are resting in their last sleep for the sake of helping to restore peace and to better living conditions in this Republic of Haiti, who will pay them the tribute of gratitude and commendation for such sacrifice?

"In your first roll-call of Honor, the histories of both Nations will record such names as L. W. T. Waller, Eli K. Cole,

John H. Russell, Albertus W. Catlin, L. McCarty Little, T. P. Kane, J. T. Myers, L. M. Gulick, R. M. Cutts, all of whom at one time were Commanders of the Marines in Haiti. But mentioning only the Commanders' names is not sufficient; all the men who served under them should receive equal honorary remembrance, for all of them have done their share in the tremendous task of raising a nation from chaos to its present civilized condition. They should be heartily welcomed by the American people.

"Now, let us be silent and listen, and thank God Who has burdened Old Uncle Sam with the task of assisting poor and needy folks; who, in their turn, should pay him a tribute of gratitude for having given such generous assistance.

Mr. Editor, I who have been associated with the various Brigade Commanders here since the beginning of the occupation in the role of interpreter, have hopes of your publishing my letter in THE LEATHERNECK, your fine publication.

"With expressions of my high esteem, very truly yours,

PAUL C. TOUSSAINT."

FRIENDLY RIVALRY

There is friendly rivalry between the Army and the Marines. A Marine First Sergeant told me the following story which he said was true:

A Marine cruiser detachment went ashore for landing force practice in Nicaragua, and the cruiser sailed.

Soon supplies gave out, shoes and clothing were reduced to shreds. Then a plane dropped orders for them to proceed to a field headquarters, where they received further orders to board an Army transport bound for the States.

New clothing and equipment being issued the men proceeded to the landing, where they were met by an Army Captain.

The officer asked the Sergeant what outfit was present.

"Marines, Sir," answered the First Sergeant, proudly.

"Recruits are you not?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir," the Sergeant replied. "I didn't enlist until 1906."

"Never mind that," said the Captain. "Let's see your orders."

"Hmmm," he said, "I see nothing about commutation money. Where's your commutation money?"

"Money for what?"

"Money for your rations while on board this transport. How are you and your men going to eat while being transported to the States? How's the Army going to be reimbursed for the meals you have while on board?"

"By sending a bill to the Navy Department like they been doin' for a hundred and fifty years, Sir," replied the Sergeant, and with that he ordered his men on board, where they were met by an Army Colonel.

"Sergeant," said the Colonel, "have your men been vaccinated?"

"Yes, Sir, when they enlisted."

"All men have to be vaccinated before coming on board an Army transport," quoted the Colonel. "What are you going to do about it, Sergeant?"

"I'm going to show the men's health records to your medical officer and suggest that he give them an inspection," the Sergeant replied.

"By the way, Colonel," he added, "it's early in the day. What about liberty for me and my men?"

"The transport sails in the morning," re-

plied the Colonel. "No Army men are permitted liberty once they come on board prior to sailing. Furthermore no one but your Commanding Officer can grant your men liberty. And by the way, Sergeant, who is your Commanding Officer?"

The Sergeant hitched his trousers higher and scowled.

"I am, Sir," he said. "I'm their Commanding Officer, and by golly I'll give 'em liberty."

H. C. BLACKERBY, in the *Navy News*.

MARINES "IMPRISONED" BY WELCH FUSILIERS

On July 24, 1934, the Marines of the *Arkansas* and *Wyoming* became voluntary prisoners of a regiment of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, at the Buena Vista Barracks, Gibraltar.

At 11:30 a. m. on the 24th, four officers and sixty-eight enlisted men arrived at Ragged Staff Landing together with their Drums. While the officers were taken by ear, the Drums marched the enlisted Marines to Buena Vista Barracks. There all were greeted by Lt. Col. C. C. Hewitt, DSO, MC, the commanding officer.

We had been warned in advance to bring civilian clothes and baseball equipment, so after changing clothes, cricket and baseball teams were made up from each organization and we repaired to the playing field, prepared to "do or die." Principally on account of the kindness of the Welch bowlers we did not "die" too quickly; however, they saw that we did not "do" too much either. Having been retired for fifty-two runs, our opponents took up the

batting, and scored fifty-three with the loss of four wickets. Strange as it may seem, despite the fact that it appeared that many more runs were being scored, the number on the official score board never changed, and the game ended 53 to 52, for the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

HEADQUARTERS BAGATELLES

By File "A"

The newly organized Navy Department Bowling League, with Earl Keeler, Office of the Secretary of the Navy, as President, "Bob" O'Toole, Marine Corps, Vice-President, and Pete Ulrich, Hydrographic Bureau, as Secretary and Treasurer, staged their formal opening on Monday night, September 10, at the Arcade Bowling Alleys, with 18 teams.

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, Commandant of the Marine Corps, accompanied by Brig. Gens. Rufus H. Lane, the Adjutant and Inspector, George Richards, the Paymaster and Hugh Matthews, the Quartermaster, attended the opening of the League to roll the first ball down the drives for the four teams entered from Headquarters, Marine Corps.

The first ball for the official opening of the League was to be rolled by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the Honorable Henry L. Roosevelt, but due to more important Government affairs he was unable to attend. The League officials then called upon the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps to start the League off right. And what a start! The Commandant was asked to pose on alley number 2 with the other three Generals and the officials of the League grouped around him while the newspaper

photographers took pictures of the event. At a word from the photographers the flash light flashed and the General started the ball down the alley. Five hundred spectators and bowlers held their breath as the ball neared the pins and to the surprise of the spectators and the chagrin of the bowlers, the General made a perfect STRIKE.

Generals Lane, Richards and Matthews with Captain Farrell, rolling for the Commandant, whose hand was tired from receiving congratulations for his wonderful achievement with the first ball, started the Marine Corps teams off, but due to the Commandant's strike, it wouldn't be fair to the other Generals to tell you what they got on their first effort.

The results of the first night's bowling as far as the Marine Corps teams were concerned, were as follows: The Adjutants took three games from the Bureau of Ordnance; the A. & I. won one and lost two against the C. & R.; the Marine Barracks won two and lost one against the Paymaster; the Commandants won one and lost two against Construction.

The Marine Corps Headquarters Softball League just closed its fifth week of play. The Quartermaster team is in first place with five wins and no losses. The Inspectors are in second place with three wins and two losses. The Commandants are in third place with two wins and three losses, while the poor Adjutants are in last place with five straight losses.

Out of the five week's play we have only had twelve "Charley Hosses" and five broken fingers. Not bad. Some of the boys just can't take it.

(Continued on page 53)



OFFICERS, 2ND BATTALION, THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS, HONG KONG, 1899-1902

Back row, left to right: Lt. J. A. Higgon, Lt. G. J. P. Geiger, Lt. H. Hill, Lt. H. M. Richards, Lt. R. B. Johnson, Lt. C. S. Owen, Bt. Major C. M. Dobell, 2nd Lt. G. H. Gwyther, Capt. C. H. M. Doughty (afterwards Doughty-Wylie) Lt. and QM. J. Clieve, Bt. Major Sir Horace McMahon, Bt. Front row: 2nd Lt. C. I. Stockwell, Lt. O. S. Flower, Major S. G. Everitt, Lt-Col. Hon. R. H. Bertie, Capt. and Adj. H. O. S. Cadogan, Lt. A. Hay, Capt. J. H. Gwynne, Capt. C. Bancroft. Sitting: 2nd Lt. M. E. Lloyd, Lt. F. J. Walwyn, 2nd Lt. J. R. Minshull-Ford.

SPORTS

QUANTICO MARINES PREPARE FOR ANOTHER GRID CAMPAIGN

By Phil Haensler

The familiar crispness of the early fall air and the ever-present gatherings of the school youngsters in their ripped shirts and frayed trousers remind one that the time when King Football makes his annual appearance is close at hand. What with the gathering of the Haitian clan and the permanent posting of the Fleeting Marines at Quantico (if anything about the position of that force can be called permanent), every indication of a plentiful supply of men for every position exists. The names of football heroes of the past are on the tongues of all, and the exploits of ball-toting Jim Levey are being mulled over, together with those of other equally famous men. The trophy room in the hostess-house has become a mecca for football-minded men. The signs all point to the fact that this is to be a Marine year on the gridiron.

Lt. O. K. Presley, one-time All-Southern center (with the Clemson College squad), has been appointed head coach for this season. It is his aim to instill in the men the fighting spirit that Marine teams once had. This is not a reflection upon the ability of the men; it is a fact. Look about you at the Marine teams. Fight? Certainly they do! But—where is a team like the old All-Marine organizations that played right up in the top strata of athletics? The team this year will be confronted, moreover, by a group of two-fisted, hard driving service teams, all eager to take a crack at their Marine rivals. The entire world is aware of the intense feeling which exists between all service teams, but they do not know the danger connected with a schedule of such teams exclusively. Such a season usually leaves in its wake a trail of bruised bodies and broken heads.

Coach Presley will find one or two veterans in the lineup this season. Charlie Gann is busy with his film-bookings agency in the Post Athletic Office. "Connie" Boswell, kid brother of Ben Boswell of All-American fame, is assistant to Gann. Gene Harrington, one-time Marine end—and one of the best—is doing hay-foot straw-foot with the Flit Marine Force. Jim Barrier is sitting up nights with Captain Mixson's machine guns. The bale of new recruits should produce a few fleet-footed lads who have some notion of the game. If just six or seven recruits for the lineup appear in addition to the splendid material we know to be available, Coach Presley may look forward to the coming season with every confidence.

QUANTICO GRIDGRAPHS

The usual burst of pre-season enthusiasm is now being manifested in the tremendous group of candidates for the Quantico Marine football team for the coming season. A superficial scrutiny brings to light the fact that one of the lads sports a foundation that would make "Da Pream" blush with envy! He wears a couple of cow-hides whittled down just a bit into a pair of size fourteen fiddle-cases. And not to be outdone in this exhibition of behemoths, one little Georgia farmer boy tips the scales at two hundred and forty-plus.

Bill Bailey, the coming cheer-leader, has popped up again in Quantico, with the startling announcement that he intends to try for consideration as an end on the eleven! If Bill's aggravating antics do to his opponents anything like what they do to the spectators, he ought to have the position hands down. No competition whatever! We have the Altrock—now we have to look for a Schacht for a perfect team of football clowns.

The boys are looking forward to the early season showing of Connie Boswell, the camera-grinding grid star. Connie is reputed to be a comer. He gave the lads at Texas Christian something to talk about. Many a college coach would wear a smug smile could he boast of such an array of huskies. The

fact is, though this to be kept strictly on the Q. T. and all that sort of thing, that a rumor is afoot that the George Washington University has shifted its spotlight to Quantico, and even now contemplates dickering for the services of a certain lanky end.

What Charlie Gann smilingly terms "can-non-fodder" (which designation, come to think about it, is a fitting one) will probably be furnished by the gallant Fort Humphreys team during the final week in September. The soldiers will have the honor of being the very first team to be "stomped down" by the Marine team. Our wooden nickel is on the post team for this one!

Sheppardtown State Teachers College and Gallaudet College also appear on the schedule. The Gallaudet team, incidentally representing the deaf and dumb collegians, always presents a colorful spectacle. These lads, in spite of their handicaps, are really a bunch of hard-fighting, clean sportsmen, and should prove no light competition for any outfit.

FIRST BRIGADE, 2ND MARINES, BASEBALL

By H. Grady Spencer

For the third consecutive season, the Naval Hospital captured the baseball championship of the First Brigade in an abbreviated 1934 season caused by the early withdrawal of the Marines from Haiti. The Navy boys took an early lead in the race and had a three-game lead at the close over the Motor Transport team that was coming along in a rush at the end.

The Second Marines' nine led the league for about the first ten games, and then be-



Fourth of July Winners of the Community Cup, 4th Marines. Captain Swinnerton, Regimental Athletic Officer, in Center.



"Farmer" Couch, .460 Hitter

gan to slip, finally winding up in third place, one-half game behind the Truck Drivers. Brigade Headquarters showed the best club at the end of the race, but they were so badly bogged down in the early stages that it was a hopeless chase. Joe Griffin, dynamic catcher for the Headquarters outfit, furnished the spark to pep up the tail-enders. Signal nor the Aviation outfits failed to ever show enough batting strength or pitching to figure in the pennant chase.

The Second Marines undoubtedly would have fared better with another chucker to pair with the indefatigable Hank Henry. Only the Transport and Hospital nines had more than one hurler, and this counted much in the final standings.

The batting crown went to Winslow "Farmer" Couch, a portside hitter, who rattled the pill to all corners and banged all the chuckers except Hank Henry and "Rebel" Collins. Couch batted .460 for the season, with the bottom club.

The calibre of play in the Brigade League has improved much in the past three years. Twice this season in series with crack nines from the Fleet, the Marines have played excellent baseball to divide each time. Their record of games outside of the Brigade League this year, shows one game won and

lost with the team from the U.S.S. *Mississippi*, and the same luck with the team from the U.S.S. *Lexington*. Motor Transport downed a team from the destroyer *Jacob Jones* by a 20-3 score to bring the average over .500 percentage.

STANDINGS, BRIGADE LEAGUE, 1934

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Naval Hospital	18	7	.720
Motor Transport	14	9	.609
Second Marines	14	10	.583
Signal Company	11	14	.440
Brigade Hq. Co.	9	15	.375
Aviation (VO-9M) ..	7	18	.280

ALL BRIGADE TEAM

Catcher—Bruffat (Naval Hospital).
Pitcher—Henry (2d Marines).
Pitcher—Patterson (Naval Hospital).
Pitcher—Collins (Naval Hospital).
First Base—Sadler (Motor Transport).
Second Base—Hydrich (Signal Co.).
Third Base—Wooton (Naval Hospital).
Shortstop—Witkowski (Aviation).
Left Field—Sykes (Naval Hospital).
Center Field—Morton (Motor Transport).
Right Field—Couch (Aviation).
Utility Infield—Dorsey (Signal Co.).
Utility Outfield—Shumway (Motor Transport).

BASEBALL DOIN'S IN DIEGO

By The Bat Boy

Your correspondent was honored in being commissioned to write up a couple of ball games (the ball games were last week, and we were told about writing at the last minute). Anyhoo-o-o, here is the dope:

We lost one and won one in the series

QUANTICO SCENE OF RIFLE MATCH

Seventeen of the National Rifle Association's national high-powered rifle and pistol championship matches are carded for the Middle Atlantic States shooting tournament to be held September 26 to 29 over the Marine Corps ranges at Quantico, Va.

Scores fired by competitors for the sectional titles will also be taken into consideration in computing the national championship winners. Altogether, 16 State and regional tournaments are being held, with the sanction of the rifle association, in order to give marksmen of the entire country a chance for the titles and trophies, all

with the East Side Brewery Club, and believe me that club of "Put East Side Insiders" were good. The first game was a honey; we lost it, but it was a game; twelve innings of good ball, and the score was three to two. Pounds pitched the route with Kerr catching. Kerr got a round trip with two down in the eighth to tie up the game, and from then on it was air-tight ball until the twelfth. In the last stanza, with two men down and men on first and third, Pounds was instructed to walk the batter to get to a weak hitter. Everything was as it should be except that the play to first was so close that the umpire (maybe he was hungry) called it a tie and the winning run was scored.

The next day it was a different story, the game was a nine frame go, with the Marines on the long end of another three to two score. In the second game "Cheesy" Niel took the batting honors with a single, a double and a triple in as many times in the bucket. Kerr once again proclaimed himself a hitter to the wide open spaces by un-corking a screaming triple. It was a good game.

In the District League, the Marines have clinched the rag, having seven wins and no losses. Wednesday we play the Air Station, which is runner up in the League. The game has no bearing on the race as the Air Station has won five and lost two, but we hope to come through with a "Schoolboy Rowe" affair and take eight in a row.

In the next issue, we will give you all the dope on all the games, and so you will be able to appreciate one of the best teams in the Corps.

scores to be considered in deciding the national victors.

This is the third year of holding the rifle association's national matches on the basis of regional shoots, the matches previously having been held in conjunction with the Government's national matches, which have been temporarily suspended by Congress since the 1931 national matches as part of the Government's economy program.

The Quantico matches include two of the oldest of the rifle association's annual competitions, the Leech Cup match and the Wimbledon Cup match, both of which were started in 1875, and also the biggest drawing card of all the matches, the President's match. The national winner of the President's match will receive a letter of commendation from President Roosevelt, the sending of such a letter having been started by President Theodore Roosevelt.

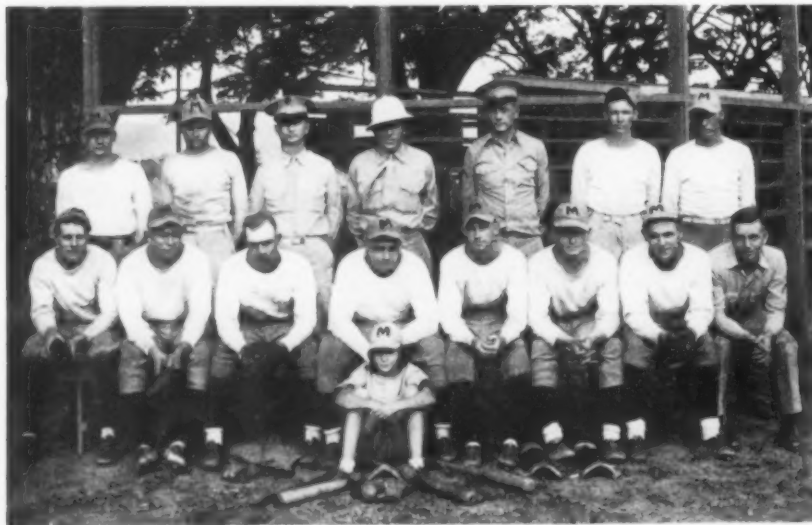
Both the President's match and the Wimbledon match were won last year in the Quantico shoot, the same contender, Pvt. G. W. Walker, of the Marine Corps, winning both.

Another trophy to be contended for in the Quantico meet is the Maj. Lee O. Wright Memorial Trophy, which is awarded the contender who piles up the highest aggregate score in the Navy Cup, Leech Cup, Coast Guard Trophy, Marine Corps Cup, Wimbledon Cup and President's matches.

The schedule of events for the Quantico shoot is:

September 26—Marine Corps cup match, 600 and 1,000 yards; Leech cup match, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards; National Rifle Association members' match, 600 yards; Navy cup match, 200 yards, slow fire, and Camp Perry instructors' trophy match, 200 yards rapid fire.


(Continued on page 52)



Baseball Team, Marine Barracks, Olongapo, P. I.

The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

STARTING ANOTHER NEW YEAR

 THESE lines are written prior to the holding of the National Convention at Denver, Col., and while unable to report the actions of our delegates at this time, we are certain that new officers will be elected, and we will endeavor to send a telegram immediately after the winners are announced, and we hope to get them to THE LEATHERNECK in time for insertion at the end of this article. It is almost certain that the national headquarters will also be changed, as will also the National Chief of Staff, and the addresses where to forward letters to the National Headquarters, as well as the address of the new National Chief of Staff, will be sent with the telegram. We wish to thank all chiefs of staff who aided us to prepare the copy for the monthly editions of THE LEATHERNECK, and also those good Marines who made the personal contacts necessary so that new detachments could be added during our administration. We are sure all officers of the national staff are appreciative of the many kindnesses and courtesies of all Marines that have been extended them during the past year, and while they may not have been as successful as they would like to have been, they relinquish their offices with the satisfaction of having done their best, and all sincerely extend their heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the new administration and assure them of continued allegiance, and cooperation whenever called upon.

This will no doubt be our last chance to write as we think in these columns, so we will take advantage of this authority and "preach a bit of a sermon." No one knows for certain who our next national officers will be, but irrespective of who they may be, they will represent us for the coming 365 days. Will their administration be a successful one? That is the problem of the future, and it really lies in YOUR hands. It is well for us to follow the motto which facetious people claim is that of the "preacher," and say "Do as I say, and not as I do," but it is more beneficial to the league when we do as the lawyer and doctor do, and *plead and practice*. Without the active cooperation of the officers and members of the several divisions, states and detachments, the new national administration can do little. The province of your leaders is to formulate plans, and it is UP TO THE RANK AND FILE to carry them out. We Marines are carrying on, and endeavoring to uphold the tradition of the U. S. Marine Corps, that a Marine never failed in reaching his objective. The objective of the league is to bind ALL Marines, in civil life, as we were bound in Service—to each other. We followed our leaders in Service (and leaders whom we had no choice in selecting), so certainly we should, and will,

follow the leaders that were chosen by the majority of us. Let's go, Marines; and here are a few suggestions:

For commandants; abide by the provisions of the Constitution and By-Laws and keep regular contact with the next in rank above yourself.

For adjutants and paymasters; attend promptly to such business as may come before you; keep your records correctly and up to date, and return the proper reports regularly to the proper authority.

For chiefs of staff; send in a report regularly of the activities of your detachment to the National Chief of Staff, and don't send in too long a story as the space allowed the league in THE LEATHERNECK is short; be sure to get a story in your local papers before and after each meeting of your detachment; keep a historical record in permanent form of all activity in your detachment, and finally, be the organizer of your detachment, and get new members, and dig out sites for new detachments.

For ALL MARINES; get every Marine in the league who is eligible; boost and encourage your officers by attending your meetings, and when they err, realize they are human, and forget it, and when they accomplish something, tell them. Let us all determine to make this year a precedent for the following ones, and if we all support the new administrations we MUST succeed.

Our sermon is done, and when you read this, our service as your NCOS will also be completed, so again thanking all who, in any way, made our tenure in office such success as it may have been, and with best wishes to all, we sign off, remaining *Semper Fidelis*.

JOHN F. MANNING,
National Chief of Staff.

CHARLES RUDDICK DETACHMENT Elmira, N. Y.

Well here we are with the announcement that Elmira is the State Headquarters of the Marine Corps League. Yes sir, at the Convention last month in Brooklyn, George W. Kretschman was elected Commandant of the Detachment of New York. George is also the Detachment Commandant, so he has plenty of League business to handle now. But he can take it, AND HOW! He is an eloquent spokesman, and anyone who attended the State and Seaboard Conventions can verify that. George nominated our comrade, Mirando Cirulli, for Divisional Sergeant at Arms, and Circulli was elected to the office. Boy, after the build-up George gave him he sure better be good.

Eight of our members attended the Conventions and were plenty glad they made the trip. Of course, some of the boys tried to get in a theater that was closed for the summer and one got lost in Brooklyn while another slept on the floor so he wouldn't roll out of bed—but, you know—small town boys in a big city.

Our Judge Advocate has shown that he is still a live Marine (although we don't see much of him). Congratulations, Charlie, and to Mrs. Brayton also.

We want to send a word of cheer to our Comrade Kinner. He is in the Soldiers' Hospital at Bath, New York, and here's wishing him a speedy recovery.

Next issue we will have some members to report Bath. There's a lot of good Marines here that should be in the League and we're going to get them. So until next month.

JULIAN C. BULLOCK.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

ELECTION RETURNS FROM THE DENVER CONVENTION

The following officers were elected or appointed at the National Convention of the Marine Corps League, Denver, Colorado:

NATIONAL COMMANDANT, John F. Manning, Methuen, Mass.
SR. NAT. VICE COMMANDANT, Wm. C. Sutton, Kansas, City, Mo.
JR. NAT. VICE COMMANDANT, A. E. Gilbertson, Oakland, Calif.
CHIEF OF STAFF, T. H. Rogerson, Santa Cruz, Calif.
JUDGE ADVOCATE, Donald Gottwald, Akron, Ohio.
CHAPLAIN, Rev. John H. Clifford, Brooklyn, N. Y.
ADJ. AND PAYMASTER, John B. Hinkle, Jr., Dorchester, Mass.
SGT. AT ARMS, Jas. W. Rikeman, Daytona Beach, Fla.

The address of National Headquarters is: P. O. Box 537, Methuen, Mass. Send all mail for National Commandant and the Adjutant to their respective address; and all copy for insertion in THE LEATHERNECK to the address of the National Chief of Staff, to reach him not later than the fifth of each month.

THE NEW ENGLAND DIVISION CONVENTION

The New England division held its annual convention at Worcester, Mass., on August 25th and 26th, with every detachment being represented and considerable business being transacted, and was the greatest success of any convention held in this section and proved that when enthusiastic Marines get behind anything they make it a success. Al Banx was the chairman of arrangements and also handled the publicity end, with the result that benefits to the league in its entirety must ensue, and positively, we anticipate unlimited benefits to come to this division through the feeling of comradeship and service exemplified by the hustling committee that cooperated with their convention chairman, Al Banx, past commandant of Worcester Detachment. The other committeemen were John G. Kapowich, Rudy Trow, Karl Latons and Henry Carlson; these workers had the active assistance of the members of the Worcester Detachment, which was the host to the division. The opening day, August 25th, was devoted to registration and reunions amongst the Marines at the Mayfair Hotel, Main St., Worcester, and a visit to the Higgins Armory. That evening all delegates and visitors attended "The Hollywood," one of Worcester's prominent night clubs, where all indulged in an evening according to a Marines' conception of what constitutes a good time. Dancing was indulged in, and an elaborate floor show was put on for the entertainment of the guests, and all voted it the best ever, and are anxiously looking forward to another evening as guests of the Worcester Detachment.

The business sessions opened Sunday, August 26th, in the ballroom of the Hotel Mayfair, with the divisional commandant, John F. Manning, presiding, and every detachment represented, and visitors from Albany, Troy and Schenectady, N. Y., and Newark, New Jersey. The speech making

was postponed until the banquet which was held at 2 P. M., in the banquet hall of this hotel, where a very tasty meal was served and thoroughly enjoyed by all attending.

Henry J. Carlson, commandant of the Worcester Detachment, greeted the visiting delegates and friends and extended the welcome of his detachment and the city of Worcester, and then turned the convention over to the divisional commandant, who immediately proceeded to the business at hand. Respects were paid to the National Colors, and also to our departed Marines, after which the following visitors were introduced: Commandant Oliver Kelly and Mrs. Kelly, of Newark, N. J.; Adj. and Paymaster Chris J. Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham, Vice Commandant and Mrs. Russell Cochrane, and Sgt at Arms and Mrs. John Mosale, of Albany, N. Y., and Joe Bourke, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. "Mac" (whose name has again slipped us), of Albany, N. Y., also was introduced. The first committee to report was the one on "Rules of the Convention," and then the Credentials Committee reported. The Resolutions Committee recommended the adoption of the following resolutions, which were voted affirmatively: That the division commandant make a written report annually; That all official communications between the divisional headquarters and the detachments be sent through the state department; That reservists be admitted as active members on the ratio of one to five; That the words "former Marines" be stricken from the national constitution in the paragraph on eligibility for membership, and this resolution be presented for action at the national convention at Denver, Col. Several other resolutions were submitted but were unfavorably acted upon. The Finance Committee recommended that the division hold an annual banquet, on Armistice Eve, November 10th, with an added charge above the actual

cost, and this added amount to be donated to the division treasury as a means for financing it. It was so voted. It was voted to hold the first banquet at Boston, November 10th, 1934. The division commandant rendered his report in writing, and it was voted accepted. Under new business a resolution was submitted by Past Commandant Karl Latons, that the national department of the league be mandated to contact every detachment with the end of having these detachments volunteer their services to the police departments of their city or town, in case of need against uprising against the laws of this country, with the express understanding that this offer of aid did not apply to strikes or other labor disputes.

The following were the chairmen of the above committees: L. J. Corbett, on Constitution and By-Laws; Charles Creaser, on Resolutions; John G. Kapowich, on Finance, and Ray Rowlee on Credentials. The business session opened at 11 A. M., and closed at 1.55 P. M. Prior to adjournment, the nomination and election of division officers was held with the following result: Commandant, L. S. Spottswood, of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston; John E. Reardon, Frank Allen Beevers Detachment of Lawrence, Senior Vice Commandant; L. J. Corbett, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, for Junior Vice Commandant; Karl Latons, of Worcester Detachment for Judge Advocate; Chaplain, Ray Rowlee of Cape Cod Detachment of Quincy; Walter C. Goglain, of William H. McNally Detachment, of Holyoke, for Paymaster, and Eric Hedins, of Cape Cod Detachment of Quincy, for Sergeant at Arms. These officers, except the Judge Advocate, were installed by Past National Commandant Karl Latons.

A banquet was held in the ball room of the Mayfair Hotel at 2.10 P. M., with the hall being filled, and a chicken dinner was enjoyed by all present. The toastmaster was Past National Commandant Karl Latons, and after the dinner was enjoyed, the following program was enjoyed: Singing of the Marines' Hymn by all present; selections on piano accordion and banjo, by Primo and Polly Nuice; address by Toastmaster Latons; Lt. Ed Reynolds, of the National Guard (an old time Marine) was introduced and took a bow; Cpl. Edgar Erickson, commanding the 191st Regiment, National Guard, delivered an inspiring talk on the National Guard; Past Divisional Commandant of the New England Division, John F. Manning, was called upon for a few remarks, but for once, this Marine was unable to respond due to nervous reactions; Massachusetts State Commandant R. W. Robertson, made an inspiring appeal for cooperation and membership; Miss Marie J. Boargers, Assistant National Adjutant, extended the greetings of National Commandant C. A. Fisher and National Adjutant and P. M. Edwards; Division Commandant L. S. Spottswood thanked all Marines for his election and promised to carry on in his new office as he endeavored to in his old one as State Commandant of Massachusetts. A motion that the Marines extend a rising vote of thanks and appreciation to the Worcester Detachment for its wonderful hospitality was unanimously voted, after which the banquet ended, and all adjourned to their several homes.



Captain Burwell H. Clarke Detachment, Marine Corps League

TOMPKINS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Ithaca, N. Y.

The regular monthly meeting of this Detachment was held August 16th in the rooms of No. 2 Fire Company. Several new members joined the Detachment at this meeting, and we wish to welcome them through this column. The new members were H. Christnet and G. Compton. G. Ben was a visitor, although we expect to have Ben's name on the dotted line at our next meeting. We have also made contact with several prospective members during the past month, and some of them promised to be present at this meeting; but for some reason best known to themselves they did not show up. However, our membership committee intends to contact them all again and try to have them present at the next meeting, and I think they will have success, as we are planning to have our Installation of Officers banquet at that time. Of course by the time you read this that will be *history*; nevertheless, it might interest you to know that we are planning for a large evening—you know, chicken (fried) and all the trimmings, including plenty of beer, etc. The committee, consisting of Bill Swazey, Pewee Hagerman, Bill Price and H. Christnet, assures us that a great time will be had by all. There has been some talk of trying to form a rifle team in this detachment to offer a little competition with the 391st Reserve Infantry Company whose headquarters are located here. My personal opinion is that there is no competition before we start as I think that any five good Marines can trim them. In mentioning the new members that joined at last meeting I am very sorry that I omitted the name of J. H. Abbott, who joined meeting before last. Please pardon the error. This being a rather new Detachment and none of the members having the wherewithall to make the trip I am very much afraid that there will not be a delegate present from this detachment at the National Convention. Think I had better pipe down, as taps has gone and I am afraid this won't get in in time for publication (may not any way) if I don't. See you all next month.

S. R. HAGERMAN,
Chief-of-Staff.

DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

On August 4, 1934, the State Department of New York held its annual convention at the Towers Hotel, Brooklyn, as the guests of New York Detachment No. 1. What a hearty welcome we up-staters received from those metropolitan boys! Old friendships were renewed and new friendships made.

While we regretted the inability of the Niagara Frontier Detachment of Buffalo, the Lt. Col. John Lloyd Broome Detachment of Binghamton, and the Ithaca Detachment to have delegates present, the attendance at the meeting was augmented by additional members from the other state detachments and by Gyrenes from the neighboring detachments in New Jersey. We appreciated the interest shown in our convention by the New Jersey Leathernecks, and wish, at this time, to extend an invitation to them to attend the convention next year. Prominent guests present were Boot-top Manning, National Chief of Staff; Doc Clifford, National Chaplain, and

James Ruddick, for whose son the Elmira Detachment was named.

An enthusiastic business meeting was held in the Breukelin Room of the Towers Hotel on Saturday afternoon at which time many matters pertaining to the State department, as well as for the good of the League, were acted upon. A slate of officers for the coming year was selected, consisting of George Kretschman of the Charles Ruddick Detachment of Elmira, State Commandant; Vincent McCarthy of the Niagara Frontier Detachment of Buffalo, Senior Vice Commandant; Harold L. Walk of New York, Junior Vice Commandant; William O'Brien of the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Judge Advocate; William Lambert of New York, Chaplain, and John Dusenberry of Binghamton, Sergeant at Arms. The new State Commandant appointed Norman Fahr and A. N. Lawrence of the Charles Ruddick Detachment as adjutant and chief of staff, respectively; his reason being that he felt that these two officers could be filled to the best advantage of the Department by members in close touch with him.

In the evening, the New York Detachment acted as hosts at a dance held in the County Legion Headquarters in Brooklyn. The refreshments consisted of sandwiches and beer, which added a great deal to the evening's enjoyment. While most of the visitors elected to attend the dance, several impromptu parties were sponsored by some of them. As a result of one of these, your correspondent understands that the A. T. & T. had numerous complaints about the phone service in Mincola the next day. We also understand that Mirando Cirulli had to draw on next month's pay, upon his return to Elmira, to take care of the taxi bills that he ran up, trying to convince himself that Seamon and Herdick's had ceased to show burlesque.

All the New York state members stayed over until the next day to attend the Eastern Seaboard Convention, also held at the Towers Hotel. A report of this convention will undoubtedly be submitted by someone more competent than your new chief of staff.

In conclusion, let us say that we know that State Commandant Kretschman has enthusiastically assumed his new duties and is already making plans for the advancement of the League, and for increased membership in New York State. We are confident that he will merit and receive the whole-hearted support and co-operation of all detachments under his jurisdiction, as he has hosts of friends in each of them.

A. N. LAWRENCE,
N. Y. State Chief of Staff.

NIAGARA-FRONTIER DETACHMENT

Buffalo, N. Y.

The Niagara Frontier Detachment has been rather inactive for the past few weeks, no doubt due to vacations and warm weather. However, plans are being made for a Fall Card Party and Dance, to be held on September 6 at our new headquarters. Dean H. Snedeker is General Chairman with the ever-willing George P. Robertson as Chairman of the Floor Committee.

Miss Marie J. Boergers, the "P. P. P. P." of National Headquarters is leaving Friday to attend the New England Division Convention, as an invited guest, as well as to lighten the burden of those in charge. Mr.

Florence E. O'Leary of Cincinnati was in Buffalo during the week-end of July 29, to discuss various matters pertaining to the Cincinnati Detachment, as well as other Detachments comprising the Central Division of which he is Commandant. He and the National Adjutant also visited the Falls during his visit here. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Smale, the former being Adjutant and Paymaster of the James E. Owens Detachment of Denver, visited here on July 17 with various members of the Niagara Frontier Detachment.

There are several Marines who have signified their intention of joining and interest in the Niagara Frontier Detachment, and we hope that it will not be long before they are actually members of the League.

WARREN C. RIEGLE,
Chief of Staff.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT

Newark, N. J.

Through an oversight we were unfortunately absent from the columns of THE LEATHERNECK in the last issue, but we are back again with you in this issue.

The detachment has obtained an armored car. This was obtained after much hard work by our Senior Vice Commandant Frank L. Serpico, who deserves considerable credit for his work on this project. Honorable mention also goes to Charles W. Mayeux, our Adjutant, who painted the Marine emblem and the lettering on the car. Also the boys who painted the car from its original color to the present battleship gray, namely Moffet and Harris.

The first annual picnic of the detachment was held August 12, and although the weather was inclement, the members had an enjoyable time. In fact, they enjoyed themselves so much that they voted holding another one the following Sunday, which, although the detachment received no gain financially, was a huge success socially. The transportation and eats were furnished by the members themselves. The entertainment committee, under the direction of Gerald Bakalarr, has plans well under way for a card party to be held September 1, at the detachment headquarters. Plans are also under way for our annual dance to be held sometime in November or December.

The boat ride sponsored by our detachment, although final returns on it have not been made as yet, was not a loss. Every one had a good time, and although we put a lot of hard work into the project to make it a success, we will be satisfied if we clear expenses. The detachment regrets very much that it will be unable to have a representation at the National Convention, but the treasury will not warrant the expenditure of sending a man to the convention.

This detachment wishes to express to the newly elected divisional officers the best wishes of this detachment during their tenure of office. Our Commandant, Oliver Kelly, who is Vice Commandant of the N. J. State Department, informs us that a new detachment has been organized in Union County which will make us step to keep up with them. Their first Commandant is Ralph Martone of Linden, N. J. Best wishes to this new detachment which is to be known as the Union County Detachment of the Marine Corps League.

This detachment is placing before the convention delegates for their approval a shoulder insignia, which has the Marine emblem in the center, and the name of the detachment and Marine Corps League encircling

(Continued on page 45)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

NEW YORK CITY'S MAYOR FINDS MARINE RESERVES "A SPLENDID BODY OF MEN"

LaGuardia, Inspecting Navy Yard Guard Detachment, is High in Praise of the Soldierly Appearance

BY LT. M. V. O'CONNELL

THE short, stocky man in mufti stepped along the front rank of the trim guard detachment of Marine Corps Reservists.

One could tell at a glance that he had done this before—not as a civilian but as a military inspecting officer. As each man snapped to "Inspection Arms" the eyes of the inspecting guest quickly took in the man from toe to cap, and passed on to the next in line.

Unlike most guests, when the rear rank had been inspected, the visitor said sharply: "I'll inspect the file closers!" And he did—with the same military precision that had marked his every movement.

It was Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia—formerly Major LaGuardia, Air Service, U. S. A.—and chief magistrate of the City of New York. He was inspecting the men of the 462nd Company, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, and for the first time in history a Mayor of New York reviewed and inspected a unit as small as this. In their dress blues, white caps, and shining equipment, the men of the Navy Yard Guard Detachment, in

their own building, made an impressive sight even for the Mayor of New York.

At the conclusion of the parade, formal guard mount and inspection, Mayor LaGuardia addressed the men: "It is superfluous to attempt to give praise to such a magnificent outfit as the Marine Corps—but I must say to you men that you uphold the splendid traditions of the regular Corps for soldierly appearance and conduct. I have never seen a finer military body of men anywhere. You and your officers are to be highly congratulated on this splendid showing." Captain Bernard S. Barron had presented the company to the Mayor, with the prefacing remark that there was no political significance in the invitation to His Honor, but that the Marines "being a fighting outfit, naturally admire a fighting Mayor, and hence asked you to come and review them." 1st Lt. Milton V. O'Connell, second in command, was in command of the company during the inspection and ceremonies, while Captain Barron acted as host to the Mayor, and the reviewing party.

Due to inclement weather the review, in-

spection and formal guard mount were held in the Company's own building. A score of newspaper reporters and photographers attended and the New York and Brooklyn papers were filled with the details the following day.

This was the high spot in the third annual tour of duty of the Company—from August 5th to 18th inclusive—and for the third time the duty was performed at the Yard. It is understood that the organization will train at Quantico next summer.

Next to the successful parade and review for the Mayor, the fact that the small bore qualifications scored 100 per cent—with 18 expert riflemen, four sharpshooters and twenty marksmen out of a total of forty-two men assigned to duty—stood high in the minds of the men as they closed their duty tour with a parade for their relatives and friends on Saturday afternoon August 18. The fact that nearly a dozen of the men on duty were recent recruits and had never even held a rifle before, added to the merits of the accomplishment. Much of the success was due to the splendid coaching given on the range by Captain Barron and by Sgt. Samuel Slocum of the regular Corps, assigned for duty with the unit.

An efficiency guidon, presented by Captain Barron for competition between various squads, had to be marked "All Squads" as none of the instructors or observers were able to determine which squad had surpassed any others in efficiency. It was one of the most successful tours of duty ever held by the organization. In addition to the long and arduous training schedule, which was adhered to in detail, twenty-two of the forty-two men at camp found time and ambition to report for early Fall basketball practice, assuring the Company of a banner year in this sport. Last winter, with a squad of but ten men in all, the Company team defeated thirteen of their opponents and lost but six games, beating every one of the National Guard and army units it met. As the 462nd Company is recruited almost exclusively from the ranks of college and university students and graduates, and the majority of the big basketball squad have played or are now playing on college teams, the calibre of the team should be apparent. Plans for a military league, and for games with other Reserve units which have teams, are now under way under the direction of the Athletic Officer and team coach, Lieutenant O'Connell. The Company has its own court in its building, and games are usually played on Tuesday nights and Sunday afternoons, many of the games being followed by dancing.

There were no casualties at this camp—save the usual crop of blisters after the first day or two—but the men hardened and even these disappeared. The open air bayonet



"To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all about, is nothin' so bad when you've cover to 'and an' leave an' likin' to shout."—Kipling. A Reservist of the 20th demonstrates the proper employment of cover.



course was run two days in succession, and a field problem brought out many points which are impossible to teach in classroom during the drill year. Only two officers, Captain Barron and Lieutenant O'Connell were assigned to duty by Marine Corps Headquarters, but 2nd Lt. Cecil Jamison, third officer of the unit, attended the camp for four days at his own expense, and aided in the training schedule.

Col. Gerard M. Kincaid, USMC, commanding the Marine Barracks at the Yard, inspected the company and expressed satisfaction and approval of their military bearing and police. Assisting the officers in instruction were the sergeants, including 1st Sgt. William Smith; Gy-Sgt. Harry Sepelwe, Sgts. Edward Anderson, Joseph Mayer, Walter Baade and William Willis, and each in turn had an assistant instructor in a corporal assigned to each subject. The weather, with the one exception of the day of the Mayor's inspection, was exceptionally fine, and although plenty of sun was in evidence, a cool breeze kept things nice. The presence of the *New Mexico*, the cruisers *Salt Lake City*, *Chester* and other ships of the Fleet in the Yard, gave the men a chance to become familiar with the naval phase of soldiering, much to their pleasure.

To cap the successful tour, the first "Company Baby" arrived to Mrs. Edward Anderson, wife of the senior line sergeant, on the afternoon of the final day—and the "new Marine" and his mother were reported doing splendidly. The men of the Company celebrated the happy event in suitable and traditional fashion, with a corporal presenting Sergeant Anderson with a set of the "General Orders" for sentry duty and suggesting the youngster start in learning to be a Marine without delay.

All in all it was a highly successful tour of duty—with the sole complaint being made

by the men that "it isn't long enough." Drills began immediately the week following camp, and the company is hard at work again for another year—with the prospect of some full maneuvers in conjunction with Aviation Squadron VO-6 in view. The company is now at full strength of 60 men, and has a long waiting list of applicants eager to step into the place vacated by any member who for any reason is forced to transfer from 462.

HQ. & HQ. CO., 2ND BATTALION, 19TH RESERVE MARINES

New Jersey Marines

The authorized drill pay strength of this Battalion is now 164 enlisted made up of 3 rifle companies of 42 men each, a machine-gun company of 32 and Hq & Hq Co. of 6 men. Bringing the strength down to this figure is being brought about by selecting those who attended drills most regularly and show the most interest in perfecting themselves in things military.

The Battalion has suffered a severe loss. Capt. Augustus H. Fricke, USMC, who has been instructor and all around friend, has left us. We will miss him greatly. He was always on hand, always cheerful and never too busy to help whoever might ask for help. We sincerely trust that he will enjoy his new assignment as much as we enjoyed his company.

Companies "G" and "H" drill Thursday evenings at 113th Regiment Armory in Newark. Company "F" also drills Thursday evenings, aboard the USS *Newton* in Jersey City. Company "E" drills at the 114th Regiment Armory in Elizabeth on Wednesday evening. Headquarters is open Thursday evenings for recruits. Whereas we are not short of men, we are always anxious to enroll men who have completed an enlistment in the Regular Marine Corps and herewith extend to such in the vicinity the invitation to come around to see us.

We are very happy to learn that Mrs. Mare C. Angelillo has come through a seri-

ous illness. Dr. Angelillo, although not receiving pay, never misses a night. Mrs. Angelillo is known and loved by us all. They are a wonderful couple.

On Thursday evening, September 6, we had the pleasure of meeting Capt. Dean Kalbfleisch our new Advisor and Instructor. He takes the place vacated by Captain Fricke and must do great work to hold up the reputation Advisors and Instructors have already made, but from what we have seen of him he will hold up the high standard. We like him.

FIRST BATTALION, 24TH RESERVE MARINES CHICAGO, ILL.

By Sergeant-Major Comer

Early on Sunday morning, August 5th, Company "C" from Hammond, Indiana, arrived in Chicago, where they joined Companies "A" and "B" and the Regimental Band. After all baggage had been loaded on the train the First Battalion entrained at 9:30 A. M. and arrived at Great Lakes, Illinois, at 10:50 A. M. The advance party had the camp site well organized and then began the work of pitching the tents to house the various companies. Before dark our battalion area was in good shape and needless to say, officers and men alike were ready to turn in and be fit for the two weeks' duty ahead of them.

Due to the limited number of men authorized to attend this camp, our battalion was permitted to take but one-half of its men, and we hope that next year we can take every man we have.

Officers who attended were: Capt. Harold M. Keller, Commanding the Battalion; 1st Lt. James B. Long (U. S. A. R.), Adjutant; Lt. (j. g.) Edwin De Costa (USNR), Medical Officer; 1st Lt. Roy Beird, Commanding "B" Company; 1st Lt. Glenn R. Clark, Commanding "C" Company; 2nd Lt. Melvin A. Hanson, Commanding "A" Company and 2nd Lt. David Mooy, "B" Company and Battalion Mess Officer. Second Lts.

(Continued on page 44)



Bivouac of the 20th Marine Reserves During Their Maneuvers at Quantico

BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 11)

CAPTAINS

H. D. Campbell	C. M. Ruffner
A. Galt	W. F. Brown
J. Kaluf	D. R. Fox
H. D. Shannon	B. W. Gally
R. M. Montague	V. F. Bleasdale
F. R. Armstead	D. J. Kendall
O. T. Francis	

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

W. W. Wensinger	R. E. Hogaboom
A. T. Mason	R. McC. Pate
J. C. McQueen	

The following students are enrolled:

SECOND YEAR CLASS

MAJORS

A. E. Simon	C. B. Cates
R. D. Lowell	W. G. Emory

CAPTAINS

W. P. Richards	F. A. Hart
A. L. Sims	W. T. Clement
J. W. Knighton	H. Hardy

L. Passmore
Rees Skinner
Murl Corbett
L. E. Woods
R. C. Thaxton
F. T. Steele

E. L. Burwell
R. C. Swink
G. C. Thomas
W. N. Best
R. C. Anthony

19th Route Army Veterans in Need

Canton, China, September 8.—No longer acclaimed as heroes by the Chinese people, disbanded troops of the once-famous Nineteenth Route Army have been reduced to desperate straits.

Jobless and without means of support, many of the soldiers who distinguished themselves in the defense of Shanghai against the Japanese in 1932 were reported to have turned to banditry.

A group of 400 of the Nineteenth Route Army, fully armed, appeared recently at the Kukien-Kwangtung boundary and sought incorporation into the Cantonese armies.

Reserves Pass Entrance Test

Washington, D. C., September 9.—Five local members of the 6th Reserve Marines passed the entrance examination for ap-

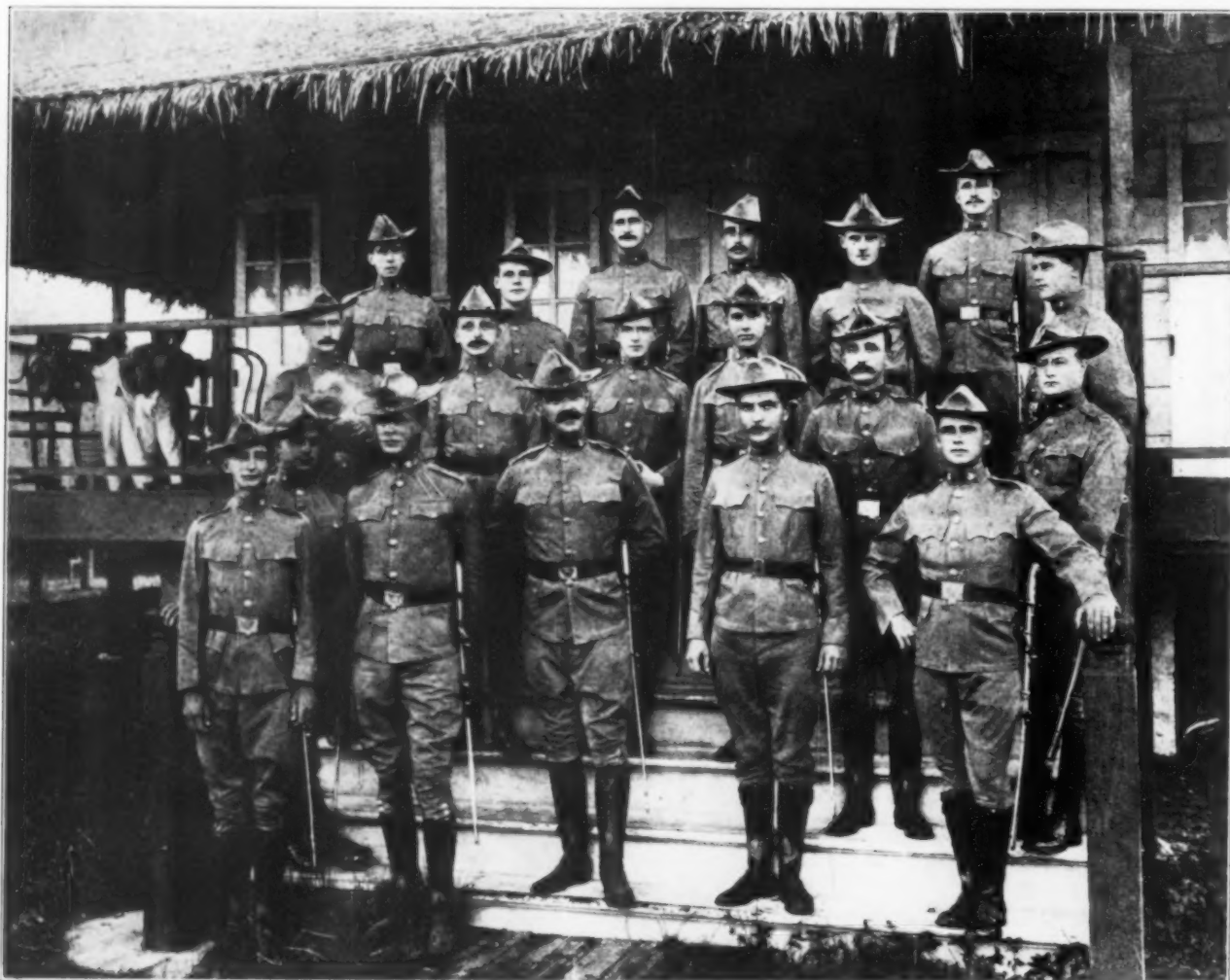
pointment to the United States Naval Academy. They are: W. H. Crawford, Company C, 2d Battalion; J. W. Chambers, Company B, 2d Battalion; R. W. Alexander, Company C, 1st Battalion; J. R. Tucker, Company C, 1st Battalion, and J. A. Ferreter, Field Hospital Detachment.

There are now former enlisted members of the 6th Reserve in each class at the Naval Academy, the first enlisted man, Midshipman Gilbert H. Rodier, now in the first class, having been appointed in 1930. Five men from the ranks of the 6th Brigade went to Annapolis in 1931, eight in 1932, five in 1933.

Paying Ransom to Reds Means Death in China

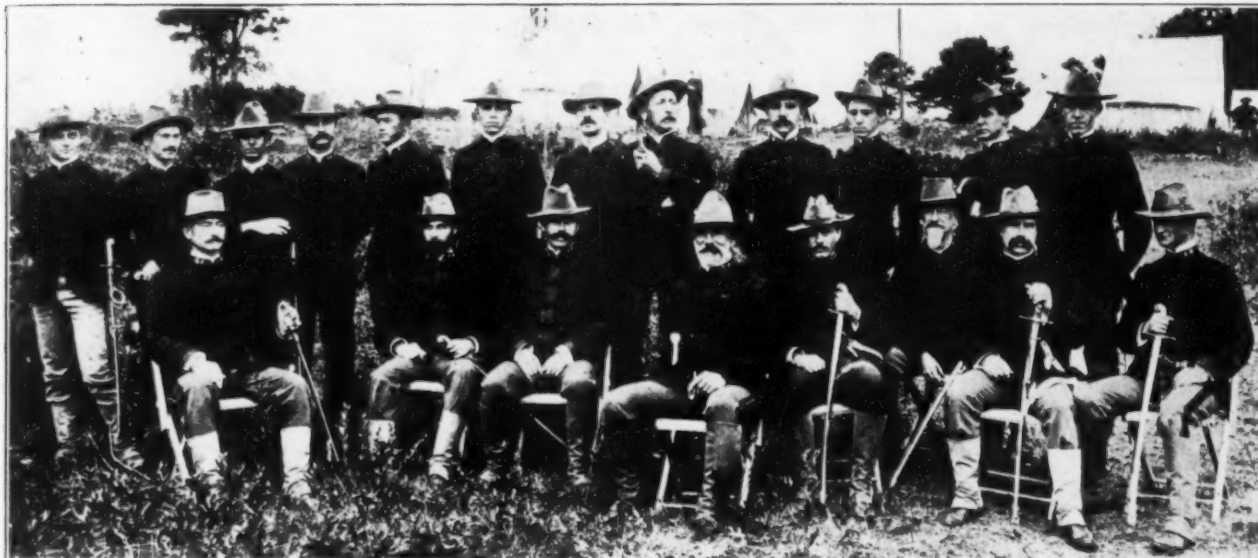
Shanghai.—Execution without mercy is to be the fate of all Chinese who pay ransom to the Communists for the freeing of friends or relatives held as hostages by the Chinese Reds.

This is the gist of an order issued by General Chiang Kai-shek, and is supposed to be operative in all provinces. Military authorities must be notified of captive civilians held by the Communists and that the army



MARINE CORPS OFFICERS AT OLONGAPO, P. I., IN 1903

Left to right, 1st row: Lt. Thomas A. Mott, Lt. Frank Halford, Lt. Richard S. Hooker, Major Lincoln Karmany, Lt. George H. Mather, and Lt. Harry Lay. 2nd row: Lt. Harold C. Reisinger, Captain Arthur T. Marix, Captain Arthur J. Matthews, Lt. Chandler Campbell, Lt. Benjamin F. Rittenhouse, and Lt. H. L. Roosevelt. 3rd row: Lt. Presley M. Rixey, Lt. Richard P. Williams, Lt. Douglas C. McDougal, Lt. Bush R. Wallace, Dr. Frederick L. Benton, Lt. W. A. Pickering and Lt. Frank E. Evans.



MARINE CORPS OFFICERS AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SHORTLY AFTER THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

will "do whatever it can" to secure their freedom.

This order is part of a scheme to blockade the Communist areas.

—*Legation Guard News.*

Admiral Horne Injured

Rear Admiral F. J. Horne, USN, was injured when an automobile he was driving was upset and caught fire on the Lee Highway near Alexandria, Va., September 4. Admiral Horne swerved to avoid hitting a trolley, it was stated.

The Admiral was taken to the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment. Mrs. Horne, who was with him, was unhurt.

Heads Marine Reserves

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, Commandant of the Marine Corps, announced the appointment of Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, USMC, as Officer in Charge of Marine Corps Reserves.

General Williams will relieve Col. J. J. Meade, USMC, who for several years has had charge of both Marine Corps Reserves and Marine Corps Recruiting. Colonel Meade will continue in charge of Marine Corps Recruiting.

Division of the duties of the two positions was made necessary by the recent Congressional authority for an increase of 1,000 men in the enlisted strength of the Corps and the resultant increased activities in recruiting. There has also been an increase in the responsibilities connected with the Reserves, with many additional civilians joining units and a general expansion of the organization throughout the country.

This will be the first time that Reserve activities in the Corps have been placed in charge of a general officer and indicates the emphasis which the Corps high command is now placing on the value of a strong Reserve.

25 Years Set As Age Limit to Join Marines

Washington, D. C., September 10.—The Marines want to "get 'em young."

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, commandant of the Marine Corps, yesterday ordered that 25 years will be the maximum age limit for recruits, instead of the previous 35. Suf-

ficient applicants under 25 years of age have applied to encourage the authorities to make the ruling in its drive to enlist 1,000 men. The minimum age will continue at 18 years, although drummers and trumpeters will be enlisted between 17 and 18.

Artisans and specialists, such as electricians, auto mechanics, aviation mechanics, photographers, who are of exceptional physique and mental qualifications may be enlisted up to 30 years of age.

Change "Ranger" Cruise

Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations, announced that orders had been issued to the new aircraft carrier *Ranger*, now on her shakedown cruise to Rio de Janeiro, to visit the ports of Buenos Aires and Montevideo. The original schedule had called for a visit to Rio August 30 until September 9.

The change in the *Ranger's* itinerary is as follows: Arrive Rio de Janeiro August 30, depart September 9; arrive Buenos Aires September 12, depart September 18; arrive Montevideo September 18, depart September 24; arrive Hampton Roads October 7.

The *Ranger* is commanded by Capt. Arthur L. Bristol, USN, and was placed in commission at the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., on June 4. It left there August 17 for its "shakedown."

NEWS FOR THE NOVEMBER
ISSUE SHOULD REACH
THE LEATHERNECK
BEFORE OCTOBER 8

ORIGIN OF TATTOO

That the word *tattoo* has a rather human origin. In the old English barrack days there would be a group of ale houses about the gate of the barracks. Just before bedtime the bugler would stand in front of the gate and blow *tattoo*. The word really was *taptoe*, and the *tap* part meant the faucet in an ale keg and the *toe* meant shut. So *tattoo* meant shut off the faucet, so the men could get home by taps. The final strain in our *tattoo* shows some resemblance to the slow drip of the closed faucet. In other words the final strain of the bugle repre-

sented the final drain of the keg.

Taps meant that everything was plugged up and there was no more going and coming. The music of *taps* represents the slow closing of a gate—sort of an *all is over* feeling.—*Bamboo Breezes.*

"You say you have no idea which is the starboard side of a ship?"

"Right."

"Passed—rate him seaman."

—Our Navy

"So you run a duck farm. Business picking up?"

"Nope. Picking down."

—*Legion Weekly.*

A collector of scrap-iron was trundling his well-filled barrow along the middle of a very narrow road.

Presently a very ancient-looking motor-car came up behind him and the driver tooted his horn to indicate that he wanted to pass.

The collector ignored the request and continued to occupy the middle of the road.

After a while the driver of the car began to lose his temper.

"Hi, you!" he shouted. "Didn't you hear me blow my horn?"

"All right, guv'nor," said the scrap-iron merchant, "don't be in such a hurry. I'll call round and collect the car tomorrow."

—*Kablegram.*

NAVY DAY

(Continued from page 3)

tive part in the progress of the nation's defense. To all the men who give their lives, or part of their lives to this service, there must come a feeling of patriotism at this time of celebration.

On Navy Day we remind the country of this service, the United States Navy. We remind them of its efficiency, power and readiness to serve in the true spirit of a first line defense of a great nation, and believe that in so doing the people will all be intensely aroused to that thrilling patriotism which was so sincere and in so much evidence during the war days.

W. F. KOSTOHRY, USN.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 40)

Edmund Foss and John Bathum were unable to get away from their civilian occupations, but were occasional visitors.

We all missed our Regimental Instructor, Capt. M. H. Silverthorn, who was ill, and we are glad to know he is well on the way to recovery at this writing. In his absence, First Lieutenant Litzenberg, from Philadelphia, spent considerable time with us and we are grateful for the instruction and assistance he gave.

We are all sorry to learn of the death of our Regimental Commander's mother, Mrs. Joseph Fordney, shortly after our arrival at camp.

Our Battalion Commander, Captain Keller, had a beautiful trophy made and it was presented by Admiral Cluverius this year to Gunnery Sergeant Spudie and Corporal Fitzgerald, both of Company "B" and both of whom made a score of 230 on the rifle range.

The trophy is made of walnut and let-

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tered with gold leaf. It will be presented each year to the man making high score and in each case the year, man's name and his score will be shown on a bronze plate attached to the shield.

Regimental Sergeant Major Foster established the new high score for the Regiment this year by making 245, and we are proud of the fact that he fired with this Battalion.

Latest accounts from all the companies indicate that attendance is better than ever before.

Beginning September 17th we will hold our first drill with all companies and the band present and these formations will be held each month hereafter.

The headquarters of the 1st Battalion is now located in Room 326 of the U. S. Court

House Building, Chicago, Illinois, so if any Marines, ex-Marines or others are interested in the activities of the Marine Reserve, you will find us in the office any Monday evening.

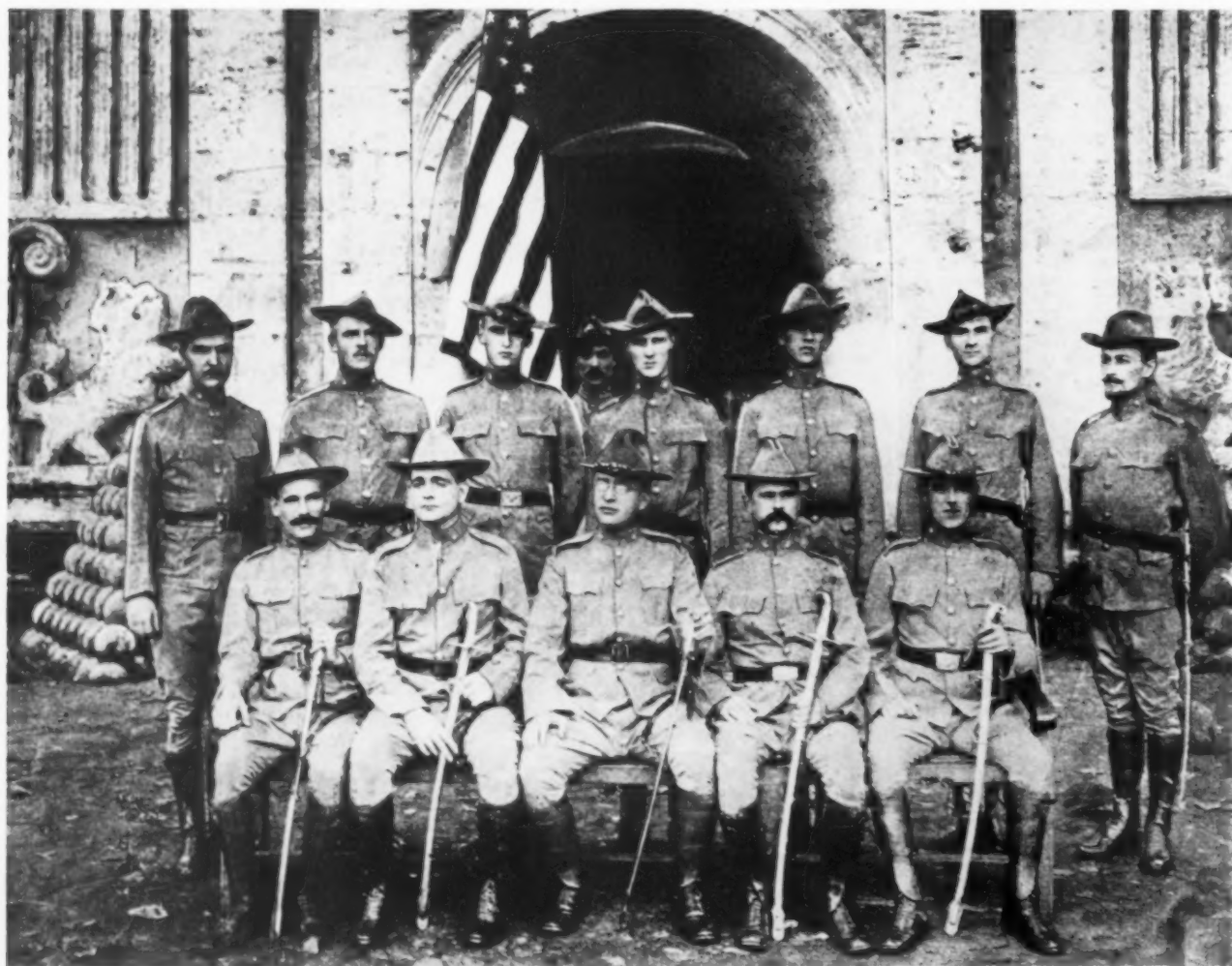
Capt. Harold M. Keller has shown the movies he made at camp this year at the various armories and they were wonderful pictures. We hope he will take more of them in the future and are glad our activities will be preserved in this form so they can be enjoyed in the future.

COMPANY "B," 1ST PROV. BN., 19TH RESERVE MARINES NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

By Snoop

After snooping around for several weeks I have the following news to report to the Corps. So gather 'round while I peel off some news and gossip.

Taking a look at the bulletin board, I see that the company ball team has won twenty out of twenty-one games played and this was considered another successful season for this company. Here's a vote of thanks to Sgt. A. C. Wege for bringing the team along in such a splendid style, not forget-



MARINE CORPS OFFICERS AT CAVITE, P. I., IN 1904

The officers with the ranks held by them at that time, left to right, front row, are: Captain Thomas C. Treadwell, Captain Frederic M. Wise, Major Joseph H. Pendleton, Captain James W. Broatch and 1st Lieut. Charles J. E. Guggenheim. Rear row (all first lieutenants): George H. Mather, Nelson P. Vulte, John A. Hughes, Lieut. Howard (full name unknown), Robert O. Underwood, Harvey C. Egan and Jesse F. Dyer.



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ting his batting and pitching performances.

This company is under the command of 1st Lt. Frederick W. Lindlaw, and assisted by 2nd Lt. Edgar J. Persky, 1st Sgt. Frank Cotrufo and Gy-Sgt. Robert A. Wilkens. They all supported our baseball team 100 per cent.

Now to get to the men who make history and listen in on their conversation; this is the truth and nothing but the truth.

In the line of literature we wish to inform you that Sgt. A. C. Schult has just completed a book entitled "MYSELF FIRE CHIEF." Sergeant Schult, the ONE MAN IRON MAN, at our last training camp made many dull hours pass away very quickly by his pure ICE TRICKS. He was our chief character in our Kangaroo Court and played every part in it, including the Mastermind. One night he brought charges against Private Cornelius for being a Cream Puff. For further details see Private Fischer's latest book, "The Man With All the Tattoos."

Pfc. W. H. Gallagher cries if he can't have a drink, and cries after he gets one.

I really believe that if Pvt. E. C. Merrill was dipped in starch, he couldn't march any stiffer.

Private Winkleer to Corporal Farugia, his squad leader, "I forgot to ask you if those shirts the Sergeant issued last week will shrink?" Corporal Farugia, "How do they fit you, Franchy?" Private Winkleer, "As a matter of fact they are a little large." The Corporal, "Of course they will shrink."

Here in Company "B" we are indeed fortunate in having one of the best, if not the best, mess sergeants in the Regiment, Sgt. F. H. Ranke, "SILVER TONGUE," as he is known to all of us, certainly knew

how to handle a ration allowance to the best advantage at our last camp. Meals were always served hot, on time, and in quantities to satisfy the most of our number.

Now here is a tip for our next camp to you fellows who can very often find something about which to complain. You know as well as I that you never lose an opportunity to "sound off" when you find anything wrong. If you will persist in doing that, why not add another habit, and when you find something good tell the man responsible for it. If you remember this by next year and you do this, why not go a few more steps out of your way and say, "SILVER TONGUE," that sure was a good SUPPER or BREAKFAST or DINNER as the case may be." You will feel better for it, and he will feel that he is doing his best.

Well, boys, I will sign off now. More snooping to do for next month; I must meet my reporters. Some one else can have the rest of the space.

1ST PROVISIONAL BATTALION, 19TH RESERVE MARINES

The First Provisional Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, is stationed in building No. 15, Navy Yard, New York, and is composed of two companies.

This Battalion is under the able command of Capt. John J. Dolan, who is no stranger to its members, because of his connection with company "B" and "C."

Company "B," commanded by 1st Lt. Frederick W. Lindlaw, assisted by 2nd Lt. Edgar J. Persky, is now recruited to full strength.

Company "C," commanded by Capt. How-

ard W. Houck, assisted by the senior Lieutenant in the battalion, 1st Lt. Richard G. Ahern, is also recruited to full strength with a waiting list of about thirty names.

This Battalion covered itself with glory in its first public appearance as a Battalion unit on Memorial Day, under the command of Captain Dolan. The Battalion received the applause of the thousands lining the streets of Jamaica; comments heard on all sides were to the effect that the Marine Battalion presented the best appearance of any of the military units.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 39)

the emblem. This, if adopted, will replace the white diamond required by U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters on every uniform worn by a Marine who has been discharged from the Corps. We hope the delegates will vote favorably on this insignia, as considerable hard work was necessary to have this perfected.

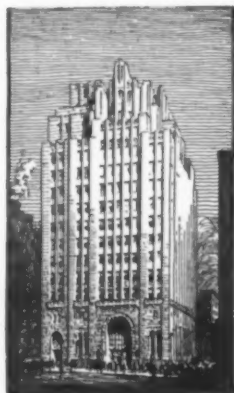
WILLIAM HARRIS,
Chief of Staff.

FRANK ALLEN BEEVERS DETACHMENT Lawrence, Mass.

This detachment hasn't been in these columns very often this year, and we take the blame on our own shoulders, but since we have been getting the breaks by having our division and state commandants as our guests the past few weeks, we feel we should tell the world about it. At our second last meeting, and again at our last

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meeting, held Monday, August 20, in the new home of the Queen City Chapter No. 2, Disabled American Veterans of the World War, at Lawrence, Mass., we were pleasantly surprised by having John F. Manning, New England division Commandant, pay us a visit. We had such lovely pictures of the entertainment awaiting all who attended both the division convention to be held at Worcester, Mass., August 25-26, and the national convention, to be held September 7-8-9 at Denver, Col., that we are almost persuaded to use our winter coal money to finance our making both these trips. Especially did John F. paint up the Denver convention, and he made us feel it was our duty to be there, and every member of this detachment regrets he is unable to go along with him. Anyway, we did the next best thing and delegated our division Commandant to act as our representative at Denver, and we are sure our interests will be well protected.

Chappie Robertson, our State Commandant, visited us at the last meeting and delivered an inspiring talk on membership and cooperation with our detachment Commandant, Ray Welch, in his efforts to build up our membership, and suggested that we take as our slogan "every Marine get a Marine member into the league." This is a swell slogan for every detachment to have and follow out. We have quite a few prospects in view, and we are all set to go get them to place our membership standing up where it belongs—at the head of Massachusetts detachments. The detachment members are appreciative of the visits of our division and state Commandants, and we trust they will be with us soon and often.

The attendance at our meetings hasn't been as great as we would like it to be, but those who do attend are full of enthusiasm, and when 75 per cent of an outfit's members attend, it shows that they are behind their officers, which the Frank Allen Beavers detachment certainly is.

Several social affairs are in preparation, and shortly this outfit is stepping out to be host at many pleasant affairs. We hope to enlarge our local, as well as the national, treasury thereby—and both need enlarging, no doubt. We elected our Commandant, Ray Welch, the state Vice Commandant, Herve Morel, and Bob Clark, our hustling Adjutant, to represent us at Worcester during the division convention. Our detachment went on record as endorsing our very capable and active comrade, John Reardon, for one of the division Vice Commandant offices, and we are positive that if John is elected, the division will have a capable officer ready at all times to serve them to his own and the division's credit. The outlook for Marine activities in Massachusetts is fine; this detachment intends to be in the thick of it to prove that the Marines of

Greater Lawrence (which includes Methuen, the home of the Boot-top) are *Semper Fidelis*, as ready to serve in civilian life as they were while serving in the Corps. We will try to be a regular contributor hereafter, so with an invitation to all Marines who happen to be in this vicinity on the 3rd Monday of any month to pay us a visit, we will sign off. We meet regularly on above night at the DAV Home, on Newbury St., Lawrence, Mass.

ROBERT W. CLARK,
Adjutant.

HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT

Jersey City, N. J.

Following the trend of taking advantage of a perfect summer's day, we, the Marines of Homer A. Harkness Detachment, piled into buses, private cars and old crates and the great exodus was on. Over perfect highways, through beautiful countryside, we rolled along; with children's voices strained with glee, our modern gas chariots pulled into a seclusion. Unloading, we had to bow for our Newsreel photographer, Neil Harney, who was on the job taking a movie of every one as he was entering the picnic grounds.

The day was a busy one for the committee, for there wasn't an idle moment to be had. After a few innings of ball the boys began to quaff some beer and by that time appetites were in order.

In the races for the women, a certain long-legged frau of a certain Marine's brother cornered nearly all the prizes. I say, Laura, you should run a handicap. Right next to the horseshoe pitching contest the writer noticed a clam-eating contest. Ambling over to slurp up a few, our Commandant, C. P. Angelo, was being hailed as the champ clam eater. Charlie guzzled 76.

The afternoon was well taken up for the music lovers and the dancers. C. P. brought along his band of boilermakers which supplied the "finale-hoppers" with real hot rhythm, alternating with a dreamy waltz now and then for the old timers. Then, with children's tummies aching under the strain of too much hot dogs and soda pop, and the gang wearied from over indulgence of good clean fun, as the sun began to sink over the Orange Mountains, reluctantly we piled back into our chariots, and as we set homeward all hands agreed it was a perfect day. Too much praise cannot be given our entertainment committee, headed by our Senior Vice Commandant, William Coughlin, and assisted by Tom Kochka, Bill Davis, Tom Botti, Jack Roberts, Charlie Jarger, John Brennan and John A. Nyire, for they have drawn up a unique social calendar for the coming season, beginning with a dance atop the Hotel Plaza Roof on Saturday, September 15. There won't be any dull periods for the social hounds. The Fourth Annual Military Ball will be held this year at the Plaza Hotel in the early part of December. Tom Kochka is Chairman of the Committee, and under Tom's guidance we are looking forward to a record-breaking attendance, and do we need it! Boy, oh



THE LEATHERNECK

boy; the old treasury sure is sick looking lately.

Some of the boys paid a visit to the Capt. Burwell H. Clark Detachment over in Newark, N. J., recently and were quite enthused over the progress that Detachment is making. While browsing around their new Club Rooms between beers, they came upon the paraphernalia which constitutes a first class drum and bugle corps, and is that Newark outfit proud of it! If the enthusiasm shown by our boys keeps up it won't be long before the Homer A. Harkness Detachment will be strutting their stuff behind a band of drums and bugles; so all you guys interested get in touch with Fritz Frenz or William Coughlin and help form a real Drum and Bugle Corps for the outfit.

With the National Convention just about in session we are waiting with keen anticipation for the name of our next National Commandant. Needless to say this Detachment will stand behind its new Commandant and bear support and spirit as it has done in the past; and until next month, when we learn of his name, we shall hold up on the congratulatory remarks, and to you, "Boot-top," we wish you luck and a pleasant trip and hope you will honor us with a visit upon your return to give us the inside dope on what took place out there. Until then we will close and wish the Convention success.

JOHN A. NYIRE,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT Boston, Mass.

The disadvantage of being the chief of staff of the national chief of staff's home detachment appears to be that if anything is to be cut, ours is selected as the copy to be operated upon, and there isn't much pleasure writing for the wastebasket, but we are sure that John F. and the editor of THE LEATHERNECK do the best they can with the space available, so here goes for another effort.

As we have been "out" for the past few months, our report will try to cover our activities during this period, so listen, please:

In a report of our recent election of detachment officers, the name of our junior vice commandant elect was left out, so we inform an anxiously awaiting world that Robert L. Norrish will serve us in that capacity and we anticipate Bob proving a livewire official. The state commandant, S. L. Spottswood, installed the newly elected officers with his staff assisting him, and a very interesting ceremony was put over. The installation was held in the rooms of the Mattapan Post, No. 128, American Legion, to which we are indebted for the invitation to use their very nice home for this ceremony, and we take this opportunity to extend the thanks of the Theodore Roosevelt detachment for this comradely cooperation. The Ladies' Auxiliary Unit was installed at the same time and place, and this proved an impressive event also.

The band of the Irving W. Adams Post, American Legion, of Roslindale, Mass., furnished the music for the installation, and thanks are herein extended this post for this cooperation. The crack drill platoon, from Company A, 19th Regiment, U.S.M.C. Reserves put on a very military drill, and their efforts prove this outfit to be among the best drilled military men of our military service. Gy-Sgt. Ira J. Irwin was in charge of the drill platoon. Our "youthful" division vice commandant, Jim Corbett, stole the show by appearing dressed in the dress uniform of the vintage of 1898, about which time Jim started doing his bit in the Corps. Refreshments were served by our auxiliary unit, and dancing was enjoyed to music of the band after the installation.

Here is something to boast about: The Theodore Roosevelt detachment put on a memorial service in a regular Church, all parts of this service being conducted by Marines. This was the annual Memorial Service in memory of our departed comrades, and was held in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, at Jamaica Plain, Mass., with the following program being carried out: Processional, "The Marines Hymn"; Scripture reading, by Commandant Wm. B. Anderson; Prayer, by Detachment Chaplain, C. E. Hodge; Solo "The Trumpeter," Paul Sargent, our Adjutant; solo, "There is no Death," Mrs. Dorothy Brown Brady, our Auxiliary Chief of Staff; and Benediction by our Detachment Chaplain, C. E. Hodge. After the Church services we adjourned to the Calvary Cemetery where services were held at the grave of our departed comrade, Charles J. Regan, under the direction of the Chaplain and the Chief of Staff. On Memorial Day the detachment split up, and some attended services at Winthrop, Mass., with the Commandant in charge, and the others attending the G. A. R. services with Post 200, G.A.R., at Jamaica Plain, Mass., with Senior Vice Commandant Greaser in charge. As otherwise reported, this detachment entertained the state department during their state convention, on June 16-17, a report of which was in the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK. Many social affairs are under way for the coming fall and winter and with a promise to send in a report of them as they are held, we will sign off and wait to see if we reach the public gaze with this offering.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,
Chief of Staff.

THE CAPE COD DETACHMENT Quincy, Mass.

The Cape Cod detachment has been very busy the past few weeks, and while little of general interest has turned up recently, this article will be devoted to the recent American Legion state convention, held at Brockton, Mass., as the Marines were very prominent in it. The veterans attending this convention have won the esteem of all who encountered them, and the Marines sure did a wonderful job in every detail assigned

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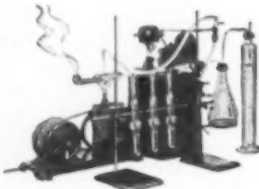


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them. The local detachment desires to extend their sincere thanks to those commanding officers who lent members of their personnel to serve as color guards for the big parade. There were Marines from Hingham Arsenal, and the Charlestown Navy Yard, and these Marines made a lasting impression by their fine, snappy appearance and soldierly bearing. Here's hoping this kind of cooperation continues. The appearance of our Division Commandant, "The Old Boot-top," John F. Manning, in the 40-8 parade stirred up considerable interest, as most of the Marines of this sizable metropolis have often heard of him and his exploits, but hadn't seen him in the flesh. (Yeh! Where do you get that *flesh* stuff?) Women and children laughed and cried. Dewey's visit to Boston, and Manning's visit to Brockton, are comparable. Our phone has been ringing more soliciting information as to men and outfits than it rang when our landlord was dunning us for the rent. As per custom, 1st Sgt. "Tippy" Cayan, our custodian of colors, and writer of many books on military etiquette, was in charge of the colors and color guards, and the Top Sergeant was one of the busiest men during the convention. He was on escort duty most of the day and night. Our Vice Commandant, Etie Hedin, had charge of the "M.P." headquarters at the armory, and was Lieutenant in charge of the night shift. Much praise has been bestowed on him by the City Marshal, Morey. Eric was right at home in this job, as he had served six years as deputy sheriff down in New Mexico since the World War. We received a visit from Dan Malloy of Worcester detachment and we were happy to shake hands again with Dan. The registry for Marines was at No. 6 Fire Station, and your scribe was kept busy attending to registrations and acting as sparring partner (or should it be "punching bag?") for the MP's. Anyway, this afforded us a fine chance to talk up the league, and believe you us, we DID. Our Massachusetts State Commandant, "Chap-pie" Robertson, of Boston, was present, and was accompanied by Walter Winchenbran, one of the state judges on Corps competition, who served in the 18th Co., 5th Regt., USMC. This was Captain Wass's company, and Walter was a nice boy. Past Massachusetts State Commandant Spottiswood and Judge Advocate Rowlee attended the S. E. Massachusetts Groccerymen's convention last week, and also the Legion state convention, and were a welcome sight to all who knew them. Come again, and don't wait for conventions or invitations.

Our social committee of the Cape Cod detachment met and selected Agawan Beach as the place for our picnic, and the date is Sunday, September 9. It will be a basket lunch affair, and all Marines in this area are cordially invited to attend. We have been doing considerable the past few months, even if we never do get credit for doing anything. The Navy Post, American Legion,

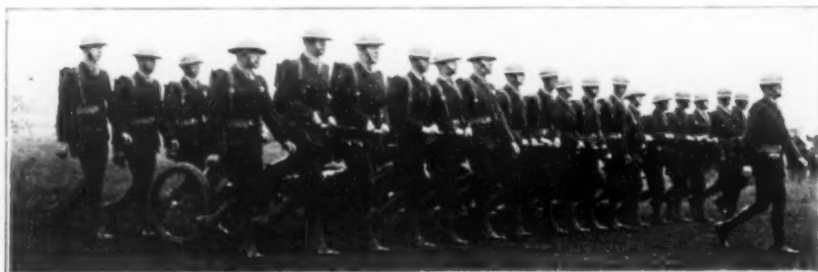
lost its mascot, a goat, after the parade and we know one Marine that gets the detail to feed this goat when not on fire duty. We hope getting our story in early will lighten the burden of a fellow-sufferer, so with regards to all, and waiting to meet you again at Worcester, at the New England division convention, I remain a well-wisher, and the Marine with "the itchy-palm," who is *Semper Fidelis*.

JAMES THOMAS,
Chief of Staff.

THE OAKLAND DETACHMENT Oakland, Cal.

This is August 13—but not Friday—and this detachment has chosen our newly elected Adjutant, Past Commandant and every other office of our outfit as its delegate to Denver. He is none other than Henry Rus-kofsky—Kentuckian by birth, and Californian because his father knew better. No finer selection can be made anywhere in the Marine Corps League. California is out for the scalp of the East, and it is about time that the East was realizing the fact that we want action. Though this is not official, it looks like Earl Gilbertson, State Commandant, will represent the state department at Denver. We all know that Earl eats, sleeps and dreams Marine Corps League. Not a bad hobby, is it? Earl is a member of this detachment. We are happy to announce that we have some big dances booked for the month of September, and it looks like money in the "Kitty." "Scotty" Baxter, formerly of the Highland Kilts, was elected to the office of Sergeant at Arms, and he takes his job so seriously, it looks like he will go to higher places. Charles DeCoste, Senior Vice Commandant, is winding up the clock of action, while Commandant Kohl watches to see if he is going to break the spring. Word has been received that "Pop-Eye" Carl Bartlett, of the good ship *Matson*, is home again. Carl was last seen washing the salt off the Gable mustache. We are picking up in new members which proves that better times are with us. Comrade Beverleigh, the old timer who likes to make the young ones sit up and take notice, never misses the opportunity to let us know that he still has lots of pep. Our two latest members are Bruno Forrester, business manager of the *Oakland Tribune*, and holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, and Comrade Hughes, who is making a great fight for County Superintendent of Public Schools, at the elections to be held August 28. Success to you, Hughes! I wonder what the "Old Boot-top" is doing these days. Apologies to John F.—I received your card. Comrade Newton H. Oliver, of the Veterans Hospital, at Livermore, Cal., a bed patient, invites all his buddies of the Corps, and league, to say "hello" to him. He is a member of the Oakland detachment—Outpost No. 1. Best regards to all members of the league.

JOHN E. BROCK, Chief of Staff



THE LEATHERNECK

LIEUT. ROY W. CONKY DETACHMENT

Lakewood, N. J.

As this year appears to be the year for large families being produced, considering what occurred up there in Canada, where that Canadian woman presented her fond husband with "five of a kind," it looks as if this old league of ours has gone productive also, and we are able to introduce another lusty infant to the members of the great Marine family of the league, to add to the two already introduced in this issue of THE LEATHERNECK. Permit us at this time to introduce Infant No. 10 for 1933-34: The Lieut. Roy W. Conky detachment, of Lakewood, N. J., which is with us due to the hard work and enthusiasm and interest of Malvin F. Bigness, of the above city. Bigness heard of the league and wrote THE LEATHERNECK, who turned over his letter to this office, and we, in turn, shot out the works to this Marine, who followed our advice; and today we are in receipt of his application for a charter. This, of course, does not displease us the least bit, as you will surmise. We greet Baby No. 10 in behalf of the Marines comprising the Marine Corps League, and extend to the Marines of Lakewood, N. J., and those of Ocean County, a cordial welcome into our ranks, and sincerely wish them every success in their endeavor. We have been invited to attend the installation of this baby outfit, and only death or taxes can keep us away. We will see that all detachments of New Jersey are notified in ample time to attend, so we can join in making this installation a banner night in the life of Lakewood, N. J. The tentative date is set for October, and as Linden, N. J., will also be installed that month, it looks like a big month in New Jersey. Welcome, you Marines of Lakewood, and long may you help uphold the banner of the league and the traditions of our beloved U. S. Marine Corps.

THE UNION COUNTY DETACHMENT

Linden, N. J.

Well, well, well; if here isn't another infant to enter the field of Marine Corps League detachments. This one is No. 9 the past year, and do we extend cordial greetings to it? You know, and so should they, that every Marine in this great old league of ours extends the hand of comradeship, and we are all pulling for the success of the latest baby detachment. Maybe this Union County detachment isn't going to be heard from, and how! Just listen to the challenge that their Commandant issues in his letter to us today. With the enthusiasm displayed by Commandant Martone, we are certain that the older outfits will have to step on it or this child will walk all over them. Here's Union County sounding off:

"Just a few lines to let you know that the Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand. This outfit is going to work like hell to make our outfit the most

active in New Jersey, or, in fact, in the league. After several preliminary visits on the part of the New Jersey State Commandant, George O'Brien, and the Senior Vice Commandant, Oliver Kelly, we applied for our charter, and held an election of officers, with the following result: Commandant, Ralph H. Martone; Senior Vice Commandant, Joseph T. Leavy; Paymaster, Edward Taylor; Adjutant, Stanley Wilusz; Chief of Staff, Charles Coe; Chaplain, Fred Scheitlin; Sergeant at Arms, Ralph Vaccaro; Judge Advocate, George Sherman, and Guard, Phillip Beketich. After the election State Commandant O'Brien, assisted by the Senior State Vice Commandant Kelly, obligated the officers, and extended the best wishes of the New Jersey department. We will meet in the County Court House, on Broad St., at Elizabeth, N. J., on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month. The Commandant appointed a committee, with Charles Ayers as chairman, to arrange for a public installation of the officers later. Arrangements will be made to have some Marine celebrity present at the installation which is planned for October.

RALPH H. MARTONE,
Commandant."

THE TUCSON DETACHMENT

Tucson, Ariz.

Another baby has been born into the league, and we greet our infant detachment—The Tucson Detachment, way down there in Arizona. This makes our eighth addition this year, and the realization of this outfit was brought about through hard work and personal contacts by Ernest D. Cobb of Tucson. Several meetings were held, and after much persuasion on the part of Cobb, he finally did get the necessary number of Marines to sign up, and in appreciation of his efforts, his Marine buddies elected him their first commandant. We are positive that with his enthusiasm he can have a successful administration only. We learn that several of his "recruits" had formerly been members of the league in detachments that are now out of existence, and that was why they hesitated signing up again, as they did not care to be with an outfit that did not function. All Marines having that idea can now release it since the league is progressing, and will continue to prosper from now on, so far as national department is concerned, and what happens to the detachment depends upon what the members do for it. The Tucson detachment meets at the Mission Swimming Pool, and in our next issue we will have the full list of officers and meeting nights. We extend a cordial greeting to our "baby detachment," and they can consider themselves welcomed into the fold of the Marines' own outfit—The Marine Corps League. This detachment starts out with fifteen members, and have chosen Ernest D. Cobb for Commandant; Burton S. Barnes for Senior Vice Commandant; Forrest G. Priser for Adjutant and Paymaster and Fred F. Woods as the



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Sergeant at Arms. We look for a great future for the baby detachment, and feel satisfied that they will shortly have another detachment in Arizona, and then organize their own state department. The league is watching you, Tucson, and every member is with you for your success.

A TURN OF THE WHEEL

(Continued from page 9)

winnings. Connor's ire was aroused in intense indignation. He gripped the edge of the table. It was up-ended in a mighty shove.

Yells! Curses!! Screams!!! The crash of the table. The tingle of spilled silver dollars. The dull pit-pat of falling chips. Pedro's yell of pain. His companions' cries. Connor's bull-like roar. The mixed, huge noise of the crowd.

And the fight was on!

Connor was surprised. It was the lull before the storm hit in all its fury. Before him was the broken, upset table. Pedro and his assistants struggled to free themselves from where they were pinned against the wall. Behind him was the milling, whirling crowd as it fought. Some to glean money from the floor. Some in drunken excitement. Others to free themselves from the maelstrom they had been sucked into.

Connor was alone in a small space he had cleared about him. His mind as made up. Revenge on the house had been as swift as it was disastrous. He must escape.

He knew what a Mexican jail was. He turned! The milling crowd was a massive wall he must penetrate to freedom. Before he could move, several cops attempted to reach him. Connor slammed the nearest in the face and tripped him.

He whirled and hit the human wall in a foot-ball plunge. He ploughed onward.

He ripped his coat loose from some clutching fist, only to be choked by another who grabbed his tie. He yanked away.

Feet, knees, shoulders, and fists were all employed. Rules of the prize fight? Bah! Rules of fight—yes—the maddening fight of desperation to win freedom against all odds.

He cleared the mob around the gaming tables and started out.

From the bar came an employee. Reinforcements for the house. He looked askance at Connor who swerved and straight-armed him. The bartender's head jerked back, then he fell in a heap.

Connor all but fell out on the side-walk.

He was dazed by the stimulation of the fight. Where would he go? What should he do? His excitement did not make for cool thinking.

People eyed him curiously as he brushed off what remained of his clothes. A squad of soldiers came clattering up the street. Bedlam reigned behind in the house of chance.

Connor started to meander off. His disheveled condition was attracting attention to himself.

A yell from behind!

That ever helping, unnamed sense that spurs us into action in moments of danger-

ous stress sent Connor fleeing up the street.

The pursuit was on!

He dashed down a dark alley. Turned again. No use! They still followed. Connor stopped before the lighted window of a small store. Frantically, he dug at his pockets. No—sight of relief—the Mexican's card was still there. The address—chance in a thousand—he knew the street.

Must be that new, pretentious house whose adobe walls were camouflaged by pink stucco.

Connor sped along faster.

He ran up the steps and flung himself against the door and hammered, and—hoped! Would the police arrive too soon? They were only a few yards away.

The door opened.

He all but fell inside and collapsed in a chair; breaths coming in deep, painful gasps.

More noise at the door. Connor's host, the Mexican, smiled:

"Muy pronto—very quick after you!" and he went and opened the front door again.

In stumbled a police captain. Others came clattering up the steps and crowded around the entrance to the house, staring within.

Up walked the police captain. With Latin dramatics, he gestured at Connor and started to commence a lengthy tirade.

Connor's host lifted his hand. In elegant Spanish, he politely said:

"Gracias, Capitan! A thousand thanks for your kind attention to my guest. But, ah yes—his baggage you have left behind at the Hotel Rio Bravo. One of your men will get it immediately."

"Pero, Coronel—!" began the nonplussed police officer.

But, he got no further.

The Mexican, or the Colonel, to give him his correct title as the captain had addressed him, had already turned his back and was pouring a drink for his visitor.

The police captain's face drooped in amazement.

The Colonel turned and frowned. That jacknape of the police still cluttered his house with his undesirable presence. He was told so in no uncertain terms. The police left—with a reminder not to forget Señor Connor's baggage.

Connor sighed contentedly. It had been a good fight, and the Colonel's drink was beginning to relax his tired muscles.

"Excuse my speedy entrance, Colonel! I accept your job if it is still open!"

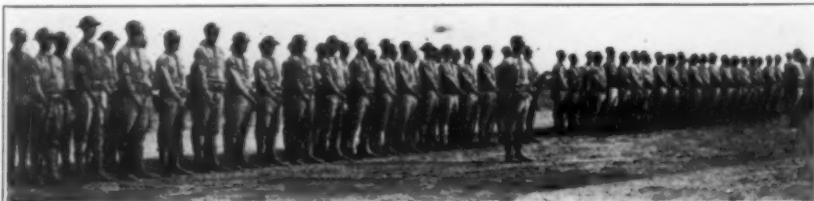
"Naturalmente, Señor! We leave all business for the morning. You will wish to rest. Come—to your room!"

Fitfully, Connor rolled and tossed. One instant he was in sound slumber with nightmarish, fantastic shapes in screaming pursuit as he tried to flee with leaden feet. The next moment he was awake cursing his inability to sleep.

The low drone of voices sounded from downstairs. The Colonel, Joaquín Velarde, Connor's host, must still be up.

Connor reached for his luminous-dialed wrist watch. Not eleven o'clock yet! With another curse at his wakefulness he started to turn over.

The voices below were raised in sudden angry argument.



THE LEATHERNECK

Connor heaved his bedclothes aside and bounded out of bed. Nerves tingling—the sudden prickling at the nape of his neck—the low growl from his throat. Primitive man aroused in hate!

That rasping, guttural voice! Gus Rowell's! Gus who had betrayed his trust. Gus who had loaded his plane with that dope. Gus who had given him the friendly offer of a chance to make a quick pick up of a bit of change earned by delivering the plane.

And he was in Juarez. His enemy at his very hands.

Grimly Connor moved to the door and opened it.

Hate for Gus! Hate for Colonel Velarde—another trickster? Rage at the glumbling hall cheating. Intense indignation at the world. Is this what he received for fair-play?

Angrily he glared about for a weapon.

The voices were distinctly clear from below now that the bedroom door was open. Connor could not help but hear.

"I don't care what you wish, Velarde. I lost my plane! When your aviator flies over for you in the morning, you've got to have him take me."

"Yes—you and your narcotics. I may indulge in politics aided by certain of my own devices," agreed the Colonel. "But, I do not lead souls to hell through that stuff."

"Bah! What's the difference? You make me sick. If some fools want to buy the stuff, it's oke by me. That's better than you lousy Spies do with your politics. How many pelados do you think you will bump off turning an election with those Thompson guns you want?"

"Careful, my friend, less of these names," softly interjected the Colonel. "Perhaps, I do not mind the name of revolutionist. Perhaps, I do not want to be known as a dope runner by my Border friends. But, señor, I do not intend to be called a lousy spie in my own house."

There was silence for a moment.

Connor, who had been stiffly listening at the head of the stairs, relaxed. Good for the Colonel! Evidently, Gus did not know who the Colonel's new aviator was.

"I apologize, Colonel!" back-watered Gus, then plucking up courage he continued:

"But, a bargain's a bargain! You need your guns. I want to be carried to the other side in the morning and if I don't get the trip you won't get your guns. You won't know what I'll carry on me, so who can say you savvy anything about dope? Sorry I lost my temper and cussed you. Well, what do you say?"

Again there was silence. Each wondered how far he could push the other. The Colonel finally capitulated.

"Be at the plane at six. I accept your apology."

Thus was face saved all around.

As the front door closed on Gus Rowell, Connor, who had hastily pulled on a pair of pants, went down stairs.

Below him, lost in reverie, stood Colonel Velarde.

"Do you like that hombre? I found him bad medicine."

"Ay, amiguito, what a shame that one's business associates cannot always be one's friends as well. No, I must confess I do not like Señor Rowell. Quite the contrary! Even now he forces me into an unpleasant situation that I dislike intensely."

"He's the blankety-blank reason I had to skip out the U. S. I'd like to pin a rose on that skunk. Listen to this scheme—"

"Over a little night-cap of wine, señor. I think I shall have no trouble at all in agreeing to anything you may say concerning Rowell."

"Colonel, not only do you speak beautiful English, but beautiful thoughts as well."

Connor sat huddled in the pilot's cockpit of a two-seater, radial motored plane of the Colonel's, warming up the motor. His features were disguised by helmet and goggles; his physique by a voluminous flying suit.

Velarde had given him his instructions as they had breakfasted. He was to go southwest, then circle to the west along the Border only to dart across the line at a desolate part of the Chihuahuas—New Mexico line. The rendezvous was some thirty-five miles north of El Paso, near a pass between the Franklin and Organ Mountains. Just over this pass, the dreary, sandy mesa stretched for miles. Near a summer Army encampment, vacant at this time of year, was an excellent landing field of hard adobe soil.

Connor knew the territory like the back of his hand. He had waved aside the Colonel's tender of a map.

Rowell was to leave the plane at this point where they were to be met by an auto. Connor was to receive some half-dozen 45 calibre sub-machine guns with ammunition, for delivery back to Velarde.

That is, if nothing went amiss.

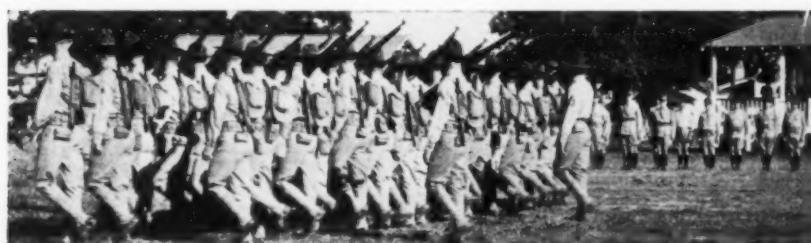
He glanced at the cowl, held his stick back in his lap, and revved his motor. The tach needle slewed up to sixteen hundred. He eased the motor, waved two peons away from the wings, and waited.


He patted a peculiar object in his lap.

The Colonel pointed at a car rapidly approaching. It stopped, and out popped Rowell. The Colonel quickly assisted him with helmet and goggles and chute. Then, he hurried him into the plane. Before the unsuspecting Rowell even had a chance for an introductory "hello" with his pilot, he had to square himself quickly in place and fasten the life belt. Connor had already given the ship the gun and they were bumping along for the take off.


He climbed for altitude and darted westward across the mountains that encircle Juarez and El Paso. Under them unfolded the sandy mesa of a desert.

At the end of some twenty-five minutes, Rowell turned and pointed to the right. Connor shook his head and steadily kept the plane on its westward flight. Angrily, Gus gestured again, motioning to cross the line.





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Connor slowed the motor down, leaned forward and yelled:

"Wait! Not yet! Am changing my route—got a better one."

Had Gus recognized his voice? Or would he accept the subterfuge?

Gus' suspicions were allayed. He was again lazily viewing the scenery about them. Connor had gradually crept nearer and nearer the Border. It was easy to distinguish its position, a railroad paralleled it three miles or so on the U. S. side. Easily, he began to lose a little altitude.

Ahead of them was the little town of Columbus. Not much left of that boom town of the Pershing-Villa days of excitement. Only a store or two!

Connor was not interested in that. He grimly smiled. This was the first port of entry between the two countries west of El Paso. A Custom House was located here.

They were just about over the town. Connor poked the nose of the plane down in a steep dive.

Rowell turned in surprise. Connor pointed forward—anything to distract his intentions—and dived even more steeply.

Gus huddled in fear.

As they swept over the Custom House, Connor spied a figure as it ran off the porch for a better look.

Some Customs Inspector was aroused.

Connor whirled the ship in a steep bank, and cast the small sandbag with streamers attached that he had been nursing all the way.

It fell near the Inspector. Would he go for it? Would he read the enclosed note?

Rowell had stomachached his fear. He was frankly suspicious. Frantically he tugged at an inner pocket. His gun!

Connor pulled the plane up to almost a stall in a chandelle.

Rowell had suddenly clutched the ship's side, his gun forgotten, fear in every straining muscle.

Before the ship eased out of its turning climb, Connor yanked the pyrene fire extinguisher loose from its fastening. Grimly he smiled as he recalled his Flying Cadet days.

Instructors had warned their charges that a bat on top of the head was the best cure for that suicidal habit of freezing on the controls.

Connor let Rowell have it. He slumped down in his seat.

Connor commenced to climb for the altitude he needed to complete this job. Below him he could see the upturned face of the Inspector.

Two thousand feet! Quickly Connor commenced to work.

Grasping the end of a wire that had a hook in it, the other end fastened to the side of the plane, Connor leaned forward.

He couldn't reach! Sweat commenced to gather in this cold wind! He eased the throttle, loosed his own belt, and again sidled forward. The ship commenced to go awry. At last he fastened the catch in the ring of the rip cord of Rowell's parachute. Connor grabbed wildly at the controls; the ship had almost fallen into a spin.

He breathed a sigh of relief! The job was half done. Again he steadied the ship and half crawled out of his cockpit as he reached forward. A flick of his forefinger and all was completed.

Rowell's safety belt was unhooked!

Connor roared with relief!

He re-fastened his own belt, again leveled his ship, and commenced a dive. Speed for a loop. The wires were screeching, the controls were taut and responded to the least breath of a touch. He pulled back and

started the loop. Sky disappeared! Up, up went the nose of the ship! There was the horizon again, sky and earth reversed. Connor shoved the stick forward. The ship stopped looping and clumsily began its upside down flight. Connor ducked! As his own weight yanked with a hefty tug on his life belt, the unconscious Rowell fell out.

Connor completed the loop as he fished in the dangling wire with the parachute rip cord attached.

He looked below. Serenely, the snow white chute bore the unconscious Gus with his load of narcotics into the arms of the Customs.

Again Connor dove.

Yes, the Inspector had gotten his note. He waved, gun in hand, at the plane as he waited for the chute to bring its burden to earth.

Connor sped backward to the rendezvous. Even if Gus raved about guns, a phone call to El Paso couldn't send an auto out in time to intercept him.

A little less than an hour and a half later, Connor landed outside of Juarez. The Colonel was there waiting.

Connor felt tired, the strain was beginning to tell. Rowell's accomplice was suspicious, but finally listened to Connor's yarn about his absence and turned over the guns.

They were stowed away in a compartment back of his seat.

The Colonel ran up. Behind him a little ways approached an American.

"Good boy, Connor! See," called the Colonel to the American a few yards off, "This is the man who turned Rowell over to you Customs people. Am I not a friend of you Border officials, yes?"

Connor disregarded the Colonel's gay chatter. What was he talking about anyhow? He was tired and hungry. Why not get this business over with?

"I got the guns. They are—"

"Pist! Cuidado! We don't tell the Customs everything," hissed Velarde. Then louder to the approaching American. "He is worried. Come and tell him how he is freed from his narcotic charge. Connor, meet Inspector Dudley who came to visit me and tell you the good news."

Connor sighed thankfully. Cleared at last!

QUANTICO RIFLE MATCHES

(Continued from page 36)

September 27—Wimbledon cup match, 1,000 yards; Coast Guard trophy match, 200 and 300 yards rapid fire; Scott trophy match, 300 yards rapid fire, and regimental team championship match, 200 and 600 yards.

September 28—Herrick trophy team match, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards; A. E. F. Rumanian trophy team match, 200 and 600 yards; individual pistol championship, individual service pistol championship, pistol team championship and service pistol team championship.

September 29—President's match, 200, 600 and 1,000 yards; National match course, 200 yards slow and rapid fire, 300, 600 and 1,000 yards slow fire.

The range will be open to competitors for practice the day preceding the opening of the shoot.

MARE ISLAND MARINES STILL WIN

September 1, 1934. Emerging victors from a tussle with the Calwico, California, ball club, the Mare Island Marines ended the

THE LEATHERNECK

month of August with their fifth consecutive baseball victory. The official scorekeeper tells us that so far this season the Mare Island Marines have played thirty-seven games, winning twenty-one and losing sixteen, giving the team's season percentage as .568.

Last five victories:

August 19, 1934—Jefferson's A. C., 11; Mare Island, 14.

August 25, 1934—Roback's Cafe, 8; Mare Island, 11.

August 26, 1934—Vacaville A. C., 4; Mare Island, 6.

August 29, 1934—U.S.S. *San Francisco*, 6; Mare Island, 7.

September 1, 1934—Calwico A. C., 2; Mare Island, 10.

"Red" Moore, playing right field, has been leading the Mare Island Marines during the entire baseball season, continuing to raise his batting average during the games played in August. Moore has been consistent and timely in his hitting and Captain Fenton expects him to raise his average to a record point before the season is completed.

HEADQUARTERS BAGATELLES

(Continued from page 34)

"Barney" Barnett, the messenger, stayed home sick for three days and then turned out for the game with the Inspectors and every minute you would think he was going to die, but when the umpire said, "Play ball," "Barney" showed more pep than any six men on the field.

Dan Thompson pulled up with a "Charley Hoss" in one game and the next morning went to the Sick Bay. The Doctor asked him how he got it and Dan said, "Playing softball." The Doctor looked at him a minute and then said, "You dam fools ought to remember that you are too old to play that kind of a game." Dan took him at his word and hasn't played since.

The Adjutants' softball team took it upon themselves to play a game against the team from the Bureau of Navigation, and did they take a *shellacking*? The less said about that game the better for the morale of the Adjutants. Then the Inspectors thought they had a good team and accepted a challenge from the Yards and Docks. This game turned out to be a "comedy of errors." The score:

Yards and Docks	18 runs	15 hits	6 errors
Inspectors	15 runs	19 hits	11 errors

The Marine Band teams No. 2 and 1 are still showing the way in the Marine Corps Headquarters Golf League. The final standing of the League will be published in the November issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*. Order your copy now.

"Bud" Fisher, Mail Room, took enough time off to run down to Parris Island, S. C., for a visit with Chief Quartermaster Clerk Harry Young. "Bud" was all enthused over his trip and reported a wonderful time.

Corey Larimore and Mrs. Larimore spent three weeks touring through New York state. They visited Lake George, Lake Champlain and Lake Schoon.

Quartermaster Clerk Andy Ramsey returned from a trip to the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas and reports that he had been over fished during his two-week stay.

"Wes" Thomms took a couple of weeks' leave and Fred Sharpnack tried to fill his shoes. We do know that he filled his chair but other than that we refuse to commit ourselves.

The day the Inspectors played the Yards and Docks team happened to be a pay day. Burns Goodwin asked Ken Hyatt if he wanted to drive over to the ball field with him. As Ken has a preference for Buicks he accepted the ride. They parked the car among some trees, left their coats in the car and locked it. When they returned after the game they noticed that both doors were on the latch as though they had been opened and upon looking inside discovered that someone had rifled their clothes. They got nothing but Hyatt's pay. No hits; no runs; no funds. The next morning the old spirit of the A & I Department came to life and the gang made up what he had lost. Now Hyatt believes in a St. Nicholas. Which all proves that a friend indeed is a friend in need. Sharpnack says that next pay day is his turn and we are putting in for the next pay day after that.

After getting a mask for the catchers to use in the softball game, Bill Brigham tried catching without one and got a good healthy smack in the eye. Now Bill uses the mask.

Dan Thompson took a couple of weeks to visit the Chicago Fair and returned by way of Canada. Dan reported a wonderful time with the exception of a couple of sore feet. These are in addition to his "Charley Hoss" he got playing softball.

James Foley, Paymaster Clerk of the Sixth Reserve Brigade, took a certain young lady of the A & I Department (who we will call John), down in Virginia to show her the camp of the Brigade. After riding around all afternoon in the rain they returned to Washington without finding the camp. When a Brigade of Reserves can dig in and hide so that their own paymaster can't find them, you know what chance an enemy would have. Jimmy said he would bet that they couldn't do it again.

A certain young lady in the Paymasters Department asked a certain young man in the Adjutant and Inspectors Department to take her out house hunting one day. Of course being a very gallant knight he agreed. Upon his return he said he had to drive around the Tidal Basin three times. You know we just asked Wesley Thomas and Gladys Knight if either of them had ever seen any real estate or for rent signs around the Tidal Basin and they both looked so embarrassed. We wonder why.

At the time of going to press the Auction Bridge team of Andy Ramsey and Charles Mackey is leading the team of Ken Hyatt and Jack Sinopoli by 36 points with a total of 1847 to 1811. These bridge games are played during the thirty-minute lunch period, and represent games played since the first of September.

When the newspapers let out the word that the Convention of Police Chiefs would be held in Washington during September, Bill Becker, the Assistant Chief Messenger, packed the family in the old flivver and took off for Canada. (Toronto, Canada, police take notice.)

If you are interested and would like to know what kind of time the folks had at the opening of the Navy Department Bowling League ask Harlee of the Quartermaster Department or Mark Abrabat of Target Practice. Mark was Master of Ceremonies from nine-thirty on until——. We understand that the manager had to ask some of the boys to please go so that he could lock up and go home. The reason? Oh, we forgot to tell you that the League had five barrels of free BEER on tap. To give you the dope on who all was present we would have to give you a roster of Headquarters, so we'll skip it.

Tell it to the Marines and the Marines will tell it to the Barkeep

SO HERE GOES



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OF QUANTICO
United States Depository

SHANGHAI, CHINA COMPANY A

(Continued from page 31)

Sergeants vs. Corporals. Two of our two-third sergeants enriched themselves eleven silver dollars each for beating the sergeants, 19 to 5. Music was furnished by the Fourth Marines Band. The award was presented to the winners by our Commanding Officer. Each player of the winning team received eleven smackers.

Outstanding company athletes left for the States: Hoffman of the Regimental Baseball Team who played his last game on 4 July, beating the Amateurs. This is the big game of the year, the stake being the Community Cup, which was presented to the Marine team by Consul General Cunningham. We also regret the departure of Schmidt and Zawadski, known as the million-dollar infielders of the playground ball team. This game is taken very seriously by players and the men in the company. Competition is keen; the winning company receives a handsome trophy which is awarded outright.

During the big parade (July 4) one would think the Marines had broom handles for breakfast. The salute was taken by our Commanding Officer, Col. John C. Beaumont, and representatives of all the military forces stationed here. The American Community turned out *en masse* for the ceremony. After the flag raising ceremony, the Regiment, in column of platoons with "A" Company leading, passed in review before the distinguished military officials. The second time in massed formation, three battalions of infantry and one battalion of machine gun companies.

To date the company furnished three Armed Guard details for the American merchant and passenger vessels sailing up the Yangtze River. Each detail is composed of an officer in charge and four men. The trip takes about one month; the last port of call is Chungking, 1,350 miles inland from Shanghai through the world famous gorges into the bandit infested country. The following officers and men were fortunate to be detailed for this guard duty: First Lieutenant Monahan, Second Lieutenants Hussa and Van Ness, Gunnery-Sergeant Kohs, Sergeants Case and Frydrych, Corporals Coslet and Barton, Private First Class House, and Privates Bitter, Salkauskas, Hancock, Hamilton, E. S., and Hamilton, J. W.

Marines who were stationed here during the 1927-28 revolution would be surprised at the change of their Asiatic Paris. For the last few years Shanghai has had a building boom. Sky scraping office and apartment houses caught the "fancy" of local builders who it would seem inaugurated a "private war," the object being a structure surpassed in height only by the U. S. For six months the bank-hotel building (22 floors) opposite race course on Bubbling Well Road held that honor. A new office building opposite the Astor House Hotel now claims that lofty distinction. Believe it or not, the difference is reported to be only five feet and rumors have it that the former may add another story in order to recapture the title. Building permits run into the thousands, both for demolishing old style dwellings and building modern ones known here as western style. Come Far East and see for yourself, and, look what's coming here, a string of honey carts on parade. "Aw Neritz, baby," as Shanghai Lil would say, which means the end, for there just AIN'T NO MORE. Were You Listening?

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

(Continued from page 21)

for a dance which is to be held in the gymnasium on September 1st. It is understood that "Gilmore" is to be the official punch-jerker.

Believe it or not, "Cremo" Prevo and "Whelp" Welborn were noticed chasing around Kailua beach attired in trunks and raincoats. It was peppering rain, however, the fact remains that the rain coat business is a rather irregular costume for beach wear. Lest we forget, Calvin Moore was crouched under a shelter half in order to escape the liquid sunshine.

"Ted" DeBaugh, popular Y. M. C. A. activities secretary, has been teaching the boys how to sing the old Hawaiian songs. "Ted" is quite an authority on the humu-humu language.

"Scatter" Tomlinson has been transferred to San Diego, Calif., for further transfer to the East Coast for discharge. We hope the lad has a successful career as a civilian.

"Buck" Bissinger and "Baldy" Snellings are new members of the "Beer-Belly Clique" "Pop" Snider does himself justice, however, he just can't develop the bulging chest.

From all indications "Crip" Barton has proclivities relative to being a contortionist. "Crip" was noticed sleeping with one leg extending through his mosquito net, a most irregular position, to say the least.

Due note should be given to the fact that "Gilmore" visited Honolulu, went to a movie, drank a bottle of soda water, and returned home without partaking of the old reliable oke.

"Whelp" Welborn has joined the old egg-nog circle. He may be behind on his correspondence, however, he stated that such isn't the case.

Lacey Moore, popular sergeant major, has returned from a short stay in the hospital, where he underwent a general overhauling. We are glad to see him back, as a matter of fact, "Buck" Bissinger couldn't stand to lose much more hair.

"Lem" Wood our spectacular basketball guard is trying to lose a little weight in order that he may get through the gymnasium doors. "Lem" has much trouble guarding due to his bulging chest.

"THIS, THAT AND 'TOTHER"

"Swede" Abromovitz turning regulation . . . "Zero" Zehring getting extravagant, ask the messman . . . Some unknown lad sending his watch to the laundry . . . "Joe" Inglish getting a reserved seat at the Shafter-Wheeler Field baseball game. . . "Moose-Face" Byers trying to crash society. I don't suppose "Okey" Jones has any knowledge of the foregoing . . . "Snoozola" Swett eating a training regulation . . . "Popcorn" Alcorn waving red flags . . . Reed cooking hot cakes . . . "Cue-ball" McLin demonstrating his coon hunting yell . . . Aloha Nui.

MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

(Continued from page 32)

stop over with the homefolks en route, regaling them meanwhile with the wonders of the Orient. We are sorry to see them go like that, but when a fella has been away a long time he's just got to get home!

Amid all this excitement of comings and

THE LEATHERNECK

goings, of promotions and the attending pleasanties, our entire command was chilled at the untimely death of a comrade. Sergeant Porfert, who had but a few days previously become ill, died on August 22, 1934, at the U. S. Naval Hospital here at Mare Island. The late Sergeant Porfert had served in the Corps for more than twenty-eight years, much of it in the Marine Corps Recruiting Service. Many of his former buddies in the Recruiting Service will remember the splendid record he made; the fine Marines he recruited. Porfert was a native of New York State but had spent many years of his service on the west coast, and had served here at Mare Island during the past year. His body was interred at the National Cemetery, the Presidio of San Francisco, California.

As is usually the case after the arrival of drafts from the Orient, there were very many discharges. Our record of reenlistments, however, jumped thirty-three and one-third per cent, and surprisingly, sixty per cent of this amount were privates who believed sagely that they would benefit from four more years in the Corps. Forty per cent of those who did not care to reenlist, very promptly enlisted in Class VI, of the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve. They felt that even though circumstances prevented their reenlistments, they could not entirely sever relations with a fine outfit—the United States Marine Corps.

DETACHMENTS

(Continued from page 20)

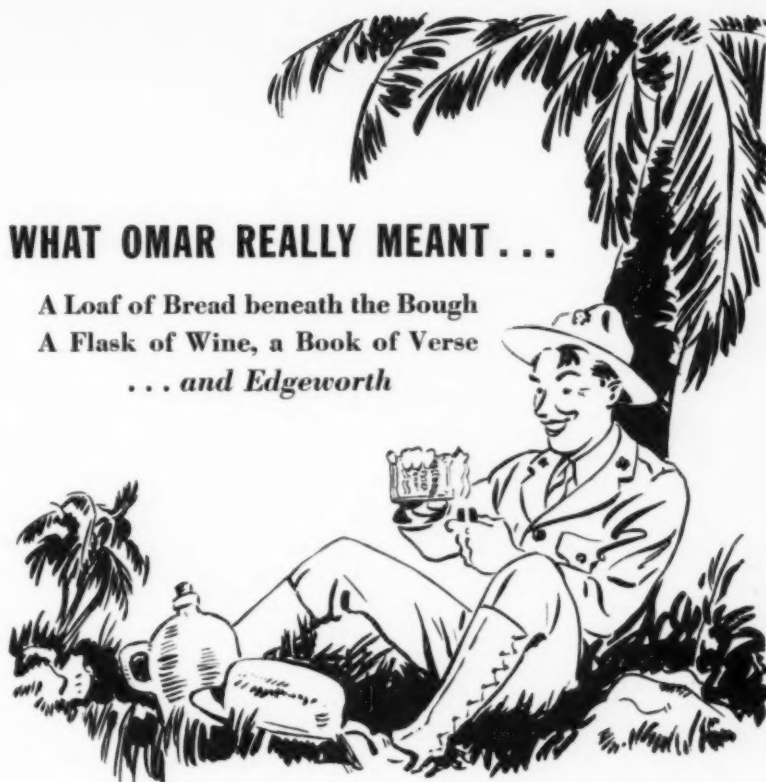
official toastmaster at the post blow-outs, he can even drive the White with a reasonable degree of safety. No telling what he might develop into. Sparks Hendrickson, our local inventor and handy man, is at a loss. It seems that he has built models of all the ships in the Fleet and half the planes on the *Langley* and can't think of another thing to do. The other day he had a brain throb and came through with a special-built bulletin board for the guard list with indirect lighting effect and what not so the boys returning from liberty in the dead of night can read it and weep. A great help to the outfit is Sparks.

Privates Ecker, Coogan, Hendrickson and Trumpeters Cook and Stewart, who seem to have a special interest in our neighboring town, Fall River, have done some talking about seeing their Congressman and having a post started up there with Sergeant Fuksa in command and Sparks Hendrickson second in command. They claim it would save them a lot of travelling time.

Our Rose Island Guard had an unusual experience the other night. The sentry, Private Johns, was very diligently walking his post when out of the clear dark night came floating the words of the Lord's Prayer. Upon investigation, the sentinel discovered a man (in the nude) kneeling in the center of the Island and very devotedly saying his prayers. After due and deliberate thought on the matter, Johns came to the conclusion that he would be justified in breaking into the man's prayer long enough to find out what in the sam hill he was doing there. It seems that he was an inmate of a sanatorium located on an island not far distant and had very slyly stolen a boat and made off. Thinking he had reached the mainland, and remembering his Pilgrim forefathers, he knelt down to deliver thanks for his safe journey. It developed that he was just a little bit bugs. After due passage of time he was brought to the station here and

WHAT OMAR REALLY MEANT...

A Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse
... and Edgeworth

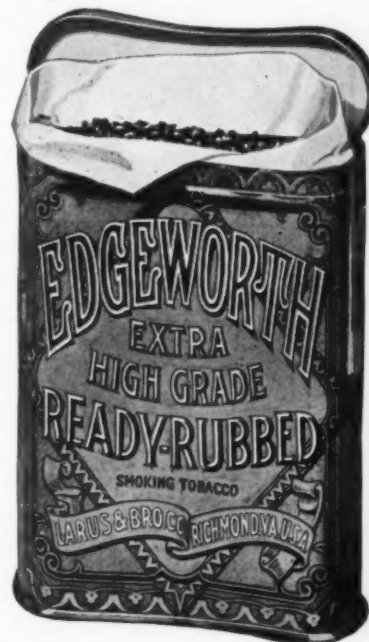


OMAR KHAYYAM had the right idea about Paradise—the bread, the wine, the book of verse. Unfortunately he didn't know about Edgeworth—or he would have included that too in his recipe.

Can you imagine getting along without Edgeworth yourself—that is, of course, if you're a pipe smoker? What flavor—what aroma! Only a blend of the tenderest leaves of the Burley plant could give you that Edgeworth flavor. Those are the leaves tobaccoists call "the mildest pipe tobacco that grows." Edgeworth is blended and treated by men long skilled in the art of *holding* that different flavor. They know HOW!

No wonder Edgeworth is famous the world over. You'd better get acquainted. Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound hu-

midor tin. Several sizes also come in vacuum tins, in which the tobacco stays fresh indefinitely in any climate. Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Tobaccoists since 1877, Richmond, Virginia.



turned over to the sick-bay where he proceeded to tell the doctor, officer of the day and all and sundry just what he thought of them. At last Sgt. Tim (Pop) Lynch arrived on the scene of action and took hold of the situation with true Marine fortitude. Very confidentially he whispered to the patient to take it easy and they would go fishing as soon as he could slip him out. The nut screamed that at last he had found a pal and Tim, beaming with the knowledge of a deed well done, turned to the doctor with a knowing look and whilst looking the other way our hero threw a bottle of ink at him. About that time Tim decided to leave. The last seen of the cause of all the trouble he was being carried away in a straightjacket by guards from the state institution and telling Captain Dickerson to beware of women or they'd get him too.

CRUISE OF THE *ARKANSAS*

(Continued from page 7)

around the Rock and then all hands went out to their athletic field for a few contests. The Marines chose a cricket team and, Captained by Captain Bower, went out to try their hand at the British national pastime. As was to be expected, the Marine cricketers went down in glorious defeat, but later on in the afternoon, they played the Welsh a game of baseball and retrieved some of their lost glory. All hands then retired to

the nearby clubhouse for tiffin and a spot of ale to top the evening off. That night all Marines were guests of the Royal Welsh at the Navy Cinema and were shown in addition to the regular program, a special film of Gibraltar which proved very enlightening and gave us a small idea of the real strength of the Rock.

Chief interest at Gibraltar, however, lay in the trip to Tangiers. Tangiers is about forty-five miles across from Gibraltar and is on the coast of Africa, and is a port that has no equal in the world.

Here was no ordinary tourist port, but a city that was so unique, so different from what we had seen before, that it topped off a splendid cruise in a fitting manner. Narrow, dirty streets, scarcely six feet wide, teeming with every race of the world. There were Turks, red-fezzed and baggy-trousered; Africans, black as sin and padding along on slippers with long, curving toes; Moors, with flowing, dirty-white burnouses, bearded and their women veiled to the eyes; Arabs, in from the desert, eagle-eyed and hawk-nosed, plodding along on their patient donkeys, with here and there, a long, curved, jewel-encrusted scimitar hanging from side; and Spanish; and Portuguese; and English; and beach-combers; and the eternal Jews, living and dressing as they did a thousand years ago and as they will live and dress a thousand years from now—all mingling together in a pushing, heaving and heterogeneous mob, all voicing the price of their wares and their opinions of life in general in their

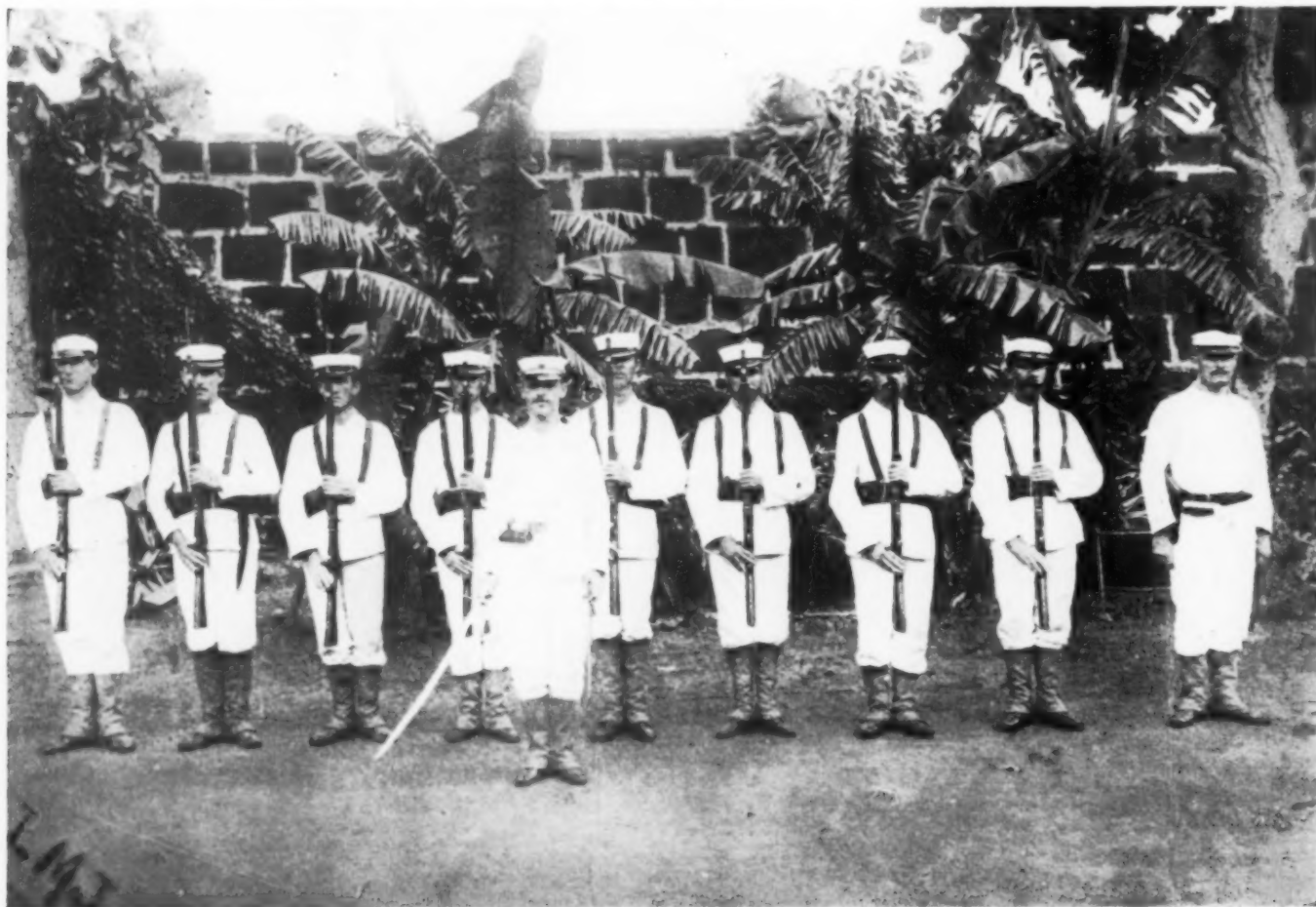
own tongue, with a noise and confusion that would put Babel to shame. Looking down on the streets below from some convenient cafe balcony, it appeared as a scene from the Arabian Nights; ever-changing and ever-interesting.

Bazaars were countless, and never have you seen such a collection of knives, of leather-goods, and beaded and embroidered slippers. It was a dusty and tired bunch of men who returned to the ship that night, each arm encircling some package of souvenirs and every head topped by a flaming fez—and every man had some tale to tell of what he had seen when that night we saw the lights of Gibraltar fading behind us and headed out to the open sea—and home.

—AND HOME

On 9 August, the U.S.S. *Arkansas* arrived at Hampton Roads for a four-day stay and then out to sea again for two weeks to complete the firing of the Midshipmen's Short Range Battle Practice. The entire firing was very satisfactory to all concerned, with not a few high scores, and we set our course for Annapolis.

The cruise was ended and the trip was over. Departing from Annapolis on June 1 and returning to disembark the Midshipmen on August 21, the *Arkansas* had made a cruise lasting eighty-two days, during which time she had visited four foreign ports and steamed about 12,690 miles. And that, land-lubbers, is some cruising!



Marines from the U.S.S. *Baltimore* ashore at Cavite Naval Arsenal in May, 1898, after the battle of Manila Bay. This Detachment, under command of Lt. Dion Williams, is presenting arms to Admiral Dewey.

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on July 31	16,836
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —July 31	1,187
Separations during August	3
Appointments during August	1,184
Total strength on August 31	1,184
ENLISTED —Total strength July 31	15,649
Separations during August	481
Joinings during August	15,165
Total strength on August 31	930
Total strength Marine Corps August 31	16,095
	17,279



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougall, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougall.
Col. Frederick A. Barker.
Lt. Col. Clarke H. Wells.
Maj. William W. Ashurst.
Capt. George W. McHenry.
1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer.

Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams.
Col. Ralph S. Keyser.
Lt. Col. Thomas E. Watson.
Maj. Harold D. Campbell.
Capt. Ralph E. Forsyth.
1st Lt. James H. Brower.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

AUGUST 4, 1934.
Maj. Samuel P. Budd, detached First Brig. Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the 1 Aug. SS. "Cristobal," from Port au Prince, Haiti.
Capt. Gordon Hall, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to temporary duty aboard the U.S.S. "Mississippi." On Arrival U.S.S. "Mississippi" at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, about 25 Sept., relieved from temporary duty that ship to duty with MD, U.S.S. "Nevada."

Capt. Gerald C. Thomas, about 20 Aug. detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va., to report not later than 28 August.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Hill, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, California, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego on or about 22 August.

The following named officers detached Garde d'Haiti to stations indicated via the 1 August S.S. "Cristobal" from Port au Prince, Haiti: Lt. Col. Clayton B. Vogel, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.; Maj. Thomas S. Clarke, MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force; Capt. John T. Walker, MB, Quantico, Va.; Capt. William J. Whaling, MB, Quantico, Va.; ChfQmCk. Albert O. Woodrow, MB, Quantico, Va.

The following named officers detached Garde d'Haiti to stations indicated via the 2 August S.S. "Haiti" from Port au Prince, Haiti: Capt. Franklin A. Hart, MB, Quantico, Va.; Capt. William C. Hall, APM, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

AUGUST 8, 1934.
Lt. Col. Clayton B. Vogel, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Hdqs., Rectr. Dist. of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. Authorized to delay one month enroute.

Maj. Samuel C. Cumming, on 1 Sept. detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Merton A. Richal, orders from Dept. of the Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va., revoked.

(Continued on page 58)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

AUGUST 1, 1934

1st Sgt. A. E. Abbott—MB., Wasington, to Coco Solo.

AUGUST 3, 1934

Cpl. L. G. Killingsworth—NH, Norfolk, to NH, Washington, for continuance of treatment, own expense.

Stf-Sgt. John D. Mooney—QM Dept. HQ to 1st Sig. Co., Quantico.

AUGUST 4, 1934

Sgt. John P. Sheridan—WC to New York.

Cpl. Ralph Barefoot—Haiti to QM Dept. HQ., USMC.

Cpl. Wm. E. Devine—Quantico to Parris Island.

AUGUST 6, 1934

Sgt. Maj. James A. McFellen—New York to Great Lakes.

Cpl. Wm. D. Waters—USS "Salt Lake City" to Norfolk.

Sgt. Earl Van Houten—Wakefield to Hingham.

AUGUST 7, 1934

Cpl. Joseph J. Winsler—Wakefield to Asiatic Station.

AUGUST 8, 1934

Cpl. Frank Dolinsek—WC to Philadelphia.

AUGUST 10, 1934

Cpl. John E. Bugary—Ft. Mifflin to Dofs, Philadelphia.

Sgt. Walter L. Grimm—Quantico to Yorktown.

Cpl. Denver C. Perkins—Charleston to Parris Island.

Cpl. James B. Shimel—Parris Island to Dofs, Philadelphia.

Sgt. Earl Van Houten—Wakefield to Boston. Orders to Hingham revoked.

AUGUST 11, 1934

1st Sgt. Russell C. Board—Quantico to Philadelphia.

Sgt. Stace Shimboski—Norfolk to Asiatic Station.

Sgt. Maj. Charles A. White—Quantico to Norfolk, Va.

AUGUST 13, 1934

Cpl. Fred Sloniker—Yorktown to Philadelphia, MTS.

Stf-Sgt. John J. Rogers—Quantico to Parris Island.

1st Sgt. George O. Smith—USS "Indianapolis" to Ft. Mifflin.

1st Sgt. Fred Riewe—Ft. Mifflin to USS "Indianapolis."

Gy-Sgt. Arthur H. Steinhart—Guantanamo to Parris Island.

1st Sgt. Robert L. Wilson—USS. "Wyoming" to Parris Island.

AUGUST 14, 1934

Cpl. William Bruner—Peiping to FMF Quantico.

Sgt. Julius N. Hinton—FMF Quantico to FMF San Diego.

Sgt. John H. Rice—USS. "California" to New York.

Cpl. London L. Traw—USS. "California" to New York.

Cpl. Henry H. Faulkner—New York to Cape May.

Sgt. James E. Farrell—USS. "New Mexico" to NOB Norfolk.

Cpl. Alvin J. Foerster—USS. "New Mexico" to NOB Norfolk.

AUGUST 15, 1934

Cpl. Donald J. Potter—RR Wakefield to Boston.

(Continued on page 59)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

McGREGOR, Louis A., 8-30-34, at Washington, D. C., for Quantico.

NEUS, Charles E., 8-30-34, at New York for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

MONTGOMERY, Carl, 8-20-34, at Parris Island for Parris Island.

NESTLERODE, Harry B. N., 8-30-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

ALLEN, Roy C., 8-30-34, at Washington, D. C., for Hqrs. M. C., Washington, D. C.

GILBERTSON, Richard J., 8-29-34, at New York for MB, New York, N. Y.

SHAWYER, Titus L., 8-29-34, at Pittsburgh for Quantico.

ZARRAD, Clarence P., 8-28-34, at Pittsburgh for NOP, S. Charlestown, W. Va.

FORTNER, John P., 8-28-34, at Macon for MB, Parris Island.

SAUNDERS, William J., 8-28-34, at Philadelphia for Dofs, Philadelphia.

BARNETT, James C., 8-27-34, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.

DAVIS, Harold LeR., 8-28-34, at Quantico for Quantico.

DILLON, Raymond N., 8-28-34, at Norfolk for MB, Washington, D. C.

FENNER, Roland J., 8-29-34, at RS, NYd, Philadelphia for NYd, Philadelphia.

HARDICK, Michael J., 8-28-34, at Quantico, for MB, Quantico.

HUMMEL, Edward M., 8-27-34, at Newport, R. I., for NAD, Hawthorne, Nev.

NICOLSON, Millard L., 8-27-34, at Pensacola, for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

POTTER, Wilbert T., 8-28-34, at Quantico for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

WELLS, Paul, 8-27-34, at Fort Mifflin for NAD, Fort Mifflin, Pa.

DORSEY, Clarence M., 8-27-34, at Pittsburgh, for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

KEENUM, Waymon, 8-27-34, at Boston, for MB, Philadelphia.

HEMM, Joseph P., 8-23-34, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

BEDWELL, William T., 8-22-34, at MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

HINES, James D., 8-18-34, at Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

LOVING, Ralph O., 8-20-34, at Los Angeles, for MCB, San Diego.

BOSTWICK, Earl, 7-28-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

EAKES, John T., Jr., 8-25-34, at Quantico for AC No. 1, FMCE, Quantico.

JOHNS, George W., 8-24-34, at Pensacola for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

KELLEHER, George A., 8-11-34, at Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor.

PIERCE, Charles S., 8-16-34, at Sunnyvale for MCB, San Diego.

TAYLOR, William T., 8-3-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai, China.

VANICE, Elmer L., 8-12-34, U.S.S. "Nevada," for U.S.S. "Nevada."

WILLIAMS, William L., 8-20-34, at Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.

SMITH, Lester D., 8-18-34, at Sunnyvale, for NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

WALLACE, Bruce, 8-18-34, at NP, Mare Island, for MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

HANKINS, Joseph, 8-23-34, at Portsmouth for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

PEDERSON, Sofus, 8-23-34, at MB, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

WARD, Clifford C., 8-23-34, at MB, Quantico for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

(Continued on page 58)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 57)

HARBROOK, Michael T., 8-22-34, at Quantico for FMF, Quantico.
 RAILING, Cletis B., 8-22-34, at Portsmouth, for NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.
 HATCHER, Luile V., 8-21-34, at N. Y., for MB, Quantico.
 McLAUGHLIN, William T., 8-21-34, at Boston for Cavite, via Norfolk.
 EILAND, James C., 8-21-34, at MB, New York, for MB, NYd, New York.
 HOFFMAN, Charles J., 8-20-34, at Pittsburgh for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
 LEVESQUE, Joseph A., 8-20-34, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., Washington, D. C.
 BACHMAN, Arthur G., 8-20-34, at MB, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.
 DONNELLY, John, 7-18-34, at Pelping for Pelping, China.
 GRIMM, Walter L., 8-19-34, at Quantico for Bks. Det., Quantico.
 KOENIGH, Gus F., 8-20-34, at Quantico for A. C. No. 1, FMF, Quantico.
 MOORE, Garion, 8-16-34, at Sunnyvale for NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.
 O'NEILL, Stewart B., Jr., 8-11-34, at Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton, Washington.
 PARKER, Ernest E., 8-18-34, at MB, New York for MB, New York.
 ROMULD, Oliver, 8-20-34, at Quantico for FMF, Quantico.
 SCHLITZER, John P., 8-21-34, at Portsmouth for MB, Portsmouth.
 FOX, Herbert E., 8-18-34, at Pittsburgh for MB, Iona Island.
 SHAW, Elmer B., 8-18-34, at Philadelphia for MB, Quantico.
 ELMORE, Paul R., 8-16-34, at Savannah for MB, Parris Island.
 MILLER, William S., 8-18-34, at Macon for MB, Parris Island.
 BENEDICT, Ray A., 8-13-34, at Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton.
 KASYCKI, Anthony, 8-13-34, at Seattle for NAS, Seattle.
 BOEYEN, Wilhelms J., 8-18-34, at Norfolk for MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.
 HUMGARNER, Alvin A., 8-11-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
 CRAVIT, John E., 8-18-34, at Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.
 GRAHAM, Owen B., 8-13-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
 HARRIS, John A., 8-18-34, at Quantico for Bks. Det., Quantico.
 MILLS, Agee V., 8-13-34, at San Diego for NAS, San Diego.
 ROBINSON, George L., 8-19-34, at Philadelphia for MB, Quantico.
 STAMPER, Elvis E., 8-18-34, at MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.
 BALDWIN, Hollan E., 8-1-34, at New Orleans for NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
 ANDREWS, Marvin D., 8-11-34, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.
 DRUMM, Charles H., 8-13-34, at Mare Island for NAS, Seattle.
 GORDON, Donald C., 8-8-34, at Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton.
 TASSA, Michael, 8-16-34, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., M. C., Washington, D. C.
 THOMPSON, William, 8-16-34, at Philadelphia for Dofs, Philadelphia.
 ABRECKI, Andrew J., 8-16-34, at Philadelphia for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.
 FEUSTEL, Charles D., 8-16-34, at Quantico for Ser. Det., Quantico.
 SIMONS, Bennie G., 8-13-34, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.
 MANNING, Robert L., 8-14-34, at Macon for MB, Parris Island.

CARMICAL, Howard R., 8-13-34, at Great Lakes for NTS, Great Lakes.
 HARRIS, Warren V., 8-15-34, at Great Lakes for NTS, Great Lakes.
 BRENT, Robert S., 8-10-34, at Chicago for MB, Great Lakes, Ill.
 WRIGHT, Robert Lee, 8-11-34, at Chicago for MB, Great Lakes, Ill.
 YOUNG, Luther W., 8-11-34, at New Orleans for MB, Quantico.
 BRAZKE, Herman A., 8-13-34, at MB, NAD, Hingham for MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.
 HAYES, Ira N., 8-14-34, at Norfolk for Dofs., Norfolk, Va.
 McCAULEY, Aubrey D., 8-13-34, at Portsmouth for MB, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
 PEEL, James L., 8-10-34, at Mare Island for MB, NYd, Mare Island.
 RAPIER, Thomas G., 8-14-34, at Quantico for A-1, FMF, Quantico.
 CROZIER, John T., 8-14-34, at Washington for Hd., USMC, Washington, D. C.
 KLINE, Oscar C., 8-12-34, at Philadelphia for Dofs, Philadelphia, Pa.
 CARBARY, James, 8-10-34, at Quantico for A-1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.
 CLIFFORD, Jack, 8-9-34, at Quantico for Ser. Det., Quantico, Va.
 DIXON, Glenn R., 8-12-34, at Quantico for 2nd Bn., MB, Quantico.
 ROSLOAN, Alex R., 8-13-34, at Portsmouth for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.
 MASSENA, Russell L., 8-11-34, at Pittsburgh for MB, Washington, D. C.
 KOCH, Jay E., 8-6-34, at Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.
 BARRY, Joseph F., 8-4-34, at San Diego for RS, DR, San Diego.
 CRONAN, Stephen A., 8-6-34, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.
 KNIGHT, Harmon L., 8-11-34, at Quantico for IRD, Quantico.
 RUDIN, Sol, 8-6-34, at Mare Island for MB, New York.
 WELLS, Claude, 8-7-34, at Mare Island for MB, New York.
 WIART, Marcel J., 8-4-34, at San Diego for Air-2, FMF, San Diego.
 CHARLESTON, Clarence R., 8-9-34, at Boston for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.
 MURRAY, Walter R., 8-10-34, at Philadelphia for MB, NYd, Washington.
 TORINA, Philip, 8-10-34, at Pittsburgh for MB, Quantico.
 CLATON, John B., 8-8-34, at Philadelphia for Dofs, Philadelphia.
 FARRELL, John E., 8-9-34, at Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.
 MARKOWSKI, William M., 8-8-34, at Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.
 TITCHNELL, Basil G., 8-7-34, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.
 ASHBY, Benjamin F., 7-29-34, at Seattle for NAS, Seattle.
 FARMER, Randolph P., MD, RS, San Francisco for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
 GOVER, Herbert McQ., 8-9-34, at Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.
 KING, Stanley, 8-9-34, at Washington for MB, Washington, D. C.
 DAVEY, Ernal D., 8-7-34, at Washington, D. C., for Hd., USMC, Washington, D. C.
 TALAP, Joseph, 8-6-34, at Philadelphia for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.
 LAMAR, Albert H., 8-1-34, at Seattle, Wash. for MB, PSNY, Bremerton.
 JESTER, Joseph A., 8-2-34, at MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
 McGLYNN, Joseph E., 8-7-34, at MCB, Philadelphia for MB, NYd, New York.
 OLIVER, James A., 8-6-34, at Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.
 ALT, Harry A., 8-6-34, at MB, Portsmouth, N. H., for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.
 CARBAUGH, Newton E., 8-1-34, at Brig., Haiti for Brig., Haiti.
 LAWSON, Malcolm R., 8-5-34, at MB, Hingham, Mass. for MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.
 MARTS, Albert C., 7-28-34, at NAS, San

Diego for A-2, FMF, NAS, San Diego.
 WOLKOVITZ, Peter P., 8-3-34, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth.
 FOX, Everett C., 8-3-34, at Chicago, Ill., for MB, Quantico, Va.
 BROWN, Kenneth R., 8-4-34, at MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., for MB, NOB, Norfolk.
 CVETKOVICH, Joseph, 8-4-34, at MBNY, Washington, D. C., for RS, Chicago, Ill.
 DOUSE, Kenneth, 8-4-34, at MB, Washington, D. C., for U. S. Marine Band.
 CARLING Hughey C., 7-1-34, at MBNY, Cavite, P. I., for MBNY, Cavite, P. I.
 KING, Thomas A., 8-1-34, at NP, Mare Island for MB, NY, Charleston, S. C.
 KIRKMAN, Joseph G., 7-7-34, at 4th Marines, Shanghai, for 4th Marines Shanghai.
 KRONEBERG, Robert N., 8-5-34, at MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.
 MORGAN, Alex D., 8-3-34, at Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.
 MORRIS, Carroll A., 8-3-34, at Pensacola for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
 PIASKOWSKI, Alex, 7-7-34, at 4th Marines Shanghai, for 4th Marines, Shanghai.
 SEAMAN, Elmer R., 8-4-34, at MB, Portsmouth N. H., for MB, Portsmouth N. H.
 STANLEY, Nolen, 7-28-34, at NAS, San Diego, for MB, NAS, San Diego, Cal.
 SINGLETARY, Willis R., 8-3-34, at Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island S. C.
 BROWN, Gratis C., 8-2-34, at Pittsburgh for MB, Quantico, Va.
 FRISCH, William, 8-3-34, at New York for MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.
 LEGASSE, Joseph J., 8-3-34, at Quantico for 10th Marines, FMF, Quantico, Va.
 PUSKARICH, Mike E., 8-2-34, at Quantico for Ser. Det., PSB, Quantico, Va.
 WILLIAMSON, Roy B., 8-2-34, at MB, NTS, Newport for MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.
 HUBBARD, Walter J., Jr., 8-3-34, at Dep. of Sup., Norfolk for Dofs, Norfolk, Va.
 SARGENT, Harold E., 7-31-34, at Chicago for MB, Quantico, Va.
 CARTER, George L., 8-2-34, at Quantico for Hd. & Hd. Co. FMF, Quantico, Va.
 MANLEY, Roy M., Jr., 7-28-34, at Chicago for MB, Great Lakes, Ill.
 CARLSON, Earl O., 7-29-34, at Ft. Everglades for 1st Bn. FMF, Quantico, Va.
 FAULKNER, Henry H., 8-1-34, at MB, New York for MB, New York, N. Y.
 LEVINE, Herman J., 8-1-34, at MB, New York for MB, New York, N. Y.
 COLE, Bernard H., Jr., 7-31-34, at New York for MB, Indian Head, Md.
 GLENN, Tom H., 7-27-34, at SRD New Orleans La., for New Orleans, La.
 GUSTAVESON, Carl H., 7-30-34, at Quantico for MB, Quantico, Va.

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 57)

1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall, on 21 August detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to report not later than 27 August.
 1st Lt. Walter H. Troxell, detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 17 August.
 1st Lt. Thomas J. Walker, not later than 15 August detached NAS, Anacostia, D. C., to Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.
 ChfQmClk. Albert O. Woodrow, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, NOB,

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Norfolk, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 24 September.

AUGUST 9, 1934.

Capt. Clifford O. Henry, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to duty as Division Marine Officer, Division Two, Battleships, Battle Force, U.S.S. "Arizona," to report on 1 September.

1st Lt. Monroe S. Swanson, orders to Dept. of the Pacific modified to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay reporting until 2 August.

The following named officers detached stations indicated to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force, via the U.S.S. "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Mare Island, Calif., on 18 August and from San Diego, Calif., on 25 August: 1st Lt. John H. Coffman, MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Robert O. Bisson, MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.; 2nd Lt. James H. Brower, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Clarence O. Cobb, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Thomas J. Colley, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Walker A. Reaves, MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

AUGUST 10, 1934.

Maj. Augustus B. Hale, assigned to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for duty and to NH, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., for treatment.

Capt. John W. Beckett, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, U.S.S. "Idaho," via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 17 August.

Capt. Augustus H. Fricke, on the report in of his relief detached 11th Reserve Marines, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

Capt. Edward G. Hagen, assigned to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay three months in reporting.

Capt. Edward D. Kalbfleisch, orders from MB, SB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to Naval Reserve Officers' Training Unit, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., modified to duty as Advisor and Instructor, 19th Reserve Marines, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Emmett W. Skinner, assigned to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month and fifteen days in reporting.

Capt. William J. Whaling, on or about 10 August detached MB, Quantico, Va., to temporary duty at Camp Perry, Ohio, to report on 17 August. On completion of this temporary duty ordered to the Field Service School, Baritan Arsenal, Metuchen, N. J. Authorized to delay reporting until 1 Oct.

2nd Lt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr., on 15 August detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Authorized to delay reporting until 6 Oct. 2nd Lt. William B. Steiner, detached Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to VS Squadron 14-M, U.S.S. "Langley," to report not later than 15 August.

AUGUST 11, 1934.

Capt. Harry W. Gamble, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 16 Sept.

1st Lt. James Snedeker, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, U.S.S. "Arkansas," to report on 24 August.

2nd Lt. Walter Asmuth, Jr., on the reporting of his relief detached MD, U.S.S. "Arkansas" to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. Edward E. Authier, on or about 20 August detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, U.S.S. "Arkansas," to report on 24 August.

2nd Lt. Joslyn R. Bailey on or about 20 August detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. Clovis C. Coffman, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. Joseph J. Tavern, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MD, U.S.S. "Wyoming," to report on 24 August.

AUGUST 13, 1934.

Maj. Harry K. Pickett, on 23 August detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Coast Artillery School, Ft. Monroe, Va., to report not later than 27 August.

Capt. Francis Kane, detached Depot of Supplies, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

Capt. Merton A. Richal, assigned to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. William B. Steiner, orders from Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to VS Squadron 14-M, U.S.S. "Langley," modified to VS Squadron 15-M, U.S.S. "Langley."

AUGUST 14, 1934.

Maj. Adolph B. Miller, detached Recruiting District of Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

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2nd Lt. Hewin O. Hammond, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to temporary duty at MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., awaiting Government transportation to Dept. of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. John B. Hendry, about 2 Sept. detached MD, U.S.S. "Colorado," to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. Joseph J. Tavern, orders to MD, U.S.S. "Wyoming" revoked. Detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MD, U.S.S. "Colorado," to report not later than 18 August.

Orders of the following named officers from stations indicated to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force, revoked: 2nd Lt. Robert O. Bisson, MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.; 2nd Lt. James H. Brower, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Clarence O. Cobb, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Thomas J. Colley, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Walker A. Reaves, MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

AUGUST 15, 1934.

Capt. Clyde P. Matteson, detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

1st Lt. Thomas D. Marks, on 1 October detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Washington, to MD, U.S.S. "Pennsylvania."

(Continued on page 69)

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 57)

AUGUST 16, 1934

Cpl. Clyde E. Brickle—Norfolk to NP Portsmouth, N. H.

AUGUST 17, 1934

Sgt. Philip Weinberg—Parris Island to San Diego.

Cpl. Ernest W. Raddle—WC to Great Lakes.

AUGUST 18, 1934

1st Sgt. Frederick Belton—Quantico to Parris Island.

AUGUST 20, 1934

Sgt. Maj. Horace Larn—MB Quantico to FMF Quantico.

1st Sgt. John P. Romer—FMF Quantico to VS 15M USS "Langley."

Sgt. James E. Farrell—USS. "New Mexico" to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Stanley Gbur—USS. "West Virginia" to RS, New York.

Cpl. Dudley Owens—Quantico to Shanghai.

Cpl. William J. Scheffer—NP Portsmouth to Philadelphia.

AUGUST 21, 1934

Cpl. Charles L. Holmes—USS. "J. Fred Talbot" to Norfolk.

Cpl. Boyce E. Atkins—USS. "West Virginia" to Parris Island.

AUGUST 22, 1934

Sgt. Gerald L. Healey—Quantico to Parris Island.

Qm-Sgt. Charles R. Butt—Quantico to Parris Island.

AUGUST 23, 1934

Sgt. G. J. Lavoie—Mare Island to Boston.

Cpl. Forest E. Hurst—Norfolk to Pensacola.

Sgt. Maj. Wm. W. Harrman—Aircraft 1 to 5th Marines, FMF.

Cpl. Wm. J. McNamee—Quantico to AC1 FMF.

Cpl. John P. Grando—AV Quantico to AV San Diego.

Sgt. Oliver A. Cote—Boston to Dover.

Sgt-Sgt. Norman B. Johnson—FMF to VS Squadron 14m USS. "Langley."

AUGUST 24, 1934

Cpl. C. L. Jenkins—MB Washington, D. C., to Parris Island.

1st Sgt. Henry R. Hinson—NP Portsmouth to USS. "Wyoming."

1st Sgt. Wm. L. Barron—Norfolk to NP Portsmouth.

AUGUST 25, 1934

Cpl. Louis E. Easley—Norfolk to San Diego.

Cpl. Arthur G. T. Williams—FMF Quantico to Philadelphia.

AUGUST 27, 1934

Cpl. Clement C. Cross—St. Juliens to Asiatic Station.

Sgt. G. J. Fols—USS. "Arizona" to Boston.

Cpl. John Gimon—USS. "Arizona" to Boston.

Sgt. Leonard C. Payton—USS. "Arkansas" to USS. "Indianapolis."

Cpl. Ernest C. Clayton—USS. "Saratoga" to MB Washington.

Pm-Sgt. John G. Weatherford—Quantico to Pensacola.

AUGUST 28, 1934

Qm-Sgt. Lee Brendt—Quantico to San Diego.

Gy-Sgt. Thomas J. Hoban—USS "Colorado" to Indian Head, Md.

Sgt. Charles A. Colley—USS. "Saratoga" to MB Washington.

AUGUST 29, 1934

Cpl. Carl C. Jenkins—Quantico to Shanghai.

Cpl. Orville L. Reedy—USS. "California" to Quantico.

AUGUST 30, 1934

Cpl. Norman O. Rollins—AC 1 to AC 2, 30 days fur.

Sgt. Frank R. Malone—NOB Norfolk to San Diego.

Gy-Sgt. Roy O. Savage—FMF Quantico to USS. "Colorado."

Gy-Sgt. Henry E. Klappholtz—Quantico FMF to USS. "Indianapolis."

Gy-Sgt. John F. Smith—USS. "Indianapolis" to FMF Quantico.

Sgt. Roy M. Tomlinson—USS. "Chicago" to Norfolk.

AUGUST 31, 1934

1st Sgt. John F. Cato—Guantanamo to FMF Quantico.

Cpl. Wm. R. Clark—USS. "Arizona" to New York.



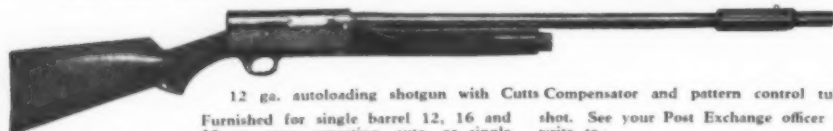
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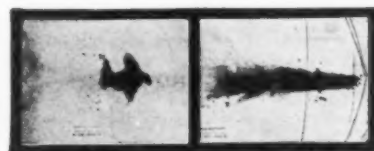


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AT LEFT: Discharge without Compensator. Shot column pancaked through wad pressure. Distorted pellets, uncertain pattern. AT RIGHT: With Compensator. Compact shot column, unaffected by wads or gas pressure. Uniform pattern.

(Sparkographs Courtesy Peters Cartridge Co.)

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 59)

1st Lt. Robert H. McDowell, on or about 18 August, detached MD, RR, Cape May, N. J., to MD, U.S.S. "California," to report not later than 25 August.

1st Lt. Edward T. Peters, detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MD, U.S.S. "Nevada," to report on or about 8 September.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price, on or about 1 September, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to the Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill, Okla. Authorized to delay reporting until 6 October.

1st Lt. James Snedeker, orders from MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, U.S.S. "Arkansas," revoked.

1st Lt. Adolph Zuber, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, U.S.S. "New York," to report on 15 September.

2nd Lt. Archibald D. Abel, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Air Corps Technical School, Chanute Field, Hantoul, Ill., to report not later than 27 August.

2nd Lt. Harold W. Bauer, on reporting of his relief detached MD, U.S.S. "San Francisco," to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Roger W. Beadle, on reporting of his relief detached MD, U.S.S. "Chester," to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. Ethridge C. Best, on or about 2 September detached MD, U.S.S. "California," to MD, U.S.S. "Wyoming."

2nd Lt. Frederick S. Bronson, on or about 1 September detached MD, U.S.S. "New Mexico," to MD, U.S.S. "Chester."

2nd Lt. Edward R. Carney, on or about 16 September detached MD, U.S.S. "New York," to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. James F. Clinie, on reporting of his relief detached MD, U.S.S. "Mississippi" to MD, U.S.S. "Pensacola."

2nd Lt. John J. Heil, on completion short range battle practice detached MD, U.S.S. "Pensacola" to MD, U.S.S. "Mississippi."

2nd Lt. William A. Kengla, on or about 8 September detached MD, U.S.S. "Nevada" to MD, U.S.S. "San Francisco."

2nd Lt. Harry C. Lang, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, U.S.S. "New Mexico," to report on 1 September.

2nd Lt. Michael M. Mahoney, about 15 September detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MD, U.S.S. "Arkansas."

2nd Lt. Sidney S. Wade, detached MD, U.S.S. "Pennsylvania" to MD, U.S.S. "Salt Lake City."

Pay Clk. Charles T. Gates, on 27 August detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via the U.S.S. "Vega," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on 3 September to San Francisco, Calif., thence via first available commercial steamer.

The following named officers detached Observation Squadron 9-M, 1st Brig., Haiti, to Aircraft One, FME, MB, Quantico, Va.: Maj. James T. Moore, Capt. Henry A. Carr, Capt. Jesse A. Nelson, 1st Lt. Hayne D. Boyden, 1st Lt. Frank M. June, 1st Lt. Ira L. Kimes, 1st Lt. Ivan W. Miller, 2nd Lt. Zebulon C. Hopkins, 2nd Lt. William A. Willis, ChfMarGnr, Harold Oden.

AUGUST 16, 1934.

Brig. Gen. Louis McC. Little, detached

1st Brig., Haiti, to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the S.S. "Ancon," which sailed from Port au Prince, Haiti, on 15 August.

Lt-Col. Edward W. Sturdevant, about 24 August, detached Fourth Reg., Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

Maj. Clyde H. Metcalf, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Augustus H. Fricke, orders from Nineteenth Reserve Marines, New York, N. Y., to FME, MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for duty with the Third Battalion, Fleet Marine Force.

Capt. Francis Kane, orders from Depot of Supplies, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to FME, MB, Quantico, Va., modified to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

ChfMarGnr, William A. Buckley, detached Fourth Reg., Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Henderson," sailing from Shanghai about 2 October.

ChfMarGnr, Otho Wiggs, assigned to duty with MD, AL, Peiping, China.

The following named officers assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China: Maj. Harry Schmidt, APM, Capt. William M. Marshall, Capt. Donald R. Fox, ChfPayClk, Fred H. Parsons.

The following named officers detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for duty with the Third Battalion, Fleet Marine Force: Maj. Thomas S. Clarke, Capt. Carl W. Meigs, 2nd Lt. Frank G. Wagner, 2nd Lt. John M. Davis, 2nd Lt. Francis H. Williams, 2nd Lt. Edward G. Forney, Jr.

The following named officers detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to duty at stations indicated, via the U.S.S. "Bridge," which sailed from Port au Prince, Haiti, on 15 August: Lt-Col. Edwin N. McClellan, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.; Capt. James B. Hardie, FME, MB, Quantico, Va.; Capt. Campbell H. Brown, MB, Quantico, Va.; Capt. John H. Parker, AQM, MB, Quantico, Va.; Capt. Ralph D. Leach, FME, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.; 1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgley, FME, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.; 2nd Lt. Wayne H. Adams, FME, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.; 2nd Lt. William B. McKean, FME, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.; 2nd Lt. Robert E. Folt, FME, MB, Quantico, Va.; ChfQmClk, Charles C. Hall, MB, Quantico, Va.; ChfQmClk, Patrick J. Grealy, MB, Quantico, Va.; QmClk, Samuel G. Thompson, MB, Quantico, Va.

The following named officers detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to duty at stations indicated, via the U.S.S. "Argonne," which sailed from Port au Prince, Haiti, on 15 August: Maj. Arnold W. Jacobsen, AQM, MB, Quantico, Va.; Maj. Alfred H. Noble, AA&I, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.; Capt. Ery M. Spencer, AQM, MB, Quantico, Va.; Capt. Kenneth A. Inman, MB, Quantico, Va.; Capt. Carl S. Schmidt, APM, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.; 1st Lt. Nels H. Nelson, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.; ChfPayClk, Alfred L. Robinson, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.; ChfQmClk, Elmer E. Barde, Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

AUGUST 17, 1934.

Col. Eli T. Fryer, retired on 1 October.

Lt-Col. Sydney S. Lee, on 20 August detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Lt-Col. Arthur Racicot, on 1 September, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., ordered to his home and retired on 1 January, 1935.

1st Lt. Robert O. Bare, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, U.S.S. "Colorado," to report on 2 September.

1st Lt. Harold D. Hansen, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. Authorized to delay ten days in reporting.

1st Lt. George J. O'Shea, on 1 October detached MD, U.S.S. "Salt Lake City," to MD, U.S.S. "Richmond."

2nd Lt. Joseph J. Tavern, orders from MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MD, U.S.S. "Colorado," revoked.

ChfQmClk, Joseph R. Morris, detached MB, NS, Guam, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Guam on 20 October.

AUGUST 18, 1934.

Maj. Maurice S. Berry, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. William C. Hall, APM, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MD, AL, Peiping, China, via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

Capt. William J. Mosher, on or about 19 September detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

Capt. Jacob M. Pearce, Jr., detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Robert S. Pendleton, on or about 1 September detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

1st Lt. Ernest E. Shaughnessey, on or about 10 September detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Fojt, orders from 1st Brig., Haiti, to FME, MB, Quantico, Va., modified to FME, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

ChfMarGnr, Thomas Quigley, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to FME, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

ChfMarGnr, Reginald C. Vardy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

The following named officers on duty with the Third Battalion, Fleet Marine Force, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., detached with that Battalion to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Chaumont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September: Maj. Thomas S. Clarke, Capt. Carl W. Meigs, Capt. Augustus H. Fricke, 2nd Lt. Francis H. Williams, 1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgley, Jr., 2nd Lt. Frank G. Wagner, 2nd Lt. John M. Davis, 2nd Lt. Edward H. Forney, Jr.

THE LEATHERNECK

AUGUST 20, 1934.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 21, 1934.

Capt. Raymond J. Bartholomew, detached MD, U.S.S. "Augusta," to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Captain Bert A. Bone, about 3 October detached MD, U.S.S. "Nevada," to the Field Service School, Raritan Arsenal, Metuchen, N. J.

Capt. Nathan E. Landon, detached MB, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, ordered to his home, and retired on 1 December.

Capt. Jacob M. Pearce, Jr., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Hu H. Phipps, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., ordered to his home, and retired on 1 December.

1st Lt. Franklin G. Cowie, detached Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft Two, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to report about 18 October.

1st Lt. Lewis B. Puller, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to MD, U.S.S. "Augusta."

2nd Lt. James O. Bigler, on reporting of his relief detached MD, U.S.S. "Chicago," to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John J. Heil, orders from MD, U.S.S. "Pensacola," to MD, U.S.S. "Mississippi," modified to MD, U.S.S. "Oklahoma," on reporting of relief about 1 December.

ChfMarGnr. Calvin A. Lloyd, on or about 30 August detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to temporary duty with MD, Rlt, Cape May, N. J., until about 30 September, thence to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., for duty.

ChfQmClk. Elmer E. Barde, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to report not later than 5 November.

AUGUST 22, 1934.

Capt. John T. Walker, on 31 August detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Paul Drake, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Walker A. Reeves, on 1 September detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

The following named officers detached stations indicated to Department of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to arrive in San Francisco, Calif., about 13 November: Capt. Lee W. Wright, APM, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; 1st Lt. Charles W. Pohl, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; 2nd Lt. William J. Phipps, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; 2nd Lt. Robert L. McKee, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; 2nd Lt. Luther S. Moore, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China; ChfMarGnr. Robert C. Allan, MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

AUGUST 23, 1934.

Maj. James F. Moriarty, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to arrive in San Francisco, Calif., about 13 November.

2nd Lt. Paul Drake, detached with Third Battalion, FMF, from MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Chamont," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

2nd Lt. Hewin O. Hammond, relieved temporary duty MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to duty with Second Battalion Detachment, Sixth Regiment, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Vega," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 3 September.

2nd Lt. John V. Rosewaine, detached MB, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, via the U.S.S. "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Puget Sound on or about 13 September, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the Second Battalion Detachment, Sixth Regiment, FMF.

2nd Lt. Frank G. Wagner, orders from Third Battalion, FMF, MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

AUGUST 24, 1934.

Capt. Harry E. Leland, on expiration of leave of absence, about 10 September, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Earl C. Nicholas, on expiration of leave of absence, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. William A. Kengla, orders from MD, U.S.S. "Nevada," to MD, U.S.S. "San Francisco," revoked.

2nd Lt. Gerald R. Wright, about 8 September detached MD, U.S.S. "Nevada," to MD, U.S.S. "San Francisco."

ChfQmClk. Albert O. Woodrow, on or about 28 August detached MB, NOB, Nor-

folk, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Vega," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 3 September.

AUGUST 25, 1934.

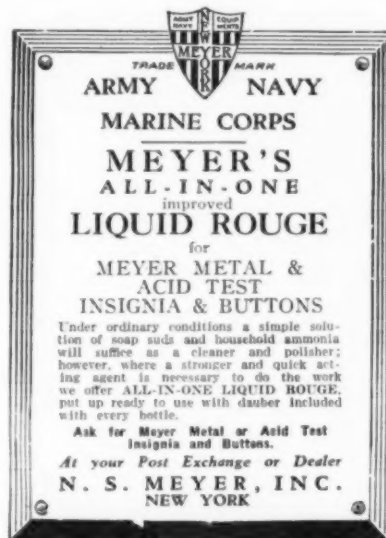
Col. Charles B. Taylor, on 1 September detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. George J. O'Shea, orders to MD, U.S.S. "Richmond," modified. On 1 October detached MD, U.S.S. "Salt Lake City," to MD, U.S.S. "Trenton."

1st Lt. Marvin V. Yandle, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to arrive in San Francisco, Calif., on 13 November.

2nd Lt. James B. Lake, Jr., detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Department of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to arrive in San Francisco, Calif., on 13 November.

2nd Lt. Robert L. McKee, orders from



Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific revoked.

AUGUST 27, 1934.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 28, 1934.

Lt-Col. Ross S. Kingsbury, assigned to duty at MB, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington. Authorized delay one month in reporting.

Maj. Anderson C. Dearing, on 1 September detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., ordered to his home, and retired on 1 January.

Maj. George A. Stowell, on reporting of his relief detached Recruiting District of Chicago, Chicago, Ill., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.

Capt. Edward G. Hagen, orders to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Jesse A. Nelson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft Two, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Vega," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 3 September.

Capt. Clarence H. Yost, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Walter I. Jordan, about 1 September transferred with Marine Detachment from the U.S.S. "J. Fred Talbot" to U.S.S. "Taylor."

1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., orders detaching this officer with the Third Battalion, FMF, from MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

2nd Lt. Wayne H. Adams, detached with Third Battalion, FMF, from MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Chamont," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on or about 26 September.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Folt, on 1 September detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD, U.S.S. "Chicago."

AUGUST 29, 1934.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 30, 1934.

Col. Jesse F. Dyer, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Capt. Harold C. Major, orders from Air-

craft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., revoked.

1st Lt. Arthur H. Butler, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific via the U.S.S. "Henderson," scheduled to arrive in San Francisco, Calif., on 13 November.

1st Lt. Marvin V. Yandle, orders from Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to Department of the Pacific revoked.

ChfMarGnr. Calvin A. Lloyd, orders from MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., revoked.

ChfPayClk. Edward J. Donnelly, on 15 September, detached Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

ChfPayClk. William H. May, on 5 September detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.

ChfPayClk. John J. Reidy, on reporting of his relief detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa.

ChfPayClk. Walter J. Sherry, on reporting of his relief detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1934.

Maj. George W. Van Hoose, on or about 20 September, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Maj. William C. James, AA&I, on 1 October detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Carl S. Schmidt, APM, on 1 September detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.

Capt. George W. Spotts, on 10 September detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Capt. John C. Wood, on 15 September detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.

1st Lt. Ervin R. Whitman, on or about 1 September detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., on 10 September detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1934.

Col. Richard M. Cutts, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., ordered to his home and retired on 1 December.

Maj. Harold C. Pierce, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to the Army Industrial College, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Charles D. Sniffen, detached MB, Quantico, Va., ordered to his home and retired on 1 January, 1935.

Capt. Frank D. Strong, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the First Battalion, Sixth Regiment, Fleet Marine Force, to report not later than 18 October.

2nd Lt. Robert O. Blisson, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the First Battalion, Sixth Regiment, Fleet Marine Force, to report not later than 18 October.

2nd Lt. Karl K. Louthier, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty with the First Battalion, Sixth Regiment, Fleet Marine Force, to report not later than 18 October.

2nd Lt. John V. Rosewaine, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Sirius," scheduled to sail from Puget Sound NYd, on or about 13 September, for duty with the Second Battalion Detachment, Sixth Regiment, Fleet Marine Force.

MarGnr. John H. Murphy, detached MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., ordered to his home and retired on 1 December.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1934.

Col. Walter E. Noa, AQM, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Maj. Cecil S. Baker, on 1 November detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U.S.S. "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 8 November.

Maj. James E. Davis, on or about 10 September detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington D. C., to Aircraft Two, FMF, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay one month in reporting.

Maj. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Richard M. Cutts, Jr., detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Thomas C. Perrin, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Cornelius P. Van Ness, about 26 September, detached, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Headquarter's Bulletin

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Canal Zone 3 September; arrive Guantanamo 7 September, leave 7 September; arrive N. O. B., Norfolk 12 September; leave 26 September; arrive Guantanamo 1 October, leave 1 October; arrive Canal Zone 4 October, leave 5 October; arrive San Diego 17 October, leave 18 October; arrive San Pedro 19 October, leave 20 October; arrive San Francisco 22 October, leave 1 November; arrive Honolulu 9 November, leave 10 November; arrive Guam 20 November, leave 21 November; arrive Manila 27 November, leave 2 January 1935; arrive Guam 8 January 1935, leave 9 January; arrive Honolulu 19 January, leave 22 January; arrive San Francisco 30 January.

HENDERSON—Leave Guam 5 September; arrive Manila 11 September, leave 13 October; arrive Guam 19 October, leave 20 October; arrive Honolulu 2 November, leave 5 November; arrive San Francisco 13 November, leave 26 November; arrive San Pedro 28 November, leave 30 November; arrive San Diego 1 December, leave 3 December; arrive Canal Zone 14 December, leave 17 December; arrive Guantanamo 20 December, leave 20 December; arrive Norfolk 24 December for overhaul.

NITRO—Leave Canal Zone 7 September; arrive Guantanamo 11 September, leave 11 September; arrive N. O. B., Norfolk 16 September, leave 26 September; arrive Philadelphia 27 September, leave 1 October; arrive Iona Island 2 October, leave 11 October; arrive Newport 12 October, leave 15 October; arrive Boston 16 October, leave 22 October; arrive N. O. B., Norfolk 24 October, leave 8 November; arrive Guantanamo 12 November, leave 12 November; arrive Canal Zone 15 November, leave 19 November; arrive San Diego 29 November, leave 3 December; arrive San Pedro 4 December, leave 10 December; arrive Mare Island 12 December, leave 19 December; arrive Puget Sound 22 December.

*Will stop at New York en route Boston to Norfolk.

RAMAPO—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force.

SIRIUS—Leave Puget Sound Yard 13 September; arrive Mare Island 16 September, leave 26 September; arrive San Pedro 28 September, leave 1 October; arrive San Diego 2 October, leave 4 October; arrive Canal Zone 16 October, leave 19 October; arrive Guantanamo 22 October, leave 22 October; arrive N. O. B., Norfolk 27 October.

SALINAS—Operating temporarily under Commander Base Force.

VEGA—Leave N. O. B., Norfolk 3 September; arrive Guantanamo 8 September, leave 8 September; arrive Canal Zone 13 September, leave 17 September; arrive San Diego 29 September, leave 2 October; arrive San Pedro 3 October, leave 6 October; arrive Mare Island 8 October, leave 20 October; arrive Puget Sound 23 October, leave 1 November; arrive Mare Island 4 November.

GRADUATES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1934

U. S. Marine Corps:

DENIG, Robert L., Jr., 2nd Lt., USMC, Infantry Basic Course.
CHRISTIAN, Wilbourn O., 1st Sgt., USMC, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
SLAGTER, Arthur W., 1st Sgt., USMC, Infantry Basic Course.
STUART, Charles E., 1st Sgt., USMC, Course "A."
JACKSON, Harold K., Sgt., USMC, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
NELSON, Loreen A. O., Cpl., USMC, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
TENNANT, Harvey W., Cpl., USMC, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

U. S. Marine Corps Reserve:

CLARK, Charles O., 2nd Lt., FMCR, 1st Bn., 19th Reserve Marines, Corps of Engineers Course "A."
McWILLIE, Charles W., 2nd Lt., FMCR, 1st Bn., USMC, N. Y., Infantry Company Officers' Course.
GREIG, John M., Gy-Sgt., FMCR, Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
CREEK, FMCR, Charles C., Pvt., 1st Bn., 25th Reserve Marines, Course "A."

MOSHER, William A., Pvt., VMCR, Western Reserve Area, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

SPECIAL COURSES COMPLETED:

U. S. Marine Corps:

LIELL, William F., Sgt., USMC, Weapons and Musketry.
ZARSKA, Oscar, Trumpeter, USMC, Organization of the Marine Infantry Battalion.

U. S. Marine Corps Reserve:

BLOOM, David, Pfc., FMCR, Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade, Administration.

PROMOTIONS

TO PAYMASTER SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
William E. Mitchell.

TO FIRST SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
Harry McC. Henderson.

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT, TECHNICAL WARRANT:

Charles P. Cooper.
Quitman M. Owens.
John C. Schwab.
Truman A. Pembroke.
Robert J. Moeger.
James A. Harris.
Olin L. Beall.

TO STAFF SERGEANT, TECHNICAL WARRANT:

Floyd E. Carbes.
TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:
Richard P. Brezinski.
Michael Coyne.
Richard S. Hooker, Jr.
Anthony H. Teeter.
John W. Webber.
Alfred Skowronek.
James W. Burnworth.
Elmer P. Gorre.
George E. Denetron.
Cecil H. Clark.
Joseph J. Doye.
Joseph A. Ambrose.

ERRATA IN QUARTERMASTER SERGEANTS' SENIORITY LIST

In the seniority list of Quartermaster Sergeants, published in the September issue of THE LEATHERNECK, the following names were inadvertently omitted:

Paul G. Chandler, October 4, 1928.

Frank W. Hoffmaster, May 3, 1933.

THE LEATHERNECK regrets these errors, and we recommend that all concerned note these corrections.

George A. Crasper.

Ottman K. Auberle.

Louis Pell.

Raise L. Biffle.

Newcomb Smith.

John P. Knoxiel.

Loyde J. Tatton.

Edward Bernaski.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:

Donald W. Houston.
Fulton L. Oglesby.
Roy F. Long.
Michael S. Currin.
Clarence E. Brown.
Robert C. Gunsalus.
Cletus K. Gibson.
Marvin N. Ivins.
Oscar L. Elkins.
Quillen L. Strickland.
John T. Brainard.
Philip Rosenberg.

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

William B. Crowcroft.
Harry D. Ryburn.
Ernest W. Renier.
David W. Whote.
Candler A. Teer.
Edward J. Heeki.
James S. Williams.
Harry W. Ritter.
Milton S. Russell.
Stanton V. Gillum.
Fred T. Parsons.
James C. Pence.
John J. O'Connell.
Hayden L. McReynolds.
Henry B. Cain, Jr.
William F. Sample.
Kenneth W. Littleton.
George W. Phillips, Jr.
Thomas C. Clemons.
William C. Kepple.
John N. Henderson.
John H. Rice.
Lloyd F. Barker.

Frank E. Horton.
Ivey Herbert.
Philip J. Oderman.
Aiden V. Smith.
Clarence E. Vinson.
Ervin E. LaPlante.
William C. Neumann.
Frank W. Covell.
Kenneth O. McCall.
Roy H. Moore.
James J. Fogarty.
Claude G. Kollen.
Otto A. Schonert.
James B. Galloway.
Joseph Vasco.
Charles J. Posek.
Geore L. Bluenke.
Harold M. Tupper.
Clyde R. Sims.

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:

Victor K. Rose.
Peter Varge.
Claude A. Fisher.
Robert B. Rawlings, Jr.
Samuel S. Goodspeed.
Joseph H. Lobley.
Leo J. Werner.
Clair W. Shisler.
Francis B. Rodier.
Francis P. Thompson.
Ernest P. Nutter.
Fred H. Halves.
Jack McDade.
William H. Dollen.
James G. Herndon.
Leslie G. Green, Jr.
Marion L. Howell.
John B. Jordan, Jr.
Fred C. Van Hook.
Ralph L. Robinson.
Arlo F. Hansen.
Charles W. Miller.
Albert C. Engebretsen.
Albert G. Zimmerman.
Harry Hyman, Jr.
George P. Bunker.
Charles W. Lake.
Walter A. Kellotat.
Gerald A. Ouellet.
Walter F. Springs.
Jack C. Pullen.
Foster K. Baldwin.
William R. Bulpin.
Joe W. Backus.
Wallace R. Morgan.
Virgil W. Morgan.
Franklin C. Kocher.

DEATHS

Enlisted Men

CARTER, Thomas J., Private, died August 10, 1934, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., of ruptured diaphragm. Next of kin: Charles F. Carter, father, R. F. D. No. 5, Jackson, Georgia.

EDDY, Fred Warren, Private, died August 22, 1934, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif., of dementia praecox. Next of kin: Elmer Eddy, father, R. F. D. No. 3, Sisseton, S. D.

PORFERT, Frederick P., Sergeant, died August 22, 1934, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif., of ulcer of stomach. Next of kin: Mrs. Roberta B. Porfert, wife, c/o Mrs. J. J. Keyes, 703 Washington St., Walla Walla, Wash.

ROSS, Aldon Lake, Corporal, died August 3, 1934, of asphyxiation by submersion while unconscious, following a suicidal attempt while mentally deranged, at Canacao, P. I. Next of kin: William Ross, father, R. F. D. No. 2, Charleston, Tenn.
SATERS, James R., Corporal, died August 9, 1934, of asphyxiation, illuminating gas, suicidal, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Kathleen L. Saters, wife, 318 West 28th St., Norfolk, Va.

Reservists

FORREST, Francis L., Class IV, USMCR, inactive, died July 22, 1934, of accidental drowning in Canandaigua Lake, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Machiea, grandmother, 2 Willowbank Place, Rochester, N. Y.

LaBREE, Kendrick S., Private, Class IV, USMCR, died July 29, 1934, of drowning at Ruby's Beach, California. Next of kin: Mrs. L. M. LaBree, mother, 3866 24th St., San Francisco, Calif.

SCHUPP, Chester Franklin, Private, Class IV, USMCR, died August 5, 1934, of pneumonia, lobar, at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Ill. Next of kin: Mrs. Harriet Schupp, mother, 5227 Wayne Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

STAMFORD, John Alfred, Sergeant, Class IV, USMCR, died August 14, 1934, in an automobile accident at Miami Beach, Florida. Next of kin: John Stamford, father, 4108 Sheridan Ave., Miami Beach, Florida.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sergeant, Post Exchange Steward: Paragraph 11-3 (1) (a) Marine Corps Manual reads as follows:

"The exchange officer may be detailed to keep all of the accounts of this fund or some other officer may be so detailed. The exchange officer may be designated to keep the cash accounts and another officer appointed to account for the property. When accounts are kept by the Exchange Officer they will form a part of the regular accounts of the Exchange."

Is the above paragraph interpreted to mean that, when the Exchange Officer is the Post Amusement Officer and keeps the cash accounts of that fund, that the Amusement Fund accounts and transactions will be merged with the regular accounts of the Post Exchange, or will they be carried as two separate accounts?

Answer: Application should be made to the Post Exchange Officer for this information.

Sergeant, USS. —: When honors are being rendered to a flag officer coming aboard ship, should the Marine guard come to Order Arms immediately after the rifles and flourishes, or remain at Present Arms until the end of the march?

Answer: Application should be made to the commanding officer of the Detachment for this information.

Colonel, Marine Barracks: An officer, with present rank of colonel, accepted a commission in the Marine Corps on 13 September, 1900. If not selected for promotion in the meantime, on what dates will involuntary retirement be effected?

Answer: If the officer in question is not on a promotion list, a retention list, or an eligible list for appointment as head of a staff department prior to the completion of 35 years commissioned service (12 September, 1935), he will be retired as of 30 June, 1936.

Q. (b): Is an officer justified in anticipating a leave of absence of four months as a preliminary to retirement?

Answer (b): The present policy is to grant all accrued leave upon retirement.

Q. (c): What publications are required to be turned in upon transfer of an officer to the retired list? To whom?

Answer (c): Marine Corps Order, No. 45, on page 8, paragraph (f) under Notes, covers both of the above questions.

Q. (d): What publications, if any, is an officer on the retired list required to retain?

Answer (d): None.

Q. (e): What new publications and changes therein, if any, are furnished to an officer on the retired list?

Answer (e): None.

Q. (f): Is the death gratuity (6 mos. pay) payable to the widow of an officer who exits while on retired list?

Answer (f): No. See paragraph 28-42, Marine Corps Manual.

1st Sergeant, Western Recruiting Division: Should an entry be made on page 10 in the Service Record Book relative to whether or not a reward was offered in the case of a deserter?

Answer: Yes. See paragraph 7, Instruction in Service Record Book.

Q. (b): In case of death, is the day of death included as a day of sickness? Is the following remark correct on the Muster Roll: 1-10 sk hosp post; 10 died, etc.?

Answer (b): Yes.

DISTINGUISHED MARKSMEN AND PISTOL SHOTS

As a result of the 1934 divisional (including the 1933 Asiatic Division) and Marine Corps rifle and pistol competitions the following named officers and enlisted men were awarded distinguished medals as indicated:

Distinguished Marksman

2nd Lt. Douglas C. McDougal, Jr.
ChM Gun. Henry Boschen.
1st Sgt. Walter R. Hooper.
1st Sgt. Glenn O. Seider.
Sgt. James N. Crocker.
Cpl. Loreen A. O. Nelson.
Cpl. Waldo A. Phinney.
Pfc. Ernest L. Wood.
Cpl. Thomas E. Richards.
Cpl. Willard Brown.
Pfc. John L. Richardson.
Pfc. Herbert A. C. Viehweg.
Pvt. Maurice A. Smith.

Distinguished Pistol Shot

Pfc. Houston P. Corry.
Sgt. Joseph E. Roberge.
Capt. William P. Richards.
Sgt. William A. Easterling.
Sgt. Frelan S. Hamrick.
Sgt. Sterling P. Roberts.

1st Lt. Ion M. Bethel.
Cpl. Emmett W. Orr.
Pvt. Mark A. Pope.
Pvt. Walter Ward.

EAST COAST MARINE CORPS RIFLE AND PISTOL TEAMS

At the conclusion of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Competitions at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., two team squads were organized to represent the Marine Corps in matches scheduled to be held on the East Coast this summer. The smaller of the two squads, of which 1st Lt. William W. Davidson is team captain, and ChM Gnr. Calvin A. Lloyd is team coach, was sent to Wakefield, Mass., for training in preparation for the annual rifle and pistol tournament of the United Services of New England, beginning August 4, 1934. The Quantico Team Squad, of which 1st Lt. Morris L. Shively is captain and 1st Lt. Scheyer is coach, is undergoing training

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In preparation for the N. R. A. matches scheduled to be fired at that post during the latter part of September.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a score of 330 or better over the regular qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualifications for

Marksmanship Qualification Order Nos. 6

and 7:	
Gy-Sgt. Charlie A. James	337
Cpl. Edward V. Seeser	337
Pfc. Buford C. Harris	337
Pvt. William J. Coffman	337
Gy-Sgt. Thomas J. Jones	336
Cpl. Walter E. Augustsen	336
Sgt. John H. Rice	335
Pvt. Exton Bond	335
Pvt. Gregory J. Weissenberg	335
1st Sgt. Lester D. Cox	334
Gy-Sgt. Carl Raines	334
Sgt. Francis L. White	334
Pfc. Houston P. Corry	334
Capt. Frederick C. Blebush	333
1st Lt. Lewis A. Hohn	333
Cpl. Emmett W. Orr	332
Pfc. Ernest L. Wood	332
1st Lt. Leslie F. Narum	331
1st Sgt. Nolan Tillman	331
Sgt. William R. Wilson	331
Cpl. Roy W. Mills	331
1st Lt. Merlin F. Schneider	330
Cpl. James W. Dorsey	330
Pfc. Claire B. Kjollien	330
Pfc. David B. Maugle	330
Pvt. Earl E. Harper	330
Pvt. Charlie W. Krauss	330

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Pfc. William D. Linfoot	347
HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualification for Marksmanship Qualification Order Nos. 6 and 7:	
1st Sgt. Melvin T. Huff	99
1st Lt. Merrill B. Twining	98
Gy-Sgt. John A. Gustafson	98
Pvt. Mark A. Pope	98
1st Lt. Lewis A. Hohn	97
2nd Lt. Joseph J. Tavernier	97
Gy-Sgt. Johnson B. Hill	97
1st Lt. Harold D. Harris	96
Sgt. John F. Feasino	96
Capt. Harry E. Leland	95
1st Lt. Robert O. Bare	95
2nd Lt. Thomas B. Hughes	95
Sgt. Olin L. Beall	95

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT:

Capt. William P. Richards	99
1st Sgt. Melvin T. Huff	99

MARINE CORPS RIFLE AND PISTOL COMPETITIONS Held at Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Cal., July 24-25, 1934

RIFLE COMPETITION

Stg.	Competitor	Rank	200 S.F.	200 R.F.	300 R.F.	600 S.F.	1000 S.F.	Score	Medal
1.	ARNOLD, Dorn E. (San Diego)	Sgt.	88	97	97	96	180	558	Gold
2.	DeLAHUNT, Remes E. (San Diego)	Pvt.	93	96	94	92	183	558	Silver
3.	BOYLE, Vincent E. (Bremerton)	Sgt.	89	94	90	96	187	556	Bronze
4.	BROWN, Willard (San Diego)	Cpl.	90	96	94	95	181	556	D-Mks.
5.	THOMAS, John R. (Pearl Harbor)	Cpl.	94	96	95	97	172	554	Bronze
6.	SMITH, Maurice A. (San Diego)	Pvt.	87	95	87	95	187	551	Bronze

*Distinguished—not entitled to medal.

PISTOL COMPETITION

Stag.	Competitor	Rank	50 yds. S.F.	25 yds. T.P.	25 yds. R.F.	Score	Medal
1.	ORR, Emmett W. (San Diego)	Cpl.	163	183	168	514	D-PS. Gold
2.	POPE, Mark A. (San Diego)	Pvt.	159	184	174	508	D-PS. Gold
3.	BETHEL, Ion M. (Bremerton)	1st Lt.	151	183	169	503	D-PS. Silver
4.	TWINING, Merrill B. (Pearl Harbor)	1st Lt.	154	172	162	488	Silver
5.	ANDERSON, Clarence J. (Bremerton)	Sgt.	156	167	161	484	Silver
6.	HUFF, Melvin T. (San Diego)	1st Sgt.	140	178	164	482	D-PS. Bronze
7.	LOUTHER, Karl K. (Mare Island)	2nd Lt.	143	177	154	474	Bronze
8.	ARNOLD, Dorn E. (San Diego)	Sgt.	124	169	152	445	Bronze

*Distinguished—not entitled to medal.

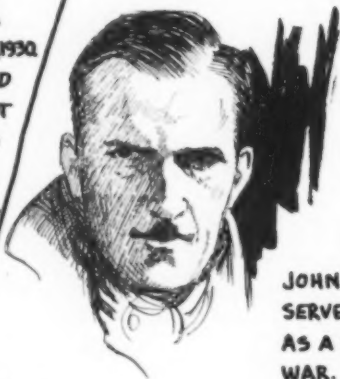
RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1934

	Experts	Sharp-Shooters	Marksmen	Unqual.	Qual.
Camp Wesley Harris	83—27%	100—32%	100—32%	28—9%	91%
Cape May, N. J.	25—11%	48—22%	76—35%	69—32%	68%
Guantanamo Bay	28—9%	53—17%	99—31%	139—43%	57%
Haiti (Haseco)	87—13%	187—28%	306—46%	86—13%	87%
Hongkew, China	65—7%	211—24%	425—48%	191—21%	79%
International, China	70—24%	99—31%	122—38%	27—9%	91%
Maquinaya	110—31%	124—35%	120—35%	5—1%	99%
Mare Island	28—13%	61—27%	85—37%	53—23%	77%
PARRIS ISLAND					
Post Orgs.	63—31%	58—29%	65—32%	16—8%	92%
Recruits	79—5%	266—18%	721—49%	418—28%	72%
Puola Point, T. H.	50—20%	94—38%	72—29%	32—13%	87%
Quantico	71—10%	133—19%	312—46%	168—25%	75%
SAN DIEGO					
Base Orgs.	115—31%	94—25%	124—33%	43—11%	89%
Recruits	5—2%	31—11%	109—39%	133—48%	52%
Wakefield	20—8%	45—19%	100—42%	75—31%	69%
Other Ranges	206—22%	213—23%	343—38%	157—17%	83%
MARINE CORPS	1106—14%	1817—24%	3179—41%	1640—21%	79%

MARINE ODDITIES



THE LIFE OF CAPT. HAROLD M. KELLER, COMMANDING OFFICER, 1st BN. 24th RESERVE MARINES, WAS SAVED BY A MARINE CORPS COLLAR DEVICE MAR. 2, 1930. ALTHOUGH HIS CAR WAS DEMOLISHED AND HE WAS BRUISED AND CUT ABOUT THE BACK OF THE NECK, IT WAS FOUND THAT THE COLLAR DEVICE PREVENTED A JAGGED PIECE OF GLASS FROM PIERCING HIS THROAT. THE TOWN MARSHAL OF LANSING, ILL., WHO WAS CALLED TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT WAS AN EX-MARINE.



JOHN MILJAN, FAMOUS SCREEN ACTOR SERVED IN THE 11th REGIMENT OF MARINES AS A CORPORAL THROUGHOUT THE WORLD WAR. AFTER THE ARMISTICE HE TOURED FRANCE AS A MEMBER OF A SERVICE TROUPE OF ENTERTAINERS.



MARINETTES

AT THE TIME OF THE ARMISTICE NOV. 11, 1918, THERE WERE ON ACTIVE DUTY IN THE MARINE CORPS AS MEMBERS OF THE REGULAR ENLISTED PERSONNEL, 277 WOMEN.

IN JULY 1919 THEY WERE TRANSFERRED TO INACTIVE RESERVE STATUS AND DISCHARGED UPON EXPIRATION OF ENLISTMENT. GOOD CONDUCT MEDALS WERE AWARDED WHEN WARRANTED. MISS MAE ESTHER BENNETT WAS AN EXCEPTION WHO SERVED TWO ENLISTMENTS. SHE WAS DISCHARGED 25 SEPT. 1926 WITH THE RANK OF CORPORAL (A RANK SHE HAD HELD THROUGH MOST OF HER TWO ENLISTMENTS) AND WAS AWARDED GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL 71446



A TOP KICK GETS THE BIRD! WHILE FIRING RAPID FIRE AT QUANTICO A BIRD FLEW DOWN AND SETTLED ON THE BARREL OF THE PIECE OF FIRST SERGEANT WM. A. ELLIOT, HQ CO. 2ND BN. 6th MARINE RESERVE BRIGADE. THE BIRD STAYED THERE A FEW SECONDS, LET OUT A COUPLE OF PEEPS AND FLEW AWAY!



THERE IS A WRITING DESK IN THE RECREATION ROOM AT THE NAVAL TORPEDO STATION NEWPORT R.I. BECAUSE OF A FORGETFUL MARINE. THE BOY'S PARENTS WERE SO PROFUSE IN THEIR THANKS TO THE RED CROSS DIRECTOR FOR URGING THEIR SON TO WRITE HOME THAT WHEN THE MARINE OFFICER INCHARGE HEARD OF IT HE ORDERED A NEW DESK AS A REMINDER TO THE MEN.

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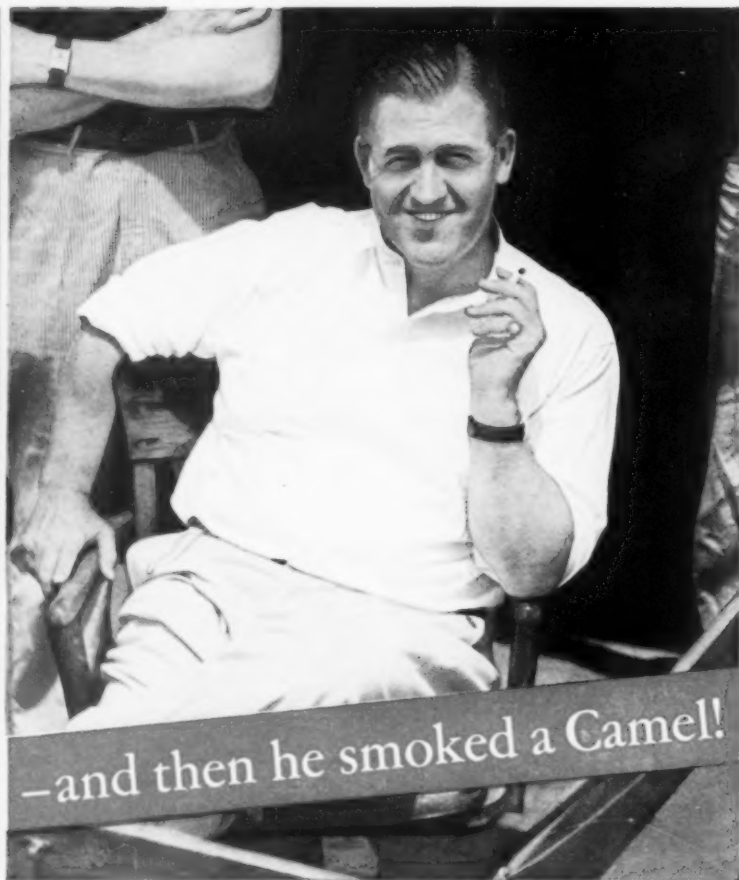
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